

Music, Poetry and Art - 1920

PORTLAND ME EXPRESS
JULY 12, 1920

THE STROLLER

A NEGRO WHO WAS the headliner at B. F. Keith's last week made a fortune from one song he wrote some years ago. His name is J. Rosamond Johnson, and the song is Under the Bamboo Tree. I have heard that this seductive little ditty netted him \$65,000. When I asked him about it, he is a modest chap—he smiled. "It was somewhere around that," he said.

He has written at least 100 other songs, many of which he attained considerable popularity. Among them being, Mandy, The Congo Love Song and Lazy Moon.

Theater-goers will perhaps recall him as a member of the team of Cole and Johnson. Cole died about 10 years ago, and for nine years Mr. Johnson devoted his time to settlement work in New York City among his own race, also acting as choir-master and organist in a New York Church.

Johnson is one of the most intelligent actors I have ever talked with—a man with a serious purpose, the betterment of his own race. He is also a fine musician, having studied in the New England Conservatory of Music. It was there that he acquired the training that enabled him to put on paper the weird and plaintive little songs peculiar to his own race.

"Jazz and the so-called rag-time tunes are simply the evolution of the old negro religious songs and plantation melodies," he said. "These songs, under the more fashionable names of negro spirituals, are being sung by the greatest artists today. They are nearly all in the minor key, as is the music of all oppressed people."

There is a marked similarity in these songs to those of the Russians and the Irish. A peculiar thing about them is that they omit the fourth and seventh note in the scale. If you sit down at the piano and ramble over the scale of C, just leaving out F and B, you will be almost sure to strike an Irish or Negro melody."

I asked him if he thought that rag-time and jazz music had any permanent place in music.

"Of course they have," he replied. "They are distinctly American and as such will be a characteristic mark of our music for all time. They may even creep into grand operas that may be written in future by Americans. After all they are simply a variation in the rhythm of music."

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO

After reading "The Voice of the Negro," by Prof. Robert T. Kerlin).

BY LUCIAN B. WATKINS

Our cause is just. Our coat of mail is righteous wrath; we cannot fall. Though all our prayers should seem to fail. We stand to earth, a threatening wall. Of darkness, deepening veil on veil. Along our scarlet battle-trail. Naught can our conquering spirits quell.

We keep the faith—in spite of all—
Our cause is just.

We journey, hope is in our sails;
We build, truth is each thundering gale.

We struggle, o'er each hindering wall—
Through every hell that would enthrall.

Us, we will find Life's Holy Grail—
Our cause is just.

Our cause is just.

MUSICIANS TO MEET IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

NEW YORK, July 29th (Reciprocal News Service)—After deliberating for one week in the second annual Convention of Musicians the artists have adjourned. They voted unanimously to hold their next general session in July, 1921, at Nashville, Tenn.

The vote which selected Nashville as the capital city of the Volunteer State was made unanimous amid a burst of applause for the hub of the South, the recognized educational center for the Negroes of the United States. The invitation sent in by Nashville through its representation showed that the various educational institutions of that city were behind the invitation. This was supplemented by special telegrams from the One Cent Savings Bank, now the Citizen's Saving Bank & Trust Company, Henry A. Boyd, president.

It was stressed on the floor of the Convention that at Nashville there are seven extremely large educational institutions, viz; Meharry Medical College, Walden University, Fisk University, Roger Williams University, The National Baptist Theological & Training Seminary, the Agricultural & Industrial State Normal School, The Academy of Our Immaculate Mother and Pearl High School with twelve public schools and several private conservatories of music.

Nashville's claim was also supported by the fact that they have quite a few religious publishing plants, two Negro Banks and a Negro population in the city, of over forty-five thousand. The invitations were presented by Prof. H. B. P. Johnson, a member of the organization, a resident of Nashville and the chorister for two National organizations. The representatives in session this week are to leave carrying away with them plans for a larger gathering next year.

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919" (Small, Maynard and Company) is the seventh volume of its kind. It contains some good poetry. Poems like Mr. Scudder Middleton's valorous and sumptuous "Return," like Miss Edna Millay's lacerating but magical "Elaine" prove that American poetry is ripening, if not great verse, at all events the conditions of which great verse is the outgrowth.

One is the more sorry that a poet like Mr. Ledoux whose birthright is finish should permit himself to rhyme "real" with "feel" and that Mr. Clement Wood should to all appearance pronounce "sesame" in two syllables. Mr. Braithwaite has done his work with knowledge, with discernment, and with a liberality which sometimes compromises his discernment. He has extracted nearly two hundred pages from the magazine product of a single nation for a single year. Selection on so large a scale could hardly be rigid. But the champion of extended croppings from confined areas might assert not unreasonably that selection should be flexible or rigid as taste is flexible or rigid, and that taste in our time is nothing if not flexible. The aim is not to please everybody with everything, as old anthologists, in the days of standardized and autocratic taste, sought to do, but to please everybody with some things.

The preliminaries of selection fall to the anthologist; its finalities devolve upon the reader who winnows his private anthology out of the largeness of the published book. It may be asked if he could not sift it from the magazines. Apparently not, if the implications of Mr. Braithwaite's seven volumes are trustworthy. They seem based on the assumption of the existence of a multitude of readers whose interest in poetry is at once keen and helpless, readers for whom surprisingly much must be done, yet who can do surprisingly little for themselves. Is this multitude a reality? One pauses between Yes and No.

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA JULY 10, 1920

"MELODIE NEGRE" (Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen), "Ave Maria." By Arcadelt. Larghetto. By Handel. Transcribed by Eddy Brown. "Mélodie d'Amour" (Russian Lullaby). By Grandet-Brown. (New York: Carl Fischer.)

In his "Mélodie Nègre," a Gallicized title-version of what is more commonly known as a Negro spiritual, Mr. Brown has written a free transcription of "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," which Fritz Kreisler has already transcribed for violin and piano with such surpassing charm and sympathy. Violinists will find it interesting to compare these two versions. Mr. Brown's string transcription presents Arcadelt's lovely "Ave Maria" with considerable violinistic effect, and the same may be said of the Handel Larghetto, in which the pianos accompaniment has all that wealth of sonority which is such a marked Handel characteristic. The "Mélodie d'Amour," a Russian cradle-song, inscribed to Jacques Thibaud, is an engaging little bit of violin melody, a tid-bit in a tenderly melancholy mood. These new transcriptions will undoubtedly benefit by the prestige which the name of a well-known concert violinist should proper-

THE NEGRO

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Reprint from Chicago American)

Out of the wilderness, out of the night
Has the black man crawled to the dawn of light;
Beaten by lashes and bound by chains,
A beast of burden with soul and brains,
He has come thro' sorrow and need and woe,
And the cry of his heart is to know, to know.
You took his freedom and gave it again,
But grudged as you gave it, ye white-faced men.
Not all of freedom is being free,
And a dangerous plaything is liberty
For untaught children.

5-10-20 In vain do we say,
"We gave what he asked for—place and pay
And right of franchise." All wrong, all wrong.
He was but a child to be led along
By the hand of Love. Has he felt its touch?
Nay, you gave unwisely and gave too much,
But you gave not the things that his groping mind
Was reaching up in the dark to find—
They were Love and Knowledge.

Oh, infinite
Must be the patience that hopes to right
The wrongs that are heavy with age and brought
To the levels of virtues by mortal thought,
And greater than patience must be the trust
In the ultimate outcome of what is just,
And in and under and through and above
Must weave the warp of purpose—love.

Red with anguish his way has been,
This suffering brother of dusky skin,
For centuries fettered and bound to earth,
Slow his unfolding to freedom's birth,
Slow his rising from burden and ban
To fill the stature of normal man.
You must give him his wings ere you tell him to fly,
You must set the example and bid him try.
Let the white man pay for the white man's crime—
Let him work in patience and bide God's time.

Out of the wilderness, out of the night
Has the black man crawled to the dawn of light.
He has come through the valley of great despair—
He has borne what no white man ever can bear.
He has come through sorrow and pain and woe,
And the cry of his heart is to know, to know.

CHICAGO MUSICAL LEAF OCTOBER 21, 1920

ENTERTAIN CHRISTINE LANGENHAN AT TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

Exceptional success is accompanying Christine Langenhan in her tour of the South. She recently gave a song recital at Tuskegee, her program displaying well her varied repertory and sound vocal and dramatic methods. Five songs had to be repeated, and none was more successful than Dvorak's "Songs my mother taught me," which Mme. Langenhan sang first in Bohemian and then in English, to the delight of the enthusiastic audience. The next day she was entertained by the famous colored choir of the Tuskegee Institute, which sang for her a number of their spirituals and folk songs. Mme. Langenhan thanked the choir warmly and expressed her intention of adding several of their songs to her own repertory.

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA JUNE 19, 1920

And now it is the negro's turn to be vindicated before the world. Off to Africa has gone one of the race's foremost musicians to prove that darktown music is neither barbershop nor jazz. Recitalists will wait eagerly for his return, hoping for material from which to present, possibly in native costume, programs devoted to Hottentot, Zulu, Liberian, Congo and Somali folk songs.



Tomorrow April, 1920 "THE QUADROON"

—Oil Painting by Dawson.

It has been lamented very frequently, and with very good purpose, that the world at large does not "see us as we are." Daily newspapers and magazines will not publish the "roses" from our flower garden of beauty and we are only reaching the place where, in our own simple way the idealized products of our artists may be displayed to enlighten and inspire.

All the art work of TOMORROW are the product of those within our group, William Edouard Scott and Charles Clarence Dawson. These two "sons of the fathers" of hope have added the training and influences of the greatest teachers of the times to that of their natural ability. Scott is a disciple of the great Henry M. Tanner

of Philadelphia and Paris, and has achieved marked distinction by his work here and abroad. (He wanted to go into the *camouflage* division of the army in the recent World War, but claims that Charles Dana Gibson "conveniently" found an excuse of prevention.) Dawson, a graduate of the Chicago Art Institute, a first lieutenant in the recent world conflict, is also at present an artist in one of Chicago's largest engraving concerns.

The "Quadroon," by Dawson, was voted first prize by the Chicago Art Institute in competition with twenty others, all white. It is a well-known fact that our group affords the largest latitude of all groups in "color" work.

THE NAKED TRUTH

Competitor 3/20

Tell them they lie:—those scions to hatred born,
Unmindful of the virtues we possess,—
Who tell us that our race is feebly born
And yet of childhood growth, whose usefulness
Must be achieved by time and toil;—
Who tell us that our past is one dark night
Of savagery, inured to tropic soil,
Until we hither came and saw the light.

Tell them they lie, slanderers of men and creeds,
Who would deny our lineage or our fame,—
Whose prowess but reflects our ancient deeds,
And yet who swear we never had a name.
Who are the great from which the earth has sprung
From its low depths to its enlightened sphere?
Who planned and wrought and carved, when earth was
young,
And made the soul of man to man appear?

'Twas they whose forms were dyed in midnight hue—
Who from the land of Ethiopia came,
And o'er the Nile their wonderous magic threw,
And gave to Egypt all its mighty claim.
'Twas they who builded states and founded crafts,
While they who rule today were yet unknown:—
Who fashioned towers and reared gigantic shafts:
They reigned o'er land and sea, supreme, alone.

If any doubt we once did rule the earth,
Then let him of the silent sphinx inquire:
The lofty pyramids will prove our worth
Which have so long withstood the tropic's fire.
The world rests 'on a pinnacle today,
The base of which was built by able hands.
The mightiest empire in its sceptered sway,
A monument to Ethiopia stands.

'Tis true, we've fallen from our honored lot,
And on the willow boughs our harps have hung,
Yet can we e'er forget that favored spot
Where once with pride and joy, our songs were sung?
All is not lost: we still have faith to see
The glimmering landscape which before us lies,
And feel the joy of what must finally be,
As once again, we build unto the skies.

Then let not scorn oppress nor hate restrain
Our cherished thought of birth and heritage,
Nor time's unfeeling tread leave in its train,
The sad remorse which baffled hopes engage.
Let us fight on with an unconquered will,
Despite the fury of the elements:
The weapons that are raised to smite and kill,
God turns the while, to useful instruments.

—EDWIN GARNET RILEY.

FROM AFRICA COMES A RING- ING MESSAGE TO MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT

The negro world 12-20-19

What Black Men Did in Ancient Days—
Toussaint, Attucks and Bureh Estab-
lished the Negro's Claims to Heroism
—When "All Races of the Earth
Stirred to Their Soul's Being, Are
Chafing at the Iron Bands That Bind
Them—Shall Nothing Stir You Up."

Out of the land of our fathers
Fathers comes a clarion call to Pride of
Race and the glory that comes by in-
heritance:

"BECAUSE"
Because ye do elect to sit with folded
hands,

Looking to the moon—
Not caring aught for the glorious
records your fathers left,
endeavor made to uplift and make
noble

The heritage bequeathed
On you—but sit dreaming all day
long—

So shall your indolence, grown heavy
With the years past,
Fall with overwhelming force,
As an Alpine avalanche upon you and
yours—

And crush you into oblivion
Because ye have failed to do your part.

Because you're black!
What boots it—
Black? Your race has in the ancient
days

Climbed to the highest rung of fame;
Have done, dared, that which ye
shirk—

Deeds noble, unselfish—and true-
hearted done.

What have ye done?
O'er the Seven Seas they've sailed
And climbed the highest hills
That tower unto the skies—
Day dreams, your only work.

Up!—awake!—awake!—
Tie in your hands to make or mar,
Embellish in the scroll of fame or be
smirch

The annals of your race.

The Pyramids of Egypt all attest;
Toussaint, Attucks, Bureh—
Yes, a thousand others of Africa's
sons,

Have faced the odds and won the
crown.

You sit and dream?
Your children's future lies in you.
Look around, behold in these dark
tempestuous days

All races of the earth, stirred to their
soul's being,
Are chafing at the iron bands that
bind them.

Oh, that the windows of my soul
And I could weep tears hot and burn-
ing for you!

Shall nothing stir you up? Unite!
Unite!

Strike whilst the molten mass of op-
portunity is hot,
And weld it into something strong and
lasting.

Behold, upon the bloody fields of Eu-
rope, Asia and your glorious
Africa—

Your brethren all—have shed
Their lifeblood
For you—for you!

Ye hope! What do you hope?
Is it to sit and cower the live-long day,
Like idle rooks,

Or will you bend your shoulders to the
wheel

And push out from the clogging mire
The car loaded with the burden cast
on you?

Like men—like the heroes of old—
Be up and doing!

Not for the dross that, aye, has God
displaced

Mammon sits enthroned—
unto high deeds, brace up yourselves
to do.

Equal and free before the world.

How long shall ye yoke the idleness
prejudice and hatred carry,
That bind you in bands of steel!
Destir yourselves, oh sons of Africa!
Heed not the sasive tongues of those
Who, with sophistries and gibe,
Try to draw you from your right and
high endeavor.

He who is above, who slumbers not,
nor sleeps,

But ever watches o'er His own,
Looks down on you.

Awake—awake! whilst 'tis yet day,
And the sun in the high heavens shines
in splendor,
Sweet breezes blow.

On, on to the goal;
Unto the victor is the palm.

Your fathers, heroic and brave,
Look on you.
Be men! Either the laurel bays,
Or the pitying boughs of the willow
grey.

When back unto mother earth ye are
in oblivion buried,
Because ye failed to do your part,
Which shall it be?

THOMAS LUCAS.
From the Sierra Leone (Africa)
Weekly News, February 15, 1919.

THE NATIONAL ASS'N SCHOLASSHIP FUND

New York City

I have received a number of communi-
cations from various friends asking for
information as to action taken by the
National Association of Negro Musi-
cians in the matter of the 1920 scholar-
ship fund. During its recent session in
New York City this matter was the
subject of much conjecture. Rumors
were various and varied as to con-
templated action in this matter, and in
some instances the report was current
that a definite selection had been made.

A talk with President Henry L. Grant,
however, cleared up the atmosphere.
There has been no beneficiary selected
for 1920, and as a matter of fact the
1919 beneficiary is such in name only.
Notwithstanding the enthusiastic ebu-
litions which followed her appear-
ance on the program in the Chicago
meeting and which led to her being
named from the floor as the first bene-
ficiary of the association's scholarship
fund, Miss Marian Anderson of Phila-
delphia has yet to become actually the
recipient of the benefits which are sup-
posed to attach to the preferment given
her.

In other words, the largely-named
scholarship fund subscribed to at Chi-
cago and spoken of with pride and awe
as amounting to a considerable sum,
was in actual cash only some twenty-
odd dollars. The subscriptions flourish-
ed with so great an acclaim have never
been paid. It is to be supposed that
those subscribing would have regarded
the future estate of the talented young
woman, towards whose development they
were so loud-mouthedly pledging them-
selves, with a greater degree of consid-
eration. Their failure to redeem written

pledges had a possibly greater effect
than simply the breaking of their con-
tract.

It could very well operate to Miss
Anderson's further disadvantage by clos-
ing other avenues of help to her. Oth-
ers who might have contributed unpre-
pared toward her further development
may have been persuaded by the blatan-
t outpouring of the selfish self-advertising
subscribers to the fund that further aid
was not needed; that Miss Anderson's
future was provided for. This, of course,
is not the case, since the promised aid
has not even made its first materializa-
tion.

This unfortunate condition arose from
a situation which the active officials of
the national association were not able to
control, according to President Grant.
The scholarship fund was in the hands
of a committee, and it is declared that
the chairman of the committee failed to
function, and failed also to inform the
association officials of the committee's
neglect. It was this committee's duty,
I am told, to see to the collection of the
subscriptions, but this duty was not per-
formed.

And so the large sum supposed to be
available for scholarship purposes is, in
fact, something less than thirty dollars,
not sufficient to make an initial payment
in any first-class music school that I
know anything about.

In the meantime, there are certain re-
quirements necessary to be met by pro-
posed recipients of this fund which are
very necessary and indicate a wise fore-
sight on part of the official staff of the
National Association of Negro Musi-
cians. One is a requirement in conson-
ance with the entrance requirement of all
standard music conservatories, that the
proposed beneficiary must have completed
a high school course or have received a
literary training that is the equivalent
of a high school course. I am not sure
that Miss Anderson is as yet able to
meet this requirement. In view of her
youth, and according to information
which has come to me, it is possible that
she is not. If that is the case, then
she could not have been placed under
the scholarship fund for the time being,
and so has not actually been a sufferer
by failure of the fund to actuate.

But, in that case, the officers of the
association owed it to the young woman
and her friends and to themselves to
give some publicity to the true state of
affairs. At the recent New York meet-
ing, I am informed, about \$200 in actual
cash was raised, in addition to the vari-
ous pledges for future payment. The
people gave this money in response to
the appeals of the association officers,
and the people have a right to know, at
least in a general sort of way, what dis-
position is made of their contributions.
It would have cleared up the atmosphere
and made unnecessary the asking of
questions by folks who are interested.

Some interesting suggestions have been
made concerning this scholarship fund
and its disposition, especially with refer-
ence to the manner of selecting the ben-
eficiaries. I heartily approve of the se-
lection of Miss Anderson as the first
beneficiary, and want it clearly under-

stood that in no wise is anything written
concerning this matter to be taken as re-
flecting in any way upon her as a choice.
I would gladly join in a demonstration
to the same end if it was to be done
over again. And if she requires further
preparation before becoming an actual
beneficiary she should be given ample
time for that purpose.

But for future selections, I believe
that the competitive system should be
used. Let the national association estab-
lish a set of tests and requirements to
be applied to all applicants by means of
a competitive examination. Set an estab-
lished literary standard, in keeping with
the requirements enacted by the leading
music institutions, and make this stan-
dard the first requisite to the considera-
tion of a proposed scholarship candidate.
Those applicants able to satisfactorily
meet this test, should then be subjected to
an examination as to their attainment
along definite musical lines. There
should be some accomplishment in this
particular to justify a hope for future
development.

Members of the various local branches
would, naturally, make up the person-
nels of the various "civil service com-
missions" necessary to the conducting
of these examinations, and the candi-
dates should be affiliated with the organi-
zation through these local branches, ei-
ther directly or indirectly. Preference
would naturally be given to worthy stu-
dents connected with the association.

Such a method of procedure would
eliminate absolutely the possibility of
rumors or charges of favoritism, and
would make impossible the selection of
candidates lacking the necessary talent
and preparation. And it would be clearly
understood that an applicant's economic
status would be the first condition sub-
ject to an investigation.

I am in receipt of an announcement
from Mr. and Mrs. John Avery Hagan,
Sr., of New Haven, Conn., telling of
the marriage of their daughter, Helen
Eugenia, to Dr. John Taylor Williams of
Morristown, N. J. The happy event oc-
curred on Wednesday, August 11, at
New Haven, and the couple will be at
home after September 1 at 155 Speed-
well avenue, Morristown.

I am but one of a host who will send
to Helen Hagan congratulations and best
wishes for her future happiness. The
many thousands who have sat and lis-
tened with rapt pleasure to her wonder-
ful playing will certainly have a desire
that the great joy which she has brought
to them on countless occasions will be
multiplied over and over in her new life.
It is to be hoped that in becoming Mrs.
John Taylor Williams, Helen Hagan is
not to be lost to her friends.

I am in receipt of a letter signed:
"Very respectfully yours. A SUBSCRIBER."
The postmark on the envelope
shows that the letter was mailed August
20 before 9:30 p. m., and it was sent out
from Station J, which is at 309 West
125th street. That is all there is in the
way of showing where the letter comes
from, and in addition, the writer of the
letter took pains to print each letter used
in forming the words. Now, as a mat-
ter of fact, the contents of the letter

are interesting and present the writer's point of view so clearly and intelligently that I can't for the life of me see why so much pains was taken to cover up the writer's identity. Most anonymous letters are scandalous or vituperative and the writers thereof usually have well-founded fear of personal chastisement or legal responsibility in case their personality is made known. But there is nothing of the sort in this case and the letter really opens up a question which would be of interest to the readers of this column.

But—under no circumstance can anybody, male or female, get this reviewer to give an airing to their opinions or enter into a controversy or allow his readers to hear the arguments of "A Subscriber," or anybody else unless the wouldbe controversialist is willing to at least let the writer of this column know who it is doing the talking. It is a well-known and thoroughly understood newspaper law that the identity of writers of letters or givers of news is held absolutely sacred and inviolable in a newspaper office. In fact, in no other profession is it so absolutely essential that this be done. The newspaper man must protect at all hazards the sources of his information.

It is foolishly unnecessary for anyone to write anonymously to a reputable newspaper, and it is doubly unnecessary when the subject matter is of a character that one can be proud of.

If "A Subscriber" wants to air his (or her) views through this column the invitation is open and unrestricted, the only condition being an incontrovertible one—give me your name and address for my own information; it will not be used unless you so desire.

Joseph L. Turner will be presented to a New York audience in piano recital on Sunday afternoon, September 12, at 3:30 o'clock, at St. Marks Hall, West 138th street, by the Universal Academy of Culture, an organization of which George W. Abbott is the president.

Mr. Turner called to see me and gives me the information that he has for the past three years been a student of the piano at the New England Conservatory, Boston. He is a native of Greenville, S. C., and has in turn been a student at the Harbison Institute, Abbeville, S. C., the Benedict College, Columbia, S. C., and Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga. His New York recital is to raise funds for the expenses of his further musical education. Of course it is not possible for me to say anything about Mr. Turner's ability as a pianist, and I have to acknowledge that he had not been heard of before, but he impresses me as an earnest and deserving young man, and it is to be hoped that we will be given a splendid audience and an opportunity to make good.

HARRISBURG—A NEWS JULY 3, 1920

RECITAL TOMORROW
A recital will be given by Edward Stello, noted colored tenor singer, tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the Capital Street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. B. M. Ward, pastor. The program will be made up of sacred and other selections. The public is cordially invited, and no admission will be charged.

The Guardian
Special Writer of Boston Daily writes the Remarkable Story of Rise from Slave to Poetess Recognized in Two Continents—Shows Her Quality. 3-27-a
(From Little Walks About Boston in Boston Post, March 20, 1920.)

A little girl, 7 years old, was sold as a slave one morning here in Boston, in the year 1761. She was a native of Africa, and had been stolen from her parents and brought to the slave market. Her name was Phillis, and, having been bought by Mr. John Wheatley, a reputable citizen of Boston, her name became Phillis Wheatley, and she made that name famous. Bought at Slave Market.

Mrs. Wheatley wished to obtain a young Negro girl whom she could train as a domestic to care for her in her old age. She visited the slave market and selected Phillis, in spite of her slender frame, because she was attracted by her modest and gentle demeanor. The child was almost naked, having no other covering than a piece of old carpet.

Mrs. Wheatley took Phillis home in her chaise, clothed her comfortably, and soon discovered that she had taken into her house a young girl of unusual intelligence. Mrs. Wheatley's daughter taught Phillis to read and write, and Mrs. Wheatley herself became so fond of her that she treated her as a companion rather than as a servant.

George Washington's Recognition. Phillis never went to school, but she read much, being supplied with books by those who became interested in her. She early showed an inclination for writing poetry, and she was permitted to have a light and writing materials on a table near her bed, so that if she awoke in the night she might put on paper, before they vanished, the fleeting fancies of her brain.

Admitted to Old South Church. At the age of 16, this child of Africa was admitted as a member of the Old South Church. Ministers and other prominent people came to see her and invited her to their houses. She made some progress in the study of Latin. Frequent calls were made upon her for poems on special occasions. Many were the bereaved ones who found comfort in her tender and helpful verses. She delighted in Pope's translation of Homer, and classic themes frequently occupied her pen.

Phillis Wheatley addressed so many lines to General Washington, and sent them to him. In his reply to her, dated Cambridge, Feb. 2, 1776, Washington said:

"I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the eloquent lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dis-

pensations."

Poems Published in London. Previous to the Washington episode, failing health had taken this gifted young woman to England, where she went in company with a son of Mrs. Wheatley who was called there on business. She received much attention in England, and was presented to Lady Huntingdon, Lord Dartmouth, Mr. Thornton (another benefactor of Dartmouth College), and to many other distinguished people. Her poems, dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon, were published in London.

She was summoned back to Boston on account of the failing health of her mistress, who desired to see her one more before she died. The rest of Phillis Wheatley's life was a sad one. All the Wheatley family died, except the son who had married and settled in England. Phillis was left alone. She married a showy but worthless Negro. The Revolution came with all its privations. Most of her old friends had left Boston. She died here in poverty and want.

INTERVIEWING A DANSEUSE

By Nola Douglas Holt

Many, many moons ago, I went with his lantern went hunting for an honest man and whether he found one

Monday morning, with my pencil and pad, I went out looking for the unusual modest artist and I found one. On calling at the home of Hazel Thompson Davis a soft musical voice called out, "Sit down, Mrs. H., I'll be there shortly," and as I turned and peered through silken draperies to where the voice came from I saw a supple young girl seated tailor fashion in mid-bed, all negligee a la Billie Burke telephoning one of her friends. When she came out I told her how pretty the children's dancing party was on Thursday afternoon and truly that was her cue, for she at once launched into the most vivacious conversation about "kiddies," picturing them in all their infantile glory, until after several attempts to speak, I countered when she was gasping for breath and said: "But Miss Hazel, I came to talk of yourself, this time and pour prodigies later." "Well," she said hesitatingly, "there is not much to say about myself," but I insisted, so we went back to the day of our own Ada Walker who accepted Mrs. Davis as one of her girls and gave her personal instruction. Her career as a dancer began then and when she returned to Chicago it was my pleasure to introduce her to Ada Forman, now with the Greenwich Folies, but then an exponent of Ruth St. Denis and teaching at the Opera Club next to the Blackstone, with whom she studied for some time, finally going to the Chicago Musical College, entering with Gladys Price, with whom she has been ever since.

Dance Related to Music

The relation of the dance to music is noted particularly through rhythm and Mrs. Davis' work is



Hazel Davis

commendable in that it not only serves to make the body graceful but in its notes into the smallest child the sense of rhythm. Many of the children danced gracefully and perfectly to such music as MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," Chopin's "Mazurka," Liszt's "Tarentelle" and Lacombe's "Spring Morning." She informs me that excerpts from some of the Russian ballets will be used next season.

Bournique of the North Side taught Chicago's aristocracy the cultural necessity of the esthetic dance and Mrs. Davis is doing the same for our little ones. While the schools are teaching the young idea to shoot, she is teaching the you too to point.

As she was enthusiastically telling me of the new ideas she plans to inaugurate next season young hubby served tea, for the morning had now drifted to afternoon, and speaking of tea, Mr. Davis is a real tea maker, so no wonder that I hope to have another interview soon.

This young girl comes of a musical family, three of her brothers being known internationally—the late William Thompson, who died in Europe; DeKoven Thompson, composer, and Creighton, now in Paris. She is truly a child of art, her naive mannerism, youthful spirit and modest mien being a reflection of the happy contact she has with her pretty, innocent, bubbling kiddies and Chicago is proud of her for doing so much to build up a generation of artistic youths with supple bodies and healthful minds.

WRITES NEGRO AIRS AS LABOR OF LOVE

WASHINGTON D.C. TIMES
MAY 16, 1920

Composer Reddick Tries to Keep Real Southern Spirit in His Songs.

William Reddick, a composer of negro songs, recently told how he came to take up his labor of love, the reclaiming for concert purposes of the negro spirituals. The first "Burlesque" "Deep River," he said, set him to thinking. Born in the South, he had lived his youth among the negroes; had heard his nurse, his family cook, the village barber, and many a colored preacher and his congregation sing the spirituals.

"So, one time when I was home on a vacation," he said, "I tried arranging one. It pleased the family. Oscar Seagle, the baritone, who is an old friend, then tried it and liked it. That started me. Ever since I have been prowling among the old negro airs, seeking out those that seem to me worth preserving. Just now I am working on 'Traveling to the Grave,' which is typically negro in its character, in that it is very happy, even jubilant, about the approaching heavenly journey."

Writing New Air For Seagle.

Going to the piano, he played and

using the lively Negro air from punch I picked it up near my old home in the South," he said. "I am writing it, too, for Oscar Seagle. He doesn't believe in idealizing the Negro songs, and neither do I. My intent is to keep their original flavor, and I will write so-called 'barber shop' chords to do this rather than embellish them or harmonize them in an un-Negro way. "It is foolish to talk, however, of the 'correct version' of any given spiritual. The same song will differ in different parts of the South; so, naturally, arrangements will differ without any of them being more 'true' than the others to the original. Take, for instance, 'Standin' in de Need of Prayer,' or 'Wait Till I Put On My Crown,' two of those I have put into concert form. I have heard different versions of these airs in the South, and so I am not surprised to find them in collections of Negro songs with notation different from my own.

Harmony Must Have True Spirit.

"The one important thing, it seems to me, is to retain the negro spirit in the harmonization. I feel that only a Southerner really knows what the negro spirit is. In looking over arrangements of negro airs I can put my finger down, I think, on those that have been made by men from the South, or by men who have lived among Southern negroes.

"The true negro tune, I think, gets back to Africa. The descending intervals and the lowered seventh are not Caucasian. Originally these melodies were, I believe, spontaneous improvisations. There is a story that one of the finest of them was heard when a backwoods negro got up at a camp meeting and sang it through from beginning to end, making up words and music as he went along. I have the melody here, a really beautiful one.

"I know something personally of the negro ability to improvise, for there is an old cook in our family who does it when she thinks no one is listening. She had a lullaby she sang for me when I was a child, and I still remember a curious chant she sang at a time the whole family was listening her to make up a tune—a jumble of phrases about the household.

There has been much confused talk about American composers regarding negro music as American music. It isn't American music, and I don't think composers so regard it. It is African—or, if you want to use the term, Oriental. But who has more right to use it, or more of a duty to preserve it, than the American composer? It is not the heritage of the composers of any other country. Call it negro music, call it African or Oriental, it is still a mine of unutilized melody and the American composer is the first prospector.

"The nearest thing to American music that has been developed is, in my opinion, ragtime. And ragtime probably traces back to negro rhythm, more than to the syncopations of European music."

Meeting of Nat'l Assn. of Musicians Causes Conflict

The New York Age

These be parlous times with members of the board of directors of the National Association of Negro Musicians. When the annual meeting was held in New York City during the last days of July, invitations were received from a number of cities for the holding of the 1921 session. Philadelphia, in particular, was strongly insistent and had present an influential delegation to press for the acceptance of the Quaker City's hospitality.

But Nashville, Tennessee, home of Fisk and Walden Universities and a center of southern culture and refinement, swept the convention off its feet when H. P. B. Johnson, a member of the board of directors, chairman of the publicity committee of the National Association, and representative in the convention from Nashville, declared that Nashville offered as an inducement free entertainment of all sorts to members of the body if the next session was held in that city.

12-18-20

The proposition of free board was too alluring—not even the Philadelphia delegates could withstand the inducement. It was unanimously and enthusiastically voted to carry the 1921 session to Nashville. It is only fair to say that it was also pointed out that members of the convention would be doing a commendable missionary work by taking to the people of the Southland a knowledge of the race's artistic development along the lines of their particular endeavors. And it is only true to state that this phase of the proposition had weight in the final decision.

So, Mr. Johnson, who is connected at home with the National Baptist Publishing forces, went back and carried the glad and joyful news to the effect that Nashville would have the pleasure in 1921 of entertaining a body composed of America's most distinguished Negro musicians. The local which Mr. Johnson then organized is made up, I understand, of Nashville folks in general, with representatives not only from the city, but from Walden, Roger Williams, Fisk University and other local institutions as well.

But there has come a "rift in the lute." Information comes to me that Professor John Work and some of his constituents at Fisk University later organized a local at the school, though this, I am informed, is in conflict with the constitution of the national body. I haven't a copy of the constitution at hand, so this allegation cannot be verified at this time.

However that may be, the fact remains that Mr. Work and his new local are charged with making an effort now to have the National Association of Negro Musicians rescind in part the action taken in New York by accepting a later invitation to hold all of its 1921 sessions as guests of the Fisk local, with all of the meetings on the Fisk campus.

In furtherance of this effort, it is alleged that a set of resolutions were prepared and sent to all the members of the board of directors for their action. The resolutions urged the advisability of having the meeting at Fisk, and Miss Alice Carter Simmons of Tuskegee Institute, a Fisk graduate and secretary of the National Association, was said to be responsible for them. The board members did not respond to the request for action in any decisive manner. My information is that three voted in favor of the "Fisk" meeting, two voted against it, and four did not vote at all. As the board consists of nine members this naturally did not constitute a legal majority.

It is said that Miss Simmons, the secretary, expressed an intention of sending out notices to the effect that the next meeting would be held at Fisk on the strength of the "3 to 2" vote, but other members of the board urged that she not do this, but, instead, submit the resolutions to the board members for a second vote.

From my best information and belief, the whole trouble is contained in what appears to be local jealousy and dissension. On the face of it, Mr. Johnson

seems to have the better of the argument. He certainly has the advantage of priority. And he also has acted with fairness and liberality toward the Fiskites, in that he has expressed a willingness to hold sessions at Fisk as well as at some other point in the city.

Fisk has a wonderful history and an enviable record along the lines of music development. It assuredly would be out of place for a body of musicians representing the national achievement of the race, to assemble in such proximity to Fisk and not take advantage of the opportunity to pay tribute to its great de-servings.

But Mr. Johnson and the members of his local contend that the honor of paying this tribute should be allowed to the representatives first on the field, and that there is ample honor and credit in the matter for the second local organization, as there would be for three or four, if that many were in existence.

So far as concerns the constitutional infringement embraced in the organization of a second local, if such infringement there is, that does not strike me as a very wise law—that is, as concerns a city with such a cultural and physical growth as has Nashville. That city, with its universities, colleges, schools and social and religious organizations, and with its splendid business and industrial development, affords a fertile field for more than one healthy and prosperous local organization of musicians. And for a young organization, such as is the National Association of Negro Musicians, it does not strike me as the wisest sort of proposition to place technical local limitations which can react toward dwarfing the growth of the national organization.

It is within the realm of possibility that President Henry L. Grant may have to go down to Nashville and straighten out the matter. This ought not to be necessary and would entail an absolutely unnecessary expense. Grant could not be expected to pay it out his pocket, the National Association cannot afford to pay it, and the Nashville locals probably would not be willing to pay it. Mr. Johnson is entitled to consideration and it looks just a bit as if the prestige and influence of the great Fisk University were being used to promote and strengthen individual and local efforts for personal recognition—whether deserved or undeserved it is not for me to say.

COLORED WOMAN APPOINTED SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC

The Times Plaindealer

7-3-1920

Birmingham Citizens Enthused Over Young Woman's Appointment; Race Woman A Teacher of High Repute.

Miss Kathleen P. Howard, former teacher of St. Mark's School, has been appointed Supervisor of Music in the Colored Schools of Birmingham. Miss Howard was a student in the Music Department of Fisk University during the past year, studying voice and piano, harmony and specializing in Public School Music. After passing successfully the required test given by Miss Letta Kitts, Supervisor of Music of the Birmingham Public Schools, was immediately appointed. This will fill a long felt want and a much needed one in the schools of Birmingham, and is quite an addition to the curriculum of our schools.

THE LITANY OF ENGLISH

O God the Father, Creator of the world,
Have mercy on us.
O God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
Have mercy on us.
O God the Spirit, Enlightener of the world,
Have mercy on us.
O most holy and inseparable Trinity,
Have mercy on us.

Because we are human and assume the cloth of mortality,
When all the world has shunned us, disregarding morality,
Through all the trials of Life even unto Destiny,
Because our plea for justice provoke a nation's animosity,
Because of selfish sentiments we are driven to isolation,
Though Charity, in our predicament, extend no consolation,
Have mercy on us.

From the shares of animosity,
From the blasphemies of verbosity,

From forced contentments,
From rash dissentments,
From the prejudices of allens,
From the wrath of rapscallions,
From the blames of misfortunes,
From deceit of contentions,
From the humility of degradation,
Out of the depths of segregation,
Deliver us.

As celibate to the wives of unrighteousness,
As champions for all that is lightness,
As kindred alike and inseparable,
Possessed of a moral, unquestionable
As members of a common sodality,
In the fight for unreserved equality,
Preserve us.

PRAYER

O Heavenly Father, infallible and supreme Judge of men,
The complex knowledge of the world Thou doth well comprehend;
Incline Thine ear to supplications we offer to Thee in prayer,
Submitting, as it were, O Lord, our troubles to Thy care.
Hearken to the pleadings our bleeding hearts doth pour
In humble referendum to Thee O Blessed Lord
For the causes of a people, whose sole domestic strife
Is suffrage of equivocation accorded human life.
And bless our generations!—They be strong to bear
What work we feeble sages leave their charge to care.
Grant, too, O Heavenly Father, in honor to Thy name
One single blot shall never deface dear Ethiopia's fame.
STANLEY ERVIN PEARSON

Daughter of Coleridge Taylor Wins Fame as Musician.

London, Dec. 7.—Is music the only art for which an aptitude can be transmitted from parent to child? The question is raised by the success, and still more by the promise, of Miss Coleridge-Taylor, the 11-year-old daughter of the famous colored composer of "Hiawatha."

A composer herself and a talented performer on the concert platform, Miss Coleridge-Taylor's progress so far suggests that she may yet try to produce a companion work to "Hiawatha."

"Ah, if only I could—just for father's sake!" she said to the Weekly Dispatch.

Not that, although she is ambitious, she does not realize how long a period of hard training lies before her. And, as befitting a daughter of the great African who positively hated the limelight, she is most reserved as to her achievements.

"I am too busy studying to devote much time to composition," she went on, "but I have started on a trio for violin, cello and piano."

"When I was twelve she added." "I could not resist the temptation to write down the themes that were passing through my mind, and so I wrote a little song entitled 'Good-bye, Butterfly.' That has been sung in London."

"I have also written several other songs and pianoforte pieces, including a small cello work called 'Memories.'"

She is most proud of a soprano song which bears the title: "Where'er the Sun Goes West." Her brother wrote the poem and she put it to music. This joint effort was undertaken in memory of their father.

The Development of Music in Negro Schools of the South

The colored boy or girl in the South in past years had little opportunity for the securing of musical training and voice culture. Singers were born but not developed. The singer whose voice was marvellously sweet and whose vocal ululations were always heard with pleasure had only natural inclination as a guide and was controlled only by a true and accurate "ear for tone or pitch."

There were teachers of sight reading and there were instructors of organ playing—not pipe organs, but the parlor reed organ—yet never a teacher of singing or of voice culture. The piano was not in the ordinary home.

Nowadays this condition is different. There is not a full development nor has an ideal standard been attained. But through the educational institutions for Negro youth scattered throughout the South, both in urban and rural districts, there has gradually opened up a way by which the Negro youth of the South finds the chance for acquiring artistic training and growth.

Many of these schools have added to their teaching force competent and capable instructors in music, vocal and instrumental, and as a result the colored child does not have to be deprived entirely of the opportunity for instruction and the development of talent heretofore undeveloped because of lack of opportunity. An unfortunate economic condition stands as an obstacle to this expansion in many cases, because the child is not always able to meet the expense of the course in music and the schools are not able to pay the salary of a teacher and include the course in its regular curriculum. Music is nearly always an added and optional course for which there is an additional tuition charge.

Notwithstanding this obstacle the growth of the music courses in the southern schools for Negro youth is steady and insistent. The larger and wealthier schools have, of course, the larger musical faculties, but even in the smaller and poorer schools the teaching material is frequently of a much higher class than the available salaries would warrant. This seeming paradox is occasioned by the fact that many of these teachers are working as do missionaries, with the zeal and faith of the far-seeing visionary who looks into the future for results and is content to make the necessary personal sacrifice to achieve those results.

The parent of today was the child of yesterday. Whatever might have been that child's ambition and aspiration it was circumscribed by limited opportunity even when it was not throttled by the lack of vision on part of the parent of yesterday. Keeping in mind the limitations to which it was subjected as a child of yesterday, the parent of today has a broad vision as to what should be given the child of today. So sacrifices along lines unthought of by the parent of yesterday are being made by the parent of today in the interest of the development, training and growth of the present day children.

Pioneers of yesterday laid a foundation on which the builders of today are erecting an enduring edifice. Esthetic culture is becoming an everyday need and so our children are being encouraged and coaxed toward the acquisition of this element as a necessity of life.

A very interesting letter comes to me from one of the men engaged in the work in the South, that of teaching the Negro youth the way to a higher appreciation of the fine things in life. Charles J. Harris is in charge of the department of music at the Mississippi Industrial College at present. He formerly was in charge of a similar department at Paine College, Augusta, Georgia, his native home. Both these schools are conducted by the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, the latter in conjunction with the M. E. Church, South. Both are located in the farthest stretches of the benighted South, but these institutions have alike been successful in brightening up and improving conditions in their environment and territory.

Concerning the development of Music in Negro schools in the South, Mr. Harris writes as follows:

reach the talent they should have.

"When a thoroughly trained musician knows he can, by private studio or concert work, far exceed the income from school work there is little likelihood of a school securing his services. When a musician has spent hundreds of dollars to get a musical education it is quite evident he must be given due consideration. Many of the schools are paying their teachers of music splendid salaries, which means splendid service and results.

"Now, then, musicians must not neglect some of the most vital accomplishments necessary to render the best service. It is all well and good to learn some instrument well (preferably the piano), also Harmony, Theory, Solfeggio, Musical History and Appreciation; but one thing not to be overlooked is Voice Culture and how to teach it. Whether or not the teacher has a wonderful voice makes a difference, to be sure; but study assiduously in order that you may teach the great array of talent one finds in many schools of the South.

"I have in mind now two young men at Paine College, Augusta, Georgia, where I taught for awhile: Messrs. J. W. Perry and J. D. Hutson, whose capacities for becoming artists are exceptional. Perry is quite young and blessed with a splendid physique. His is a robust tenor of fine quality and Hutson's bass-baritone voice is also of beautiful timbre.

"The South is just full of such talent, but these students must have the right sort of teaching and inspiration if they would go far. Think of the success of Roland W. Hayes, Harry T. Burleigh and others. That could also be done by numerous persons in the race.

"Not only must the musician know how to train voices; he must know how to train choruses and glee clubs, plus the knowledge of handling children's voices. The voices of children must not be ruined by loud singing, putting undue strain upon their tender vocal apparatus. Of all the musician's accomplishments the matter of vocal knowledge is the most important.

"As is well known, Fisk University takes the lead in musical work in the South among Negroes. With its well-chosen faculty of half-dozen or more it has accomplished much. They have a regular graduate course in piano and playing; Mr. Raymond Augustus Lawson of Hartford, Connecticut, being perhaps its best representative. There is Mr. Leroy W. Tibbs, head of the piano department of Howard University with a master's degree in music from Oberlin, who is also a Fisk man. There are scores of splendid performers of classic music who hail from Fisk. Perhaps Mr. Hayes is the best known singer to come from Fisk in recent years. Fisk is the pioneer in Negro music. Annually the Mozart Society gives a standard oratorio. The students get such exceptional training that it is seldom necessary to hire outside soloists.

"Kemper Harrell, a musician from the West, has been located at Morehouse College, Atlanta, Georgia, for a number of years. His work there has done more to make the school popular than has perhaps any other agency. His Glee

Club and Orchestra are well known for their splendid performances. A crowded house is always assured when Professor Harrell and his boys are to appear. "At Tuskegee we find Miss Jennie C. Lee, an admirable choral director, with one of the finest choirs in the South. The band is doing fine under Lieutenant Drye. Miss Simmons, a splendid pianist, takes care of her end of the work.

"Mr. Nathaniel Dett, who is rapidly forging to the front as a virile composer, is located at Hampton. His work there is evidence of what a thoroughly trained musician can do. He has given choral works with some of the best soloists of the race on the program.

"Miss Hunt, at Claflin University, Orangeburg, South Carolina, deserves credit for her splendid achievements. At Talladega (Alabama) we find Tourjee Debose, an Oberlin graduate, doing exceptional work.

"As further evidence of what is being accomplished in Negro schools in the South, fourteen quartets were chosen from different schools to sing at the mammoth Centenary of Methodists at Columbus, Ohio, in July, 1919. There was a chorus of more than twelve hundred voices under the general direction of Professor William K. Kraft of Columbia, with his assistants: Horace G. Whithouse, Norton E. Dennis of Wiley University, Marshall, Texas, William Sykes of Bennett College, at Greensboro, North Carolina, Professor Simpson of Samuel Houston College, Texas, Professor Perry of Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Arkansas, and Charles J. Harris from Paine College, Augusta, Georgia.

"Half of the chorus were Negroes. At rehearsals the big chorus did not get along so well until the quartets were interspersed among them. These young people, with their voices and ability to read well, easily led the chorus out of many hard places. Two or three times these quartets combined as a chorus and did some splendid work in the great Coliseum, which seated 10,000 more persons.

"The services of finely equipped musicians will keep up and improve the things already accomplished in many of the schools and will prove most helpful and inspiring. So let school boards and heads awake to what is beneficial along the lines mentioned, in order that others may take hold and keep developing talent here in the South."

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

(From the Grenada West Indian, March 26.)
Oh ye Government Patrons
Draw ye near a while and list
To the human cry eternal
Of a people Judas-kissed!

Ye who hold the sovereign power
For to save our native land;
Who could strike within an hour
Stopping short the tradesman's hand

Yet ye sit and gaze unseeing
With greedy mouth agape,
A blind insensate being
Bound round with scarlet tape.

Ye heap on us taxation
Excessive and unjust,
And laugh in high elation
As ye grind us in the dust.

Oh ye merchant princes hearken
To that murmur drawing near,
See the sullen clouds that darken
And suround us everywhere.

Listen to the thunder pealing,
Lift on high your sated eyes
To the vivid lightning reeling
Through our trouble laden skies.

Yet ye smile with beaming faces
As you heap your coffers high;
With base gold that but disgraces
Every profiteer—oh fie!

Fie and shame ye selfish hearted,
Great God's vengeance on ye all;
Truth and honor has departed
Justice staggers to its fall.

Go count your gains ill gotten;
Oh ye grinders of the poor;
Pile ye high your wheat and cotton—
Fill to overflow your store!

But for every yard ye measure,
And for every ounce ye weigh
God shall judge you at his leisure—
Self on his appointed day.

Ye are nothing but oppressors
Who seek all for self alone;
And we the poor breadwinners
For the loaf we get—a stone!

Yet, alas! ye smile unheeding
And ye mercilessly spurn
A poor brother down and bleeding,
But some day the worm will turn.

Can ye prosper? Never, never,
Though we go unrobed, unshod;
For a people's voice is ever
The Almighty voice of God.

—Thoughts of E. J. De B. HARFORD

NOTED MUSIC COMPOSER

ENTERTAINING IN

ENGLAND

By Associated Negro Press

London, England, March 29.—H.

Coleridge-Taylor, son of the celebra-

ted African composer, whose death

occurred in London several years ago,

has with his sister, Gwendolin, been

appearing in Queen's Hall, in inter-

pretations of their father's music.

The son apparently is a gifted con-

ductor, for on the occasion of the

concert of the Central London Choral

and Orchestral Concert, David J.

Thomas, the conductor, turned his

baton over to the young Negro to

conduct his father's music. The

daughter appears in recitations set

to Coleridge-Taylor's music.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

TO THE PROFITEERS

By the Rev. Dr. Mc...

[Dr. Shipman is pastor of the First Baptist Church of the City of New York, which has created a furor in the city by his sermon in which he exoriated the rich fathers who claim to be "100 per cent American" patriots.]

You have decked your frowzy wives with borrowed splendors;
You have hung your daughters necks with stolen pearls.
Have you thought about the other wives, the lenders,
Or the harlots made to decorate your girls?
You have fashioned from the needs of the sick and dying,
From the souls of children pleading for the right,
Ready cash today to do your Christmas buying;
Ready cash to pay your prostitute tonight.

You have coined your filthy gold from blood and sorrow.
There are soldier graves across the fields of France,
Whence the dead, who died through you, upon tomorrow
Will rise to damn your profits with a glance.

All the deathless deeds worth doing and worth telling,
All the things that noble men hold high and true,
All but seemed to you for buying and for selling,
All to serve a greasy human vulture—you.

God! that better men should toil and sweat and labor,
Bear the cross and climb up Calvaries of pain,
While the drawling ghouls that spare not friend nor neighbor
Damn the world to make a crucible for gain.

If in blackest Hell, O Lord! there be a blacker—
If beneath the deepest pit a deeper pit,
Not for harlot, nor for thief, nor coward slacker,
But for these, that blackest, deepest Hell is fit.

Profiteers of every sort and kind and

Where you tread full many other feet have trod,
You are ranged against the power of Christ's own Passion,
Hark! behind you walk the searching feet of God!

SONG OF THE AMERICAN DOVE

By LUCIAN B. WATKINS.

[After reading "Song of the American Eagle" and suggested by an infamous lynching in the South.]

I build my nest not on the crest
Of the mountain throne but in the breast—
The sheltering arm of the forest warm.
Here my doves sing 'mid the maddest storm;
Here I see and sigh, 'neath the grieving sky,
Lo, a race is hung on the trees to die!

A-wing I go, and the land below
Is riot-red with a cruel woe,
For the hand of hate at a furious rate
Is sowing the seeds of a terrible fate.
And each venomous seed is a tragical weed
That buds and blooms with a murderous deed.

I love the land of justice grand,
Where men are free, heart, head and hand,
Where the smile and nod of the green-
ing sod
Are bright and glad with the gift of God,

Where over the plains and the mountains reigns
A flag that frees each soul from chains

"Land of the free!" your flag I see;
What boots your boast of liberty?
What avails your might while in your sight
A race is robbed of its dearest right?

Hark! I hear the yell of the hounds of Hell,
Your sons obsessed with the lynching spell!

Oh, I long to see your liberty
With even your lowliest subject free—
With none denied nor crushed in pride,
But souls ascending side by side;
Your streaming Stars and bleeding Bars
Thus mean a victory more than war's!

"Let freedom ring!"—'tis well to sing,
But let it from the mountains bring—
Not only to the fortunate few—
Its peace to all 'neath the Red, White and Blue.
Ah! I see and sigh, 'neath the heavens

people who were but as little children.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

You kissed my hand one May day,
I gave my lips in June,
And blindly followed your way,
But passion's fires die soon.
For though our lips sang love lays
Our hearts were not a rest,
For God's ways, not my ways, nor your ways were best.

We said goodbye one June day,
And parted in July;
Often I miss the May days
As lonely hours drag by.
But since I've found the highway,
Love, help me to keep sweet,
That God's path, and your path and my path may meet.

Perhaps you'll tire of May days,
Grow restless in the June,
And seek me on the highways.
Ah! may that time come soon,
When hand in hand together
We'll find the real love best,
In God's time, for His time, not our time, is best.

HELEN W. McALLISTER.

AMERICAN NEGRO MUSICIANS ABROAD

in negro world.

Mr. Will Marion Cook's Southern Syncopated Orchestra is making good in London. C. Dutordoit writes in the London "Musical Standard."

Twice daily at the Philharmonic Hall there is musical merriment of the gayest description, for there Mr. Will Marion Cook and the Southern Syncopated Orchestra which he directs, play with a swing and verve that no audience could resist, music with its rag-time and other things besides. There is no doubt that in their finest selections this orchestra is really great. Their performances of the Hungarian Dance No. 5 and Dvorak's "Humoresque" are simply delightful, and another most successful piece is Tyler's "Call o' the Woods."

Gwladys T. Jones, writing in the London "Daily Chronicle," describes something beneath these musicians' cheerful exterior.

They are gay, these musicians of a wronged race. But underneath, for the discerning mind, there is sadness and heartbreak, some sublimated melancholy of half-remembered things.

They sing of the heaven which consoled them in the days of their bitter-ness in the material terms which brought consolation and hope to the people who were but as little children.

There's a golden harp in heaven, Ah! to know, an' Ah! don' wan' to leavah me behind."

There is one gem which is music through and through.
A slim, young girl comes forward,
"Listen to the Lambs," she sings, in a voice which rises and rises, and is backed by the softest voices of the choir, making insistently the same request.

Suddenly the beautiful voice stops and floods out again singing the words which, to Handel's music, have thrilled Western audiences for years.

But it is to another setting that this singer of a strange folk sings the words "He shall feed His flock," while the chorus behind sings of the lambs, in liquid tones.

The Syncopated Orchestra has certainly something to teach musicians of older traditions. It also makes a strange little appeal by reason of the human note which runs through its unfamiliar program.

Ward Muir observes thoughtfully in the London "Fragments": When the members of the Syncopated Orchestra filed on the Philharmonic stage I realized at once the veracity and pathos of the phrase "colored gentlemen," for the dark faces behind the footlights were not a bit comic, as the "nigger minstrels" to whom I had been taken in childhood.

They hadn't shoe-shine complexions or bulbous red lips. On the contrary, most of them struck me as refined, intellectual, sensitive and a little sad. Somehow the circumstance that several of these dark-skinned entertainers wore pince-nez added a touch of queer dignity to their aspect. The Ethiopian eyes behind those pince-nez looked forth over the fashionable audience of Europeans with benignant yet reproachful gaze, as though to say, "You Londoners are the barbarians, not we. You are the heathen, not we. You invented that figment, the 'Nigger Minstrel,' we are the fact." I felt like getting up and apologizing.

Mrs. Dunbar Denies She Is Penniless
Defends Brands Malone's Report as False; Makes Statement to Her Friends.

Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 12.—Reports circulated to the effect that Mrs. Matilda J. Dunbar, 219 North Summit street, mother of the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, was almost penniless and in a destitute condition, have been proven untrue following an investiga-

tion made here by a correspondent of the Chicago Defender. The erroneous information regarding Mrs. Dunbar's condition is accredited to Aaron H. Malone of St. Louis, Mo., who, it is claimed, made the report after a visit to the Dunbar home. Papers throughout the country, believing the condition to be true, carried articles depicting the manner in which the poet's mother was spending her last days.

Malone Is Silent

A letter sent to Mr. Malone asking for a statement with reference to his first report of Mrs. Dunbar remains unanswered. A communication bearing the signature of Mrs. Dunbar reads as follows:

Mrs. Dunbar's Letter

"In Your issue of recent date there appeared a news item from Dayton in which it was stated that I am in a destitute condition, with no coal for the winter, with my home about to be sold under the hammer, and with no income whatever from my son's writings. I want to advise that the statements contained in this article are absolutely untrue. There is in the city of Dayton an organization known as the Dunbar Memorial Association, legally incorporated under the laws of the state of Ohio, which has for its purpose the perpetuation of the memory of the poet, the preservation of his home and library and the rendering of assistance to me. Contributions from interested friends in all parts of the country are received by Charles Moore, president of the Third National Bank, this city. Mr. Moore is the treasurer of this organization, and the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. is the president. I am composed of some of the leading men and women of both races throughout the country. This organization has seen to it that my coal for the incoming winter has already been put in my cellar."

Mother Gets Royalty

Mrs. Dunbar desired a correction of the report, declaring she did not war her friends to labor under the impression that she was penniless. Dodd Mead & Co., book publishers, who marketed the poet's works, stated that Dunbar's books are still good sellers and that Mrs. Dunbar is paid a considerable sum twice a year as royalty on them. Friends of Mr. Malone are at a loss to know why such a report was accredited to him, and his utter silence after a copy of Mrs. Dunbar's letter had been sent him for inspection and consideration.

MISS COLLINS' RECITAL

The presentation of Cloetta Collins in recital at Grace church Friday evening, June 4, by the Intermediate Sunday school class, was an effort worthy of praise and admiration. Friends gave evidence of their appreciation by their attendance.

Miss Collins sang at the first annual convention of the National Association of Musicians last July in this city and was then acclaimed one of our best singers. She has held this reputation for some years in eastern and mid-eastern states and her introduction to Chicago adds another group of enthusiasts to her long list of admirers.

Her voice is of such a varied quality it is rather difficult to place. There are stretches of most alluring lyrical tones, followed by climaxes of a wonderfully dramatic nature. These twin gifts give her a unique place as a concert artist in that she is able to charm the musical masses as well as the musical classes. Higher training has not hardened her voice, but has mellowed

Race Poets Go Unappreciated

The Last Train
Change of Noted White Educator

"Poets Are The Prophets"
3-27-28
By Associated Negro Press

Chicago, March 22.—In a specially

prepared statement for the Associ-

ated Negro Press, Prof. Robert T.

Kerlin, of the Department of English

in the Virginia Military Institute,

Lexington, Va., makes a very pertinent

comment with reference to the

high appreciation of the poets of our

group. "I have never assumed the

role of adviser or preacher to the col-

ored people of America," says Prof.

Kerlin, "but I am impelled to make

an exception for once—in a worthy

cause. Are you as a race supporting

your poets? You are getting to-

gether manfully in business, in poli-

tices, in labor, in education, in chari-

table and religious works. Racial

consciousness is strongly asserting it-

self throughout the whole domain of

your life with this exception. You do

not—like many other races—value

your poets at their worth. You are

willing to let them furnish you the

very bread of life while you permit

them to suffer for the mere bread of

existence. Is this right? Is it wise?

"Your poets are your prophets. To-

day they have a flaming message.

They are embodying your ideals, your

aspirations, your sufferings, your

prayers, your protests, in song. The

lyrical cry is theirs—your cry. Theirs

the articulation of it. Now no cause

is greatly effective until the poets

champion it. The poets have winged

words; they pierce the hearts and

consciences of men. They burn their

way into our inmost thoughts. Poets

are more to be dreaded by the forces

of evil and injustice and oppression

than politicians, yea, even than

preachers; for the true poet is, I re-

peat, a prophet, a messenger of God.

"You have a dozen very able young

song-makers whose poems your news-

papers get, I understand, without

cost.

"How are ye better than the gen-

tiles if ye thus rob your poets? Sup-

port them, I say. They are a supreme

honor to you as a people. And nota-

only that; they are your ablest

spokesmen, your heaven-sent ser-

vants. Give them for their service

at least the means of subsistence. buy

their heavenly were with your miser-

able filthy lucre."

STILL JAZZING

4-16-28

Interesting Letter Arrives from Br-

ussels, Belgium, Refuting Claim

That Jazz Weakens

The following letter arrived late last

week and is full of interesting details,

sent by our old friend, James M. Shaw,

musician, scholar and gentleman.

Shooting:

Bruxelles, Belgium, March 2.

Dear Friend Tony: After reading a

clipping from one of the New York

papers concerning reports that there

is a war on jazz in Paris I thought

that I would write you about the

same. It is just the reverse; there

is a war to get more jazz bands

over here. We sailed from New

York May 23 last year for the open-

ing of the Grand Review at the Ca-

sino de Paris, working for Mr. L.

Volltera, who owns three theaters in

one, also a num-ber of others. Our

band consists of the following: L.

A. Mitchell, drummer and general man-

ager; Joseph Myers, bandolinist;

Cricket Smith, the jazz cornetist; Dan

Parsons, pianist (the press calls him

the Black Paderewski); Frank With-

ers, the trombone wonder, now with

Cook & Lattimore's Syncopated Or-

chestra in London. In Frank's place

we have Walter Kildare, violin, basso,

pianist and cellist; James M. Shaw,

saxophone and pianist. And we play

everything from Annie Rooney on up

to William Tell, and we sure lay it

down. We handed 'em jazz across

the footlights until they billed us the

Mitchell Jazz Kings, the name we now

carry as a trade mark. When people

travel from Paris to Bruxelles, eight

hours ride, to dance by real jazz music,

nuff said. We entertained the wonder-

ful pajama party which was described

a short time ago in the New York

press.

We opened with the New Revue at

the Casino on July 4 and were such a

big noise Mr. Volltera requested us

to go into his L'Apollo Theater, which

can be converted into a ballroom by

the turning of the floor. This part of

the engagement was under Harry Pil-

ger, the well known New York dancer,

who had charge of the tango teas and

evening grand balls. We were only

supposed to play a couple of dances

as a surprise to the guests, but as

usual it was the same old story—we

"stopped traffic." Our salaries were

doubled after the first night and we

have been playing both engagements

for the past seven months and are at

present getting just three times the

salaries that we contracted for, with

swell offerings from both Paris and

London. The theaters at which we

are working are the real "big time"

stuff. On arriving in Paris we found

Bergere; they are personal friends of

our and Ciel Club members, viz.: Seth

Jones, Vance Lowery, Fred Allen and

R. Edwards. A week before we left

Paris William Cole and Dooley Wilson

arrived to join the band for a long

engagement with W. A. Johnson.

Seth Weeks, president of the Ciel

Club, has arrived with Sam Richar-

son, Opal Cooper, Elliott Carpenter,

Creighton Thompson and A. Barnett,

playing the danante at the L'Apollo,

where we closed. So you see, good

musicians can make it easy for others

who follow. The people here and in

Paris are wild about jazz music and

we have a bunch of Clefters over here

that can deliver the goods.

Well, Tony, we closed on Jan. 20

at the Casino and L'Apollo theaters

after seven months of the most suc-

cessful work in the history of jazz

bands. We opened here with the Grand

Review with the same punch and we

are a hit. Boxes and loges are re-

served a long way ahead and cham-

pagne flows like water. I met Joe

Boyd strolling on the Boulevard des

Italians; we had a long chat concern-

ing conditions at home. From what

he said about "pro" it sure must be a

dry spot. Paris is grand. It is called

the Playground of the World. Brux-

elles is known as Little Paris and it

is well named. The hospitality ex-

tended by both the French and Bel-

gian people is great. For instance,

while playing for a tea, two Senga-

lese officers arrived. They were the

guests of honor and were treated ac-

cordingly. Both were blind and one

had his hands severed at the wrists.

The sight of this horrible mutilation

would shock any afternoon tea party

but our jazz band started playing and

the hostess chatted with them as tea

and sweets were served. Later, both

danced with the ladies present and

seemed to forget their misfortune.

The French people do not countenance

prejudice of any sort. They respect

and treat all men according to their

status quo.

Well, Tony, will close by saying vive

la France, vive l'Amerique, for we

will get a square deal in the latter

some day, just as we get here now.

Address Alhambra Theater Bruxelles

Belgium. Sals. Yours truly

JAMES M. SHAW

MARCH 15 1928

POWELL ON NEGRO MUSIC

According to some French

the negro spirituals do not

represent the real musical genius of

the black race. The spirituals, he

claims, form a body of music which

the negro made in imitation of that of

the white man; they are based upon

the revival hymns and the secular

songs which the negro heard from the

lips of his white masters during

slavery days. But the negro has a

real music, which however, he does

not parade for the delectation of his

white friends, but which he guards

jealously. Only with the members of

his own race or in the presence of

white children will the negro give ex-

pression to this drone or chant which

so often takes the form of a free im-

provisation.

"My old colored mammy used to

croon over me when a child. As long

as I was a child in fact I heard this

music, and even reached the point

where I could reproduce certain say-

age intervals that are foreign to the

civilized ear." So runs Mr. Powell's

account of this music.

"However, it was when I was eight

or nine years of age that I heard the

finest expression of the negro's own

music. The negroes of the neighbor-

hood were holding a revival. There

were meetings every evening, but to

these meetings only negroes went. In

fact the whites were barred out al-

together, and when I suggested to our

negro mammy that I be allowed to

attend one of these nocturnal re-

ligious gatherings she turned nearly

pale at the thought and threatened

me with all kinds of spiritual torment

if I dared to go.

"I was very young and the idea

fixed itself in my young mind. I got

hold of some old clothes and smeared

my face with dirt to cover my white

innocence and sallied forth. In the

depths of a ravine in the neighbor-

hood I came across what I was look-

ing for. At least 500 blacks were

gathered to hear one of their popular

revivalists. In all the throng silence

prevailed except for the drone of the

preacher. The first thing I noticed

peculiar in his delivery was the dif-

ference of his inflection whenever he

came to the name of the Savior. And

as his speech went on he developed

this inflection with a more and more

elaborate musical figure. Finally it

became a great and frenzied elabora-

tion and to its accompaniment his

hearers burst into a wild and

knew no accidental key, no accidental

figuration. It was pure savage music,

intensely emotional, intensely fren-

zied."

JOHN DOUGLAS HOLT

John Douglas Holt was born in Har-

ford, Conn., of musical parentage; his

mother, an excellent pianist and he

father, a composer. He re-

ceived piano in-

struction from his

Negro Musicians to Unite In Preserving Native Art

Season's Events in New York Planned With This Purpose—
Negro Opera Company to Give Dramatic Works—Annual
Festival of Martin-Smith School—Mrs. Tapley to Continue
Her Artist Course—Negro Symphony Formed

THERE will be several notable musical events in New York to be presented by colored musicians this year, which will show the development of the Negro in music. They will bring together the leading and recognized artists among the colored people, most of them graduates of the leading conservatories and holders of degrees in music. Considerable attention will be given to Negro music, and its preservation and of the need of bringing about a higher value for that music. At the last session of the National Association of Negro Musicians, held in this city, the members of that association were urged to bring to this music their best powers, and refrain from doing anything that will lower the standard of the music.

One of the artistic triumphs of the Negro this season, will be his appearance in grand opera. A Negro Grand Opera Company has been formed with H. Laurence Freeman, the noted Negro composer, as conductor and president. The company has been formed for the purpose of giving operatic selections based upon Negro themes. The company will have a cast of 100 players, and an orchestra of fifty pieces. Their first appearance will be in March possibly on Broadway. H. Laurence Freeman, the organizer, has been the pioneer among Negroes in this direction. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and received his musical education under Yohm Beck, a celebrated musician. One of his first products is Edward Stello, a young Negro singer, who is aspiring for a place as a grand opera singer. He made his first appearance in this city on Oct. 15, at the New Star Casino.

An outstanding event among colored musicians this year, will be the annual musical festival that is presented by the Martin-Smith School, a school which is doing much for the development of a love of music among colored people, as well as giving them a thorough training in music. This festival will take place at Carnegie Hall on Dec. 30. The program will be presented both by the professional artists, and students from the Martin-Smith School. Florence Cole Talbert, a graduate of the Chicago College of Music, and Marion Anderson of Philadelphia, will be the soloists and other features will be a Negro Symphony Orchestra of 100 players, many of them graduates of the school, a children's orchestra of fifty players, from the junior department of the school, ballet numbers by 100 children; Andrades

Lindsay, a promising student, and David I. Martin, Jr., a cellist. The proceeds from this program will go towards the erection of a new building for the school to assist in making it possible for the larger musical education of colored young men and women. This school, which was founded by David I. Martin, one of the best endowed of Negro musicians, has had remarkable growth. Its present enrollment is 500.

Prof. Martin is one of the leading Negro violinists, and was the first director of the Music School Settlement for Colored People in this city.

Mrs. Daisy Tapley will begin her educational recitals, in which she features the works of Negro artists, at the Rush Memorial A. M. E. Zion Church, in October. The recitals are presented for the purpose of giving the colored people of New York an opportunity to hear their own artists. This list of artists this year will be equally as attractive as last year.

The oratorio "The Sermon on the Mount" will be presented this fall by the choir of the Concord Baptist Church. The choir is being trained by Daisy Tapley, the organist of the church. The annual musical festival by this choir is one of the features of the colored music life of Brooklyn.

Negro Symphony Club

A Symphony Club, under the direction of Alfred Ross, a Negro violinist, has been formed for the purpose of studying and presenting the works of Negro composers. The membership of the club is limited to fifty, all of them bright and capable young colored musicians who are serious students of music and who plan to devote much time to Negro music.

The first work of the famous Negro composers, will be the late Coleridge Taylor's Orchestral "Rhapsody Bamboula." The leading works of Negro composers will be presented by this unique club this fall.

The writer is also scheduled for lectures and is open to engagements for his lecture on the History and Origin of Negro folk-songs.

ROCHESTER N.Y. HERALD

AUGUST 18, 1920

Douglass Rejected.

The name of Frederick Douglass, the negro who battled for many years for the welfare of his race, has been rejected for admission to the Hall of Fame. This structure was completed on the grounds of the University of New York in 1900. It was designed

to "commemorate the achievements of distinguished citizens of the United States," eventually to the number of two thousand, five names to be selected every five years.

It is gratuitous to say that the name of Douglass was rejected because of his color. Many distinguished whites are rejected at every session of the council in the selection of five names for inclusion in the Hall's precincts. In the course of time Douglass may be recognized. If he is not, it will in all probability be due to the acrimony developed by repeated failures. Rochester has honored this most distinguished man of his race by the erection of a monument, the contribution of his admirers in all parts of the country. That will have to suffice for the present. But the less said about his rejection by the Hall of Fame the better, in our opinion.

LONDON CRITIC WRITES ON NEGRO SCULPTURE

Special to The Argus.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Olive Bell, a London critic, in his regular contribution to Arts and Decorations, writes about Negro sculpture and tells how he measures its worth. It may help a lot in recognizing the value of works of art. Mr. Bell says: "Because, in the past, Negro art has been treated with absurd contempt, we all are inclined now to overpraise it; and because I mean to keep my head I shall doubtless by my best friends be called a fool. Judging from the available data—no great stock by the way—I should say that Negro art was entitled to a place amongst the great schools, but that it was no match for the greatest. With the greatest I would compare it with the art of the supreme Chinese periods (from Han to Sung,) with Archaic Greek, with Byzantine, with Mohammedan, which, for archaeological purposes begin under the Sassanians a hundred years or more before the birth of the prophet; I would compare it with Romanesque and early Italian (from Giotto to Raphael;) but I would place it below all these. On the other hand, when I consider the whole corpus of black art known to us, and compare it with Assyrian, Roman, Indian, true Gothic (not Romanesque, that is to say) or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the black have the best of it.

"And, on the whole, I should be inclined to place West and Central African art, at any rate, on a level with Egyptian. Such sweeping classifications, however, are not to be taken seriously.

"All I want to say is that, though the capital achievements of the greatest schools do seem to me to have an absolute superiority over anything Negro I have seen, yet the finest sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them."

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

THE OCTOROON

By LUCIAN B. WATKINS

There is a charm upon her face—
The sunlight golden in its grace.
There is a gladness in her eyes,
Like cloudless crystals in the skies.
There is a glory on her cheeks,
Dimpled by sunny days and weeks
And molded by the nameless art
Of Nature, perfect in her part.
There is a splendor in her hair—
A moonless spell of midnight air—
A wealth of wonder caught and grown
With all its mystery unknown.
Dawn is her smile, when it is born,
The waking of a summers morn.
Her laughter is the lyric note
Of some glad bell within her throat.
The joy of June is in her walk—
A daisy queenly on its stalk.
Her whispering robes about her cling
Like gentle spirits worshipping.
To her, as to the honey-bees,
The joyous rills and dancing trees,
Each season gives a sacred sweet
To make her preciousness complete.
Her lover—when he comes to woo—
Will find her dreaming of the true:
God givest beauty as a boon—
Thus came to earth The Octoroon.

WHILST THOU IN THINE INHERITANCE DOST REIGN

Whilst thou in thine inheritance dost reign,
Unhampered by fate's harsh encircling gloom,
Let not thine labors have been wrought in vain
To leave a false inscription on thy tomb.
Nor let the creeping cold grim reaper come
To claim you, 'mongst his victims on the plains
Of life's bleak regions; blind and deaf and dumb
Who stoops to follies of the world's disdains.
Mark well thy time, the subtle thief of youth
Who sweeps you on his wings to aged days
And never stops to rest, nor pause, nor plays.
So search the statutes deep for living truth.
Search deep, I say, and thus thy purpose gain.
Whilst thou in thine inheritance dost reign.
JOSEPH HAZEL DONALDSON.
October 4, 1920.

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO

(After reading "The Voice of the Negro," by Prof. Robert T. Kerlin).
By LUCIAN B. WATKINS

Our cause is just. Our coat of mail
Is righteous wrath; we cannot fail.
Though all our prayers should seem to fall
Unheard to earth, a threatening pall
Of darkness, deepening veil on veil
Along our scarlet battle-trail
Naught can our conquering spirits quail.
We keep the faith—in spite of all—
Our cause is just.

We journey, hope is in our sail;
We build, truth is each thundering nail;
We struggle, o'er each hindering wall—
Through every hell that would en-thrall
Us, we will find Life's Holy Grail—
Our cause is just.

By Nora Douglas Holt.
The National Convention

The second annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians opened in New York on July 27 at 10:30 a. m. with a prayer by Sidney Woodward, which was followed with a song by the entire assemblage, led by Carl Dixon. David Martin, president of the New York local, made the opening address, subsequently introduced Henry Grant, president of the national body.

The most notable feature of the morning session was a paper, "The Racial and Personal Note in American Music," by A. J. Baltzell, teacher in the American Conservatory of Music, Carnegie Hall, New York, which enlightened the musicians on the attitude of the other race concerning our music.

The New York local entertained the officers and delegates with a delightful luncheon. The evening session was given over to a free recital which was overwhelmingly attended. Those appearing were Florence Cole Talbert of Detroit, Mary Dorsey of Boston, Junius Maxwell of Philadelphia, Mr. Hebron of Philadelphia, Nathaniel Dort of Hampton and Mr. Botney of Boston.

DUNBAR'S MOTHER

WILL ACCEPT AID

Not Destitute But Has Only A Limited Income.
Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 1.—Declaring that she is not destitute or poverty stricken, Mrs. Matilda Dunbar, mother of the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, authorized the statement here this week that she has only a "limited income," and will be glad to accept aid in the form of contributions.

SINGERS DESECRATE NEGRO MUSIC BY FALSE INTERPRETATIONS

Nelda Hewitt Stevens, Southern Soprano, Finds Spirit of Black Man's Songs is Misunderstood—Knowledge of the Race Necessary—Many Transcribers Also Inject False Note Into Their Work

A PLEA for the true interpretation of Negro music, now so popular with concert artists and audiences, is uttered by Nelda Hewitt Stevens, the originator of a unique program, Phases of American Music, which she is giving since her recent return from France.

This plea comes from a daughter of the south, crooned to sleep, when an infant, by a mammy singing those old lullabies, the richest legacy of the Old South. She played day after day with the pickaninies and went to church with her mammy, thus hearing constantly the singing of these people. Living in close association with the Negro, as is only done on southern plantations, Nelda Hewitt Stevens, imbibed the spirit of Negro music; it came to her instinctively through her ancestors who lived for generations in the south.

It was at an artist's tea that Mrs. Stevens first made public her long-cherished feeling regarding the desecration of Negro music. An artist, and, incidentally, a worthy and respected one, had just completed singing a certain Negro spiritual. There was enthusiastic applause at the conclusion of the song. A murmur of approval and appreciation arose above the frou-frou of skirts and the rustle of the audience's movements, such as follows every like diversion. Mrs. Stevens was silent, her lips were tightly compressed; her respect for the artist's position and accomplishments wrestled with her sense of righteousness.

It happened that there was a southerner in the room, a gentleman of the Old South, courtly, but no musician. The fame of the singer was unknown to him and he said, "That gentleman certainly has a nice voice but he ought to come down home and hear our Negroes sing before he tries to imitate them."

Bystanders laughed. Mrs. Stevens brightened. "Mr. Clay," she said, "you are a champion who is badly needed up here. If I had made that remark, it would merely have been an artist criticizing another artist, older in the profession and more advanced than I. The artist is not the only one singing Negro songs who does not grasp their true spirit. There are dozens of other artists doing the same thing. It is a great wrong to American music because the music of the Negro is an integral part of it.

"When the first sensational popularity

of the Negro music began, I hoped that its novelty was the excuse for misinterpretation. But new songs are constantly being arranged by good composers, and interpreted by our best artists. As these composers and singers are ignorant of Negro music, judging from what they do with it. If they sang their Hand and Brahm's as they sing the Negro music, the critics would immediately sound their death knell.

"And the most deplorable fact is that our greatest artists are the most sacrilegious, if I might use that word. The position which they have merited along other lines gives authority to their interpretations. Other singers listen and imitate. Thus is woven a mesh of falsity and desecration.

"A collector hears a song, recognizes its merit, transcribes it. He introduces chords, harmonies, fits the notes to his measure, and injects musical ideas of his own; finishes by improving a closing cadence to complete his transcription. A singer hears the melody, recognizes its merit, dissects it carefully and with musicianly skill concocts his interpretation. The spirit of the song is murdered. It has been strangled by notes and rests and interpretations which squeeze from it the last breath of life. A beautiful song, perhaps, but not Negro music.

"The true beauty and the real soul of Negro music can only be interpreted by persons who have made a study of the race—and the peculiar soul of this race is responsible for the surging rhythm, the weird harmonies, the unforeseen diminuendos, etcetera, of its music. It cannot be wrenched from bars and notes.

"Negro music was the spontaneous utterances of a bonded people. It is woven about religion, work and play, which constituted the events of the lives of the old time Negroes who originated the music.

"A race highly imaginative and emotional, its music was necessarily primitive, intense, extreme. The play songs are urged by an eager abandonment, an infectious gaiety because they swung the balance from the hard labor of the fields. "There is a legend which tells that the pyramids were built to music because the builders found that the workman accomplished more when under the influence of the rhythm; and so with the Negro. Much of their work was toilsome and necessarily co-operative because of its physical demand and thus was born the labor song with its accented rhythm.

"But it is in the spirituals that the soul of the Negro is most completely revealed. These are the most popular, though they demand the greatest understanding and sympathy of the interpreter. Only to slaves could the joy of a Savior, a life beyond, be appreciated in the truest and highest sense. Religion was their great hope, comfort and sustenance, appealing to their primitive, imaginative natures. In their churches and meetings, they poured out their souls in music. The powerful imagination, the promise of a Land of Promise and Freedom, enkindled their creative spirit to the highest pitch.

"Those who have heard Negroes sing in their churches and camp-meetings will instantly recognize the necessity of an artist listening carefully, intelligently and responsively before he or she can give their music to an audience. The present carelessness in regard to this is doing Negro music a great wrong; it is robbing audiences of what is their just due. By twisting creations to suit their conveniences, artists are killing a rich musical literature."



Nelda Hewitt Stevens, Southern Soprano
SPRINGFIELD M MORN UNION
MAY 1, 1920

JAZZ REVIEW IS GREAT SUCCESS

Musical Comedy in Memorial Hall Pleases 500 in Audience.

"The Big Jazz Review," a musical comedy, was presented in Memorial Hall last night by a group of Negro girls of the hill section of this city with a program of appealing melodies. The singing of Miss Helen Jackson, the prima donna, and Miss Maryon Taylor as the "soubrette full of pep" was especially good. An audience of 500 testified to the success of the occasion.

Those taking part included the following: Robert Elliott, Algernon Johnson and the Misses Maryon Taylor, Hazel Taylor, Ruth Johnson, Marjorie James, Clara Jones, Florence Mittons, Ruth Seabrooks, Helen Taylor, Blanche, Fufts, Virlie Cook, Burnice Burr and Wilhemina Johnson. Miss Helen Jackson was director, Miss Luna Ritter musical director and Miss Edith Taylor wardrobe mistress. Miss Ethel Taylor and Miss Helen Jackson were in charge of the arrangements.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

LENOX AVENUE, NEW YORK

By LUCIEN B. WATKINS.

They come and go their ceaseless pace,
The past behind this journeying race
Has wrought, but failed to crush them
back—
This mystic multitude, and black;
Their passing feet
Beat out a music strangely sweet.

negro World
This gold-bright way they crowd
along: 10-16-20

Theirs is a major-minor song—
A story with its tragic truth
Deep-written here in age and youth;
The dream they hold
Lived with their martyred sires of old.

Here moves a wondrous world of souls,
The good and bad here play their roles,
Drawn from the ends of earth they
meet
And make the drama of this street.
Base and sublime,
Theirs is the epic tale of time.

Their glorying girls! Behold the sights!
As golden noons and moonless nights,
These are of all the charming hues
That any manly heart can choose.

Such womanhood
Makes sweet the world. Ah, God is
good!

Go on, go on your mission road,
O, people struggling with your load!
'Tis plain that you were born to go,
Else you would long have died of woe,
In spite of pains,
Your hopeful laughter yet remains.

Let those who heap a hindering wall
To bar you from your sacred all
Know that the destiny of right
Shall surely triumph with its might.
Your hearts have bled
To bless the centuries ahead.

Let those who look with hate-filled
eyes
On you of thrift and otherwise
Know that the least of you this hour
Is in his soul, ordained with power.

This given force—
Inevitable is its course.

Go on! this is my utmost prayer
For you who baffle, even despair—
You, whose eternal spirits thrive,
Whose dauntless faith is yet alive,
Go on! Go on!
The heavens for you are quickening
dawn.

Lucien B. Watkins.
649 Sterling St., Baltimore, Md.

THERE IS A WINSOME LITTLE ORCHARD

There's a winsome little orchard
Where the picturesque roses bloom.
There I often stood and pondered
O'er the flowers in the gloom.

The busy bees often wander
O'er the vivid mountain's peaks
To this unique little orchard
To gather in their sweets.

There I often saw a Gander
O'er the handsome orange roam,
And I always stand and ponder
O'er the Creature on his tour.

The butterflies often frolic
Among the busy bees and the flowers,
So in that winsome little orchard
There's unity every hour.

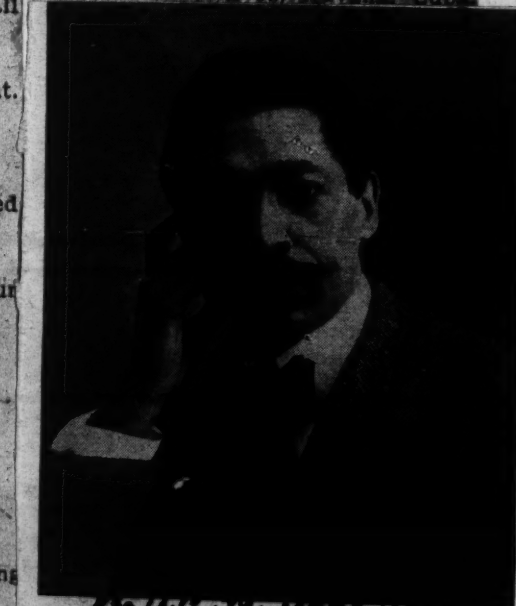
Friends, in this little story
There's a lesson great to learn,
For God in His own Glory,
Has placed us here to roam.

This World is our Orchard
In which we are placed to roam,
And we should like the bees united,
Instead of being divided.

In spite of emancipation,
Education and civilization,
Man is far from being united,
As the butterflies and the bees.

The chief thing we have to efface
Is the disparity of our race,
Then look the world in its face,
And equality and justice trace.

Composed by Richard A. Bennett,
Fundicion 13, Havana, Cuba



Will Marion Cook, Noted Negro Composer and Conductor 2/7/20

NEWS AMONG COLORED PEOPLE IN THE CITY AND STATE

No charges are made by The Metropolitan for regular church notices, but meetings or items of personal character.

Payments for advertising of any kind in this column must be made in the business office, Phone No. 797.

The approaching annual session of the grand lodge of the Sons and Daughters adds activity to local lodges of that order, and delegates will be in attendance. This is one of the well managed lesser orders of the state that moves quietly along, doing completely the duties assumed by it. Harmony is always the watchword and the order prospers. They have in line of future work the erection of a headquarters building, the lot for which was purchased several years ago, on Florida avenue. A. L. Lewis is grand master and O. W. Morrison, grand secretary, and Mr. White, of Tampa, is treasurer. Mrs. C. J. Walker's hair preparation, Eureka combs; classes in hair work, summer rates. Mrs. Brockington, 1013 Davis. Phone 798.—Adv.

Bishop and Mrs. John Hurst arrived in the city yesterday morning from Atlanta, Ga., where they attended the conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the bishop being a member of the board of directors. He will hold a meeting of the board of trustees of Edward Waters college today and attend the graduating exercises of the college tomorrow, when the address will be delivered by Dr. James H. Dilard, president of the Jeanes-Slater fund and member of the general educational board.

Board No. 3 of Mt. Zion church will give an outing at Arlington, across the river, next Monday and all are invited. Baseball and many other open air amusements will be enjoyed. Mrs. Coravauhn, general manager. Black president; Mrs. Alice Butler, secretary; Rev. R. A. Grant, pastor. Miss Lillian Stirms of Coconut Grove passed through the city from Raleigh, N. C., where she was a student in the St. Augustine school.

The musical and literary tag day exercises of the Heroines of Jericho (incorporated), will be given tonight in Odd Fellows Temple, beginning at 8 o'clock. All members and friends are invited to attend. Admission will be 25 cents and refreshments will be served. Mrs. Annie E. Scott, president; Mrs. M. C. Fittett, secretary.

Troop B of the Uniform Rank of the Knights of Pythias will meet at Castle Hall tonight and all members are ordered to attend. J. H. Herron, captain; Arthur Garfield, sergeant.

All are invited to the masquerade ball which will be given in Palace hall tonight. Music will be furnished by the Pink Carnation orchestra and refreshments served. Good order will be maintained and all modern dances enjoyed. Thos. J. Smith, manager.

Misses Virginia and Josephine Williams, students in Scotia seminary and daughters of Prof. Eph Williams, the big show man, are spending their vacation at their father's Florida residence, at Winter Park. They were accompanied home by their elder sister, Miss Vivian Williams, who will return to the show soon, to resume her duties in the business office. Miss Chelsea Ambrose will have charge of the home. Mrs. Rosella Johnson is very ill at her home, No. 1133 Julia street. She is a member of Duval Household of

Ruth No. 5056 and of the Second Baptist church. Members and friends are asked to call and see her.

Mme. Madison-Williams—Full line of Mme. Walker's hair goods. 709 Davis street. Phone 3824.—Adv.

Oliver Richard Reid, the artist, has been in the city for several weeks, very busy in his studio, at 1000 Willis street. He will soon give a public exhibition of his work, either at Ebenezer church or in the auditorium of Stanton school. Due notice will be given and it is hoped that all lovers of art will attend and see what this young artist has produced.

Silver Spray Social will hold a called meeting at the home of Mrs. Charles No. 412 Lee street, for an important business. All members are asked to be present. Earle Charles, president.

All children of the Juvenile Class No. 1 of the Southern Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaritanism are asked to meet in Christian temple, corner of Beaver and Stewart streets, Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and be prepared to take out their policies. The secretary of the endowment board will be present. The faithful service. The grand chief temple will cost 25 cents. Miss Emma McGraw, organizing deputy. J. Ruth, G. C.

All are invited to the afternoon dance which will be given in Odd Fellows Temple Thursday from 3 to 7 o'clock. Music will be furnished by the Winter Garden orchestra and Mrs. Courtney is manager.

The Pulpit Aid club of Mt. Zion A. M. E. church will give a picnic in Oak Temple Thursday from 3 to 7 o'clock. The address of the young people. Dinners will be served to all. Mrs. Richard Jones, president; Rev. R. A. Grant, pastor.

All are invited to go to Daytona next Monday on the big summer excursion, which will leave the station at 9:30 a. m. A band of music will be on board and a plenty of refreshments. R. Deane, general manager.

Dr. F. Douglas Mouzon, of Jessup, Ga., is in the city spending a few days with his cousin, Mrs. M. E. Mouzon Jones at 1013 1/2 West Adams street. He has a good practice.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hill, last Friday at their home, No. 1019 West Beaver street, a fine baby girl. The mother and baby are doing well, and the happy papa is receiving congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wheaton wish to announce the marriage of their daughter, Flossie Martin, to Mr. Isaac Jacobs, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, No. 339 East Union street, on the 30th of April last. They are now making their home at No. 3043 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo. Friends wish them all happiness.

Household of Ruth No. 94 gave a delightful reception to Mother Geo. H. Mays and Mrs. S. F. King, at the home of Mrs. J. W. Champion, No. 1133 Rapis street, from 4 to 8 p. m. last Thursday. Mrs. Mays was presented with a box of mourning handkerchiefs and Mrs. King with a thermos bottle. They both greatly appreciated these tokens of esteem. Many other members were present.

This evening will be for visitors at the Elks Club, and all friends will be made welcome. The third season ball will be given in their hall next Friday night, with music by the Winter Garden orchestra. Admission will be only 25 cents. The lodge will meet Thursday night at 8:30 o'clock. All members are asked to attend lodge meeting. The steward, U. S. McKensie, will make special preparations for

visitors this evening and Friday night. All members of the Pelmerose Juvenile Club, and those who wish to join are asked to meet at Odd Fellows Temple Thursday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, by order of Master Walter Galtner, royal commander.

Vernell Finley is confined to bed, at his home, No. 1105 Julia street. Members of Day Spring Baptist Church, Christian Aid Society No. 5, Daughters of Sphinx, Mecca Court No. 7, and Pride of the East Chapter No. 19 of the Order of the Eastern Star, and friends are asked to take notice. She has been ill for two weeks.

Rev. G. C. Bledsoe, pastor of Bethel A. M. E. Church at Monticello, is in the city, attending a meeting of the board of trustees of Edward Waters College of which he is a member. Last Sunday he organized a church at Drifton, with seven members.

Triumph Lodge of Good Templars held a big business meeting last Monday night, though the weather was inclement, with Mrs. W. S. Hazel presiding, assisted by other members. Two new members received proper attention, and the sick were reported and allowances made. An important communication was received from Dr. S. C. Comely of Tallahassee and received the attention of the lodge. One proposition for membership was received.

Mrs. Ada Bradlock, grand worthy chief of the temple, commissioned Mrs. L. Dayton special district deputy, and Rev. A. W. Walker district lodge deputy of Division No. 1. Both appointees expressed their thanks and promised faithful service. The grand chief temple called the directors of the grand lodge funeral benefit association to meet at her home, No. 1014 Houston street, on the 9th, at 7:30 p. m.

Rev. I. A. Harris, pastor of Macedonia Baptist Church, will return to the city Thursday morning and hold a monthly conference that night. All officers and members are asked to take notice and attend.

A grand welcome was given Presiding Elder R. T. Gorden by the Rev. James A. Armstrong and congregation, of the A. M. E. Church at Callahan last Sunday. Dr. Gorden was accompanied by Mrs. Gorden and other members of his family. Revs. T. R. Johnson, D. H. Hackley and W. H. Arrington were present, and took part in the special services held. A welcome for the citizens was delivered by H. H. Harris, and a cordial welcome for the different departments of the church by other speakers, and from other churches. Dr. Gorden made a response. A good old time dinner was served afterwards, everybody having a plenty.

North Jacksonville Lodge F. and A. M. will meet tonight in the Masonic Temple at 8 o'clock, and all members are asked to attend. E. L. Thomas, W. M.

Ark Bearers Court No. 43 of the Heroines of Jericho will meet Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, and all members are asked to attend. Meeting will be held in the Masonic Temple. Mrs. Leola Earle, M. A. M.

All members of the Woman's Independent Union No. 1 will meet at their hall next Friday at 1 p. m. prepared to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Riggins, a member, which will be held in Day Spring Baptist church at 2 p. m. Absentees will be excused. Mrs. C. L. Johnson, president; Mrs. Rhena Wilkins, secretary.

WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION MEETS IN NEW YORK.

The Dallas Express (Associated Negro Press) New York N. Y., March 18.—The National Association of Colored Musicians will hold their second annual convention in New York in July. Arrangements are being made to make the occasion the largest of the kind ever held in this country. The Secretary of the organization is Miss Alice C. Simmons, of Tuskegee Institute.

LARENCE CAMERON WHITE

By Nora Douglas Holt
Born in Clarksville, Tenn., but moved to Oberlin, Ohio, when 1 year old. Educated at Oberlin, where both his father (Dr. J. W. White) and mother (Mrs. J. W. White) were also educated, his father being a graduate of both Oberlin high school and college.

Mr. White supplemented his study here in America with several years' study in London, England, where he was a private violin pupil of M. Zakarewitsch and in composition a pupil of the late S. Coleridge-Taylor. Since returning to America Mr. White has resided in Boston, dividing his time between studio and concert work. He has a large class of students of both races and numbers among them some young artists who are beginning to attract attention on their own account.

Mr. White's first concert appearance was at Bethel church (Rev. Ransom) in Chicago, May 3, 1897, at which time he created quite a sensation as a "boy violinist." Since then he has appeared in all the large cities of America with tremendous success.

He was selected by S. Coleridge-Taylor during the latter's visit to America to interpret his violin compositions and appeared in several cities with the distinguished composer.

When a mere lad Mr. White was invited by President McKinley to appear at the white house, which he did, playing an entire program before his distinguished audience.

In recent years Mr. White has given much attention to composition. Perhaps his best known work is his group of violin pieces, "Bandanna Sketches," recently programed by Fritz Kreisler, and several other well known violinists. Besides these he has written several songs, piano pieces and a few years ago wrote a comic opera which was produced with great success in Washington, D. C. At present he is writing a very important work for strings.

During the present winter Mr. White has contributed a series of articles on Negro music in the "Musical Observer," one of the principal music journals of America.

In 1905 Mr. White married Miss Beatrice Warrick, the well known pianist of Washington, D. C. They have one son, William, a student of the Boston Latin school and an embryo cellist.

(Next week, David L. Martin, New York city.)

16-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR WINS FAME AS MUSICIAN

A Talented Performer; She Was a Composer at



Clarence White

Twelve.

London, Nov. 22.—Is music the only art for which an aptitude can be transmitted from parent to child? The question is raised by the success, and still more by the promise, of Miss Coleridge-Taylor, the 16-year-old daughter of the famous colored composer of "Hiawatha."

A composer herself and a talented performer on the concert platform, Miss Coleridge-Taylor's progress so far suggests that she may yet try to produce a companion work to "Hiawatha."

"Ah, if only I could just for father's sake!" she said to the Weekly Dispatch. Not that, although she is ambitious, she does not realize how long a period of hard training lies before her. And, as befitting daughter of the great African, who positively hated the limelight, she is most reserved as to her achievements.

"I am too busy studying to devote much time to composition," she went on, "but I have started on a trio for violin, cello and piano."

"When I was twelve, she added, "I could not resist the temptation to write down the themes that were passing through my mind, and so I wrote a little song entitled "Good-bye, Butterfly." That has been sung in London.

"I have also written several other songs and pianoforte pieces, including a small cello work called 'Memories.'"

She is most proud of a soprano song which bears the title "Where'er the Sun Goes West." Her brother wrote the poem and she put it to music. This joint-effort was undertaken in memory of their father.

Some of our leading musicians have praised her work, including Sir Charles Stanford, who has said that it shows great promise.

Miss Taylor has already won some laurels on the platform. Recently in Wales, where she had a great reception, she appeared in a threefold capacity—as vocalist, reciter and pianist.

She treasures a handsome present which was handed to her after a London concert, and bore the words: "From the colored people of London, in appreciation of her father's achievements, and as an expression of their admiration for her accomplishments."—For London Express.

NEGRO DIALECT SONGS BY A WHITE YANKEE

The Bostonian

W. HENRY GARDNER OF BOSTON, A RICH BUSINESS MAN WAS FOND OF READING WORKS OF PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

(Muriel Carroll in Boston Post)

I give you five guesses as to who might be the author of the song. The Southern version of "Moses" is the burlesque, called "My Bamboo Baby." Obviously, you think the author must be a Southerner—probably a woman who lives on a cotton estate and whose ears were filled in childhood with the songs and chatter of her old nurse.

Theoretically you're on the right track; actually you're way off on everything except the cotton.

The author of this pretty lyric—can you stand the shock—is Mr. William Henry Gardner, head of the Russell Mills of Boston, and a 100 per cent Yankee. Traces his ancestors back to the Pilgrims. He has never lived in the South, and his knowledge of Negro dialect is a matter of careful, systematic study rather than word-of-mouth. Every song lover knows his famous plaint, "Can't Ye Hear Me Callin' Caroline?" and "Liza Deah." Why he happened to choose this special mode of expression for his genius is difficult to say. But anyone from north or south of Mason and Dixon's line who reads or sings his dialect lyrics can easily recognize in them the sympathy with his subject that marks the writer who creates for love and not for gold.

"It never entered my head to be a lyric writer by profession," Mr. Gardner told me, when I dropped in on him in his little office at the end of a long avenue of packing boxes.

"It was after I had left high school," he proceeded, "that a school friend of mine suggested we write an opera libretto. I thought it would be a lark, so got to work on it right away. It was put over, too, with an amateur company.

"I was always interested in reading poetry," he went on musingly. "I like all kinds, especially Paul Laurence Dunbar and Frank Stanton. Perhaps that is what gave me the idea of writing dialogue lyrics."

**N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
MAY 22, 1920**

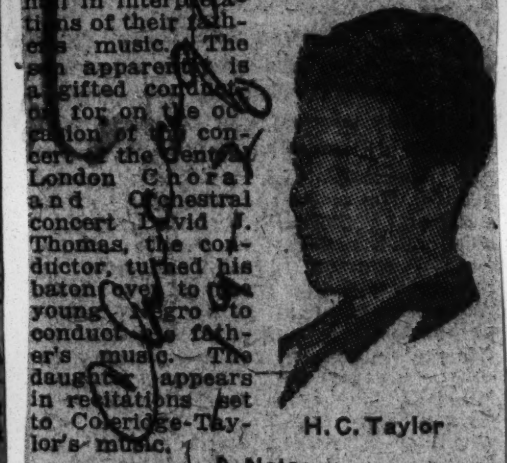
TO STUDY NEGRO MUSIC

Roland Hayes Leaves for Explorations in Africa

BOSTON, May 8—Roland Hayes, the widely known and admired Negro tenor, sailed for Europe April 24, on the *Mauvretania*. He expects to spend several years abroad, and his trip has an unusual and significant purpose. After giving concerts in London and Paris, and visiting other cities, Hayes will travel down into Africa, where he intends to investigate very thoroughly Negro music at its source. The music of the American Negro, Hayes maintains, is no longer purely Negro music, because in living with the white man the Negro has necessarily assimilated much of the former's idiom. Hayes wishes to find out what Negro music was in Africa before being influenced by the music of any other race. He hopes that the results of this research will be of permanent value to the musical world in general, and to his own people in particular.

For the next few years Hayes will divide his time between Africa, where he will search for native music among the various tribes; and Europe, where he will study the recorded African music in the British Museum and elsewhere, and where he will also sing in concerts. In addition to singing the music of his own people as no white man can do it, Hayes will undoubtedly astonish the Europeans by showing them the artistic finish with which he can interpret their art music. So far the Europeans have known only the comic Negro and his jazz; in Hayes they will discover the serious musician with their own standards of artistic righteousness.

By Nora Douglas Holt
H. C. Coleridge-Taylor, son of the celebrated composer, has, with his sister Gertrude, been appearing in Queen's hall in interpretations of their father's music.



Notes
Mrs. Clara Hutchinson was the soloist for the Phalanx reception and dance May 31, singing "One Fine Day," from *Madame Butterfly*, and an aria from *La Traviata*. The idea of having some soloist of prominence present a short program at social affairs has long been a custom in the East and the Phalanx club is keeping step with social and music progress by their innovation. * Lawrence Lomax, one of Chicago's prominent tenors, will appear in Kansas City July 27; Hutchinson, Kan., 28, and Wichita, the 29th. * George Garner Jr. and wife are concerting in Canada and will be away until Sept. 12. * The Boston Solphonic orchestra, James Hinton, conductor, gave a concert in Boston recently, playing as one of their numbers Coleridge-Taylor's "Scenes From an Imaginary Ballet." * Roland Hayes writes that his first concert in London at Aeolian hall was well received. Press notices will appear later. * Nathaniel Dett appeared at Poli's theater in Washington, D. C., June 5, with the Afro-American Folk Song Singers, under the management of the Salvation Army. "The Chariot Jubilee," a motet by Dett, was given its first hearing in that city. * Martha B. Mitchell, post graduate of the Chicago Piano college, received the degree of bachelor of music June 10 at their commencement exercises. Thelma O. Simons, diploma, and Goldie Guy, certificate, graduated from the same school. * The C. M. A. will elect a delegate to the national convention on Monday, June 21, and will give a reception to the graduates of the various schools. * Florence Tolbert gave a concert at Tuskegee June 7, with Alice Carter Simmons as accompanist. She states her engagements in the South have been very successful and she plans many return dates.

By Mrs. Nora Douglas Holt
Cleota J. Collins, star of her musical career singing with her father's church choir, when seven years of age, sixteen years she organized and directed a music club of forty voices and presented a number of musical plays. At eighteen years she took charge of the music department Florida Baptist academy, Jacksonville, Fla., and has since had charge of music departments at Bluefield Institute, Bluefield, W. Va.; Sam Houston college, Austin, Tex.; St. Philip's school for girls, San Antonio, Texas, and the New Jersey state school, Bordentown, N. J.

Miss Collins has a lyric soprano voice that has been pronounced by leading critics to be of unusually beautiful quality, rich and expressive. She

MUSIC JOURNAL FOR NEGRO MUSICIANS

The question of an official organ of the National Association of Negro Musicians, which boomed up prior to the annual meeting on July 27 as a possible source of dissatisfaction, seemed to have been quickly and amicably settled once the various elements were in conjunction. The official publication, *The Negro Musician*, will be merged with the Philadelphia publication, *The Master Musician*, and it was announced from the floor of the convention that there is a possibility of the carrying out of a further merger by taking in the Washington journal, *The Music Master*.

As to this latter proposition, however, Mr. Wellington Adams, publisher of the Washington magazine has not, to my knowledge, given any token of assent. On the other hand, information has come to me that Mr. Adams is seeking additional capital for the purpose of strengthening his enterprise, and with a view to its further expansion.

It strikes me as a wise step, the combining of interests in the matter. Certainly one company, backed with the capital formerly divided into two separate ventures, ought to be able to give to the music reading public a magazine more worthy of its support. The first number of *The Negro Musician*, which appeared during the recent convention, is plainly not intended as anything other than an earnest of what is to come. It is virtually a prospectus, issued for the purpose of answering questions as to the make-up of the future numbers of the journal.

Eighteen departments are proposed for the September number, the leading one being quite naturally devoted to the needs of the N. A. N. M. The other departments are announced as follows: 2. Open Forum. 3. Music Schools. 4. "Who's Who." 5. Pertinent Questions on Popular Music. 6. Educational Department. 7. Our Parents. 8. Our Conservatory Students. 9. Our Promoters. 10. Employment and Information. 11. Negro Artists and Events. 12. "The Howard University Folk Music Controversy." 13. (Seems to have been omitted.) 14. Progressive Movements and Individuals. 15. Prize Contest. 16. Contributors. 17. Agents and Representatives. 18. Music.

The music section was not included in the first number, the reason being that the printing plant doing the mechanical work was not able to handle the music plates furnished for that purpose. Future numbers of the magazine, it is promised, will include all the features necessarily omitted from this first issue.

I delegated the task of reviewing Kemper Harrel's recent Brooklyn recital to my young assistant, Edwin J. Morgan, who graduated this year with high honors from the New York University. Mr. Morgan was the only colored member of his class, was one of four selected for Phi Beta Kappa honors, won the Sandham oratorical prize

and wrote a one-act play, "The Return," which has been selected by the Varsity Dramatic Club for production next year.

In his review of the Harrel recital Mr. Morgan gave as his opinion that the artist "played with almost too severe attention to technique and with too little artistic enthusiasm. There was evidence of head but none of heart. The teacher in him overshadowed the artist."

This opinion was printed as written, because it is a fundamental principle with this reviewer to allow no personal relation or social consideration to sway in the slightest degree the critical opinion of this column or to influence the expression of that opinion. So Mr. Morgan's honest and sincere opinion was given just as he expressed it.

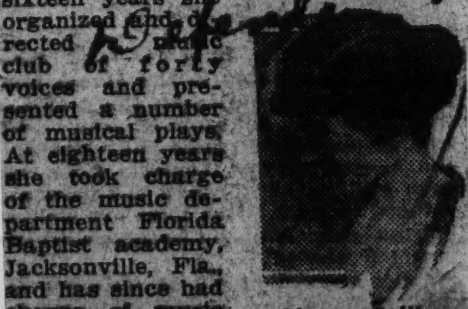
With this opinion, however, Mr. Harrel takes issue and expresses himself as regards his work. This expression is given to readers of this column, not to begin a discussion between the critic and the artist, but as a simple matter of justice and to let both opinions have an airing.

Mr. Harrel's Writes as follows:

"I saw the criticism of my recital in THE AGE yesterday. Who is your understudy? He is the first to discover that I lack expression and interpretative powers. The best critics have been to my recitals, but none have found what he writes about with such abandon. All of the adverse criticism has been on the technical side of my playing. To please him one would have to play very slowly, with agonizing vibrato, et al. Such playing belongs to the vaudeville stage only.

"The Handel sonata belongs to the classic period along with Bach, and the sub-title for *allegro vivace* in the suite by Ries is 'Perpetuum Motion'." The Russian Airs (Wieniawski) is the only number calling for warmth and fire and critics comment on this from the viewpoint of the virtuoso. He should attend many recitals and see how each great violinist differs from the others in his reading of the same works; then study the methods of the different critics. And, of course, he needs the practice."

By Mrs. Nora Douglas Holt
Cleota J. Collins, star of her musical career singing with her father's church choir, when seven years of age, sixteen years she organized and directed a music club of forty voices and presented a number of musical plays. At eighteen years she took charge of the music department Florida Baptist academy, Jacksonville, Fla., and has since had charge of music departments at Bluefield Institute, Bluefield, W. Va.; Sam Houston college, Austin, Tex.; St. Philip's school for girls, San Antonio, Texas, and the New Jersey state school, Bordentown, N. J.



Miss Collins has a lyric soprano voice that has been pronounced by leading critics to be of unusually beautiful quality, rich and expressive. She

is especially interested in Negro compositions and has been including in her concert programs this season songs by colored composers and short helpful interesting talks on negro music and musicians.

Miss Collins has studied voice with Harriet Patterson, Lila Robeson of the Metropolitan Opera company and Yeastman Griffith, the distinguished English teacher; piano and pipe organ at the Cleveland conservatory, and harmony theory, history, appreciation, etc., at Ohio state university.

Next issue S. Coleridge-Taylor, son of the late Coleridge-Taylor of London, England.

Mrs. Martha B. Mitchell of the Chicago Piano College gave her post-graduate recital at the Congregational church Thursday evening, June 3, assisted by David Mitchell, tenor. Her program included, Sonata Op. 27, the concerto in C minor by Beethoven, and a smaller group by Chopin, Schumann and Kullak.

It was evident Mrs. Mitchell has been a serious student of the piano-forte, which was exhibited by her playing of the sonata and concerto. She has a sympathetic understanding of phrasing, tone coloring and rhythmic values. While not a brilliant entrepreneur, due to self-consciousness, she has an undeniable gift for music, lofty ideals, and should make her greatest success as a teacher, having applied herself studiously to the pianistic as well as mental interpretation of the classics.

Mr. Mitchell was suffering with a cold and could sing but two numbers of his group. He has long been a pleasing singer to local audiences and had he so desired could have placed himself in the national galaxy of tenors.

Many musicians and music lovers were present to extend congratulations.

SONNET ON THE BLACK MAN'S STAR

The negro world

The black man's star shall rise and shine until 12-20-19. Old Gloom no more can skulk behind her wall And gush out clouds of hate that smother all The flowers forever sprouting in his will.

The day has come when Gloom must foot her bill. Must pay in full for having drawn the call Of Africa for light so oft withheld. When Gloom's deserts were waiting at the mill.

For hate has prest the Africans in line, And dinty odds against them stole their arms. And they shall strike and cut old Gloom in half.

When they have struck the black man's star shall shine Upon his gardens beaten by the storms That raged before his wits became his staff.

THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

"Hell Fighting Fifteenth"

Immortalized in Painting

The New York Age.
 Woolf, Great Artist, Puts Negro Regiment
 in Oils-- Picture To Be Shown
 At The Age Office

2-7-20.

S. J. Woolf, one of the leading portrait painters of who was one of the few American artists to brave the trenches to get first-hand ideas of the great war, has picture in oil which he calls "First to the Rhine." It William Hayward and his Hell Fighting 15th New Division, with which this regiment fought as a part Army. It is now a matter of history that Colonel H was the first of all the Allies to reach the Rhine.

15th Reaches the Rhine.

After 191 days in battle, the Fifteenth left its trenches in the last sector it held and marched east from Thann out of the mountains and into the valley of the Rhine, crossed the plains and the canals and arrived at Blodelshiem-on-Rhine, which is between Colmar and Mulhouse, on the morning of November 18, 1918. They took over and administered a large German territory and were relieved by the French just before Christmas, 1918.

They marched back to Belfort, the great French fortress city, where they were given an ovation by the French inhabitants of that city, and they were the only foreign regiment ever inside this fortress. From Belfort the regiment was carried to Le Mans by rail and there rejoined the American Army and sailed from Brest early in February, 1919, for America.

The picture shows with remarkable correctness of detail this wonderful aggregation on the move. Colonel Hayward, Regimental Adjutant Ferguson and Lieutenant Tessier, one of the French Aides, are shown in the foreground. A number of the veterans of the old 15th posed in full marching order for the artist and are easily recognizable.

On Exhibition at Age Office.

The picture will be exhibited in the window of Arthur H. Hahlo, art dealer, on Fifth avenue, between 46th and 47th street, for a short time, after which it will be on exhibition at the office of THE NEW YORK AGE.

THE AGE is having a reproduction of the picture made by the latest four color process, size 8 x 12, and as soon as completed these reproductions will be available to the readers of THE AGE, and will be of particular interest to the boys themselves and to their families.

Competent art critics have pronounced Mr. Woolf's work one of the master pieces of the war, and a production possible only by an artist who gained first hand knowledge of the combat, the mud, and the general drabness that prevailed on the Western Battle Front.

PACE AND HANDY MUSIC COMPANY.

Open A Mail Order Department To Supply Out-of-Town Customers.

Elsewhere in our columns is an ad of the Pace and Handy Music Co., who are the leading race publishers of popular music, located in the heart of the theatrical district of Broadway, New York. This company specializes in blues, ballads, spirituals and songs pertaining to Negro life, and has done much to improve the status of our race in general along musical lines. They claim the distinction of having the first popular song ever recorded on the Phonograph by a colored singer in the person of Miss Mamie Smith, who sang "That Thing Called Love" and "You Can't Keep A Good Man Down" on the Okeh Records which are being sold as fast as they can be manufactured.

They conduct a Mail Order Department for the purpose of supplying our people with all the latest music. No matter what the song or who publishes it patrons who cannot reach a local music store can secure the latest sheet music by sending their remittance and order direct to Pace and Handy for same.

Colored People in D. C. Organize To Maintain Rich Musical Heritage

JESSIE MacBRIDE.

Everyone who has heard the Howard University Choral Society sing Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" knows that the colored people of Washington have a personal place in the music of the National Capital.

Music in the colored community is evolving a genuine art, according to Mrs. Gabrielle Pelham, associate secretary of the Colored Community Centers of the District of Columbia.

"What we hope to see is 'finish' in these productions that are being developed in a variety of groups of the colored people, through the encouragement and the work of the colored community centers," said Mrs. Pelham, whom The Washington Times asked to outline the progress that is bringing real results, in a new expression of art from "the people."

Just as the Indian has forcefully contributed a racial type in the music of America, so the colored people have given its only other definite idiom in the music of the United States.

Dvorak used the negro music in his "New World Symphony," when this great Bohemian composer wrote his impression of our country in his beautiful symphonic work.

PROSPECTUS FOR SEASON.

And now the colored people themselves, in Washington, are "organizing" to hold fast and to develop their rich heritage of melody, rhythm and dramatic expression.

The Community Center plans are working toward one big pageant, spectacle and festival, to be given this year. Already, in music, they have given the cantatas "Queen Esther" and the "Fall of Babylon," and a light opera, "Merry Milkmaids."

"Pinafore" is to be the light opera for this season.

The chorus "units," under W. Scott Mayo, director of music of the Community centers and a musician whose fifteen years' directorship of St. Luke's choir guarantees his ability, are going to unite in one big Christmas program to be given at the Dunbar Community Center.

The choruses in five centers, composed of from twenty-five to sixty members each, meet regularly at Birney Center, Dunbar, Randall, Burrville, and Deanwood.

The Community Centers Band, James E. Miller, leader, is composed of fifty-five men out of the various centers. It rehearses at Dunbar on Sunday afternoons.

Colonel Ridley had this band play four concerts last summer at three parks in the city, Iowa circle, Washington circle, and Garfield Park. The band is preparing energetically this winter to take part in the Inaugural

Parade next March. And last year it also gave four concerts at the Community Centers Playgrounds.

Another "baby" band is at the suburban center of Deanwood, northeast, and there is an orchestra of ten pieces at Birney Center.

NEEDS OF THE BAND.

The band is launching a campaign for equipment and instruments. They are to be part of a special event arranged for inauguration week by the community centers to demonstrate to the many visitors to Washington what advanced and splendid work is being done here in a civic way.

This inauguration program will doubtless include the outside organizations that meet at Dunbar and are affiliated with the activities there. These are the Amphion Glee Club of twenty-five men, that has been in existence for twenty-five years, and the Orpheus Dramatic Club, that gives religious drama and cantatas.

BIRTH OF NEGRO DRAMA.

The dramatic instinct is a native gift that is just being given expression. "The Sheriff's Children" was one of these native dramas that was most successful, according to Mrs. Pelham, and other racial dramas are to come. Last year a racial play by E. C. Williams, of Howard University, was presented.

But the love and need for music is even more deeply rooted, as is charmingly told in an incident of the days of slavery in the South.

The "Spiritual"—"Steal Away"—is really a story, says Mrs. Pelham, that was improvised from chance religious teachings that came to these slaves in the South. It is one of the many folk-songs they are always practicing and that they always include on their programs.

In the South the negro was not always permitted to hold religious meetings, so they had to resort to secret revivals, held frequently in the corn-brakes.

The signal for these meetings was

the song, "Steal Away." A house servant could go about his affairs humming the melody without arousing suspicion from the white people. Then another servant would take up the tune until it had passed throughout the plantation, and on from one plantation to another. This spiritual became a family tradition, that resulted in religious freedom for the negro.

Folk-songs are the richest musical heritage of any land. The folk-music of the colored people will remain in the musical annals of the United States, with the music of the Indian, as the two purely racial types in music that our country can claim as wholly its own.

By Nora Douglas Holt

N. Clark Smith, the subject of this sketch, began his musical career when a boy employed in the publishing house

of Carl Hoffman, Kansas City, Mo., and at Leon & Healy's Chicago. Here he displayed such a talent for music that Mr. Healy, the junior member of the firm, gave him access to all parts of the plant and with perfect freedom to indulge his taste for music. Drying this instrument and that, asking questions here and there it was not very long before "Smithy" could play nearly every instrument in the house. Then the employees gave serious attention to developing this gifted lad by sending him to Dr. Siegfried, president of the Chicago Musical College. Here he was trained in composition and modern orchestration by Felix Corowski, the eminent Polish composer, theorist and critic. His voice training was entrusted to John B. Miller, who also was the teacher of Florence Talbert.



N. Clark Smith

He later conducted a band of young musicians on a tour of England, Australia, New Zealand and other islands of the Pacific, serving later as bandmaster of the Eighth Regiment.

He is a composer as well as director, having searched out and arranged many Negro folk songs after spending weeks in remote country districts for the purpose of studying them at first hand. Not a few of the sweetest and tenderest lullabies of the Negro heart are from the pen of Mr. Smith.

He made a tour of the states in 1913 with the Tuskegee band, orchestra and glee club in behalf of the school, later transferring his activities to Western University, where he was also instructor of the band and orchestra. He is now conductor of the school orchestra and choir at Lincoln high school, Kansas City, Mo.

He has written a number of choruses, songs, part songs and numbers for a band and orchestra. Among his best known works are "Steal Away," a folk song anthem, and "Prayer" from The Heart of Emancipation, both scored for full orchestra. He has never ceased studying and spends his summers at the Kansas University, where he specializes in composition and orchestra.

Mr. Smith is married and has one daughter, Miss Anna, who is a beautiful contralto and teacher of domestic science in one of the public schools of that city.

Jasper Lee's Revenge

Is A Negro Classic

new york
By LESTER A. WALTON.

PLAYERS of the drama who have a heart interest and tells of how one man forgives another who had wronged him a great wrong. The transformation of *Luke Newsome* from a frequently expressed desire to be entertained by colored actors in plays dealing with Negroes to a real man by Jasper Lee is a play written by Negroes will realize a fond hope if they visit the Lafayette Theatre this week and see the play. "Jasper Lee's Revenge," the artistic writer of the playlet or as the poem of the "Folies of the Stroll," a musical revue which had its initial opening in Harlem Monday.

"Jasper Lee's Revenge" is a dramatic playlet written by Alex Rogers, and although making its debut without bluster and receiving an introduction to the public sandwiched in between a riot of song and a burlesque afterpiece, its luster nevertheless remains undimmed and untarnished despite its environment.

In recent years we have Negro plays, but they have been found exceedingly difficult to digest by even those hungry for this form of dramatic offering. The chief reason that these well-meant efforts have ended disastrously has been primarily due to the inclination of the playwright (usually white) to drag in the race problem. The race problem at no time furnishes a pleasant and agreeable topic for discussion, and when white and colored people go to the theatre they would much prefer to see and hear something calculated to put them in a peaceful frame of mind.

I have repeatedly declared in these columns that there is a wealth of material in Negro life which might be dramatized and made highly acceptable to the American stage, and this can be done without constantly lugging in the obvious hatreds and misunderstandings existing between white and colored Americans. It even is patent to the average white and colored child of tender age that race prejudice is rampant in this country; so plays of this sort do not teach anything. They only help emphasize America's greatest curse.

Charles Woody and chorus, is enlivened by the appearance before the footlights of two pigs, which try to outdo the chorus in noisemaking. Ida Brown stops the show in her specialty, and Jim Burris convinces that he can do a strong single. The show opens with a medley of folk songs by chorus. Lena Sanford Roberts, assisted by trio, next wins applause in "Why Adam Sinned." C. Luckeyth Roberts in a piano solo, "The Railroad Blues"; Estelle Cash and Charles Woody in "Indian Moon"; Lillian Goodner and chorus in "Little Drops of Water"; Amelia (Babe) Jackson and chorus in "Hindu Love," and Julian Costello and Estelle Cash in the "Pyramid Glide" are other pleasing features. Harlem is beginning to properly appreciate the dancing of Julian Costello, who is an unusual dancer.

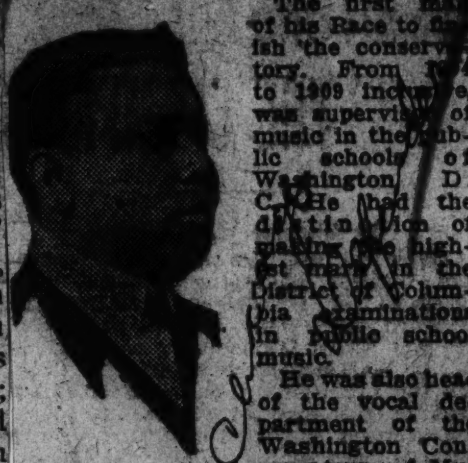
The performance closes with "An Affair of Honor," a burlesque afterpiece in two scenes. Even those who turn up their noses as slapstick comedy will be compelled to admit that "An Affair of Honor" is funny. Dink Stewart and Jim Burris are the chief comedians. Alf F. Watts, Charles H. Williams, Charles Woody, Charles Shelton, Arthur Mason, E. C. Caldwell and Charles Lawrence are the other members in the cast.

The "Folies of the Stroll" is advertised as "three shows in one." Neither show should be missed, but if there is to be any question as to your presence at the Lafayette this week do not miss "Jasper Lee's Revenge."

Columbia Phonograph Co., Inc.
Records For Private Use
Afro American
Chicago, Sept. 2.—The voice of Booker T. Washington is to be heard again through the courtesy of his younger son, E. David Washington. 9/10/20
About eight years ago, Dr. Washington, at the request of an official of the Columbia Graphophone Company, had a record made of his famous Atlanta speech, the speech which brought him into world-wide fame.

Only one record was made for Dr. Washington, and since his death it has been in possession of his younger son David. Young Washington treasured it more than any other possession, because it was his father's voice. After repeated persuasion, he has consented to have additional records of the speech made and distribute them among the friends of his father.

Gerald Tyler entered Oberlin Conservatory January, 1910, graduated June, 1914.



Gerald Tyler
The first man of his race to finish the conservatory. From 1914 to 1919 inclusive was supervising of music in the public schools of Washington, D. C. He had the distinction of making the highest mark in the District of Columbia examinations in public school music.

He was also head of the vocal department of the Washington Conservatory of Music during his stay. He became instructor of music in Lincoln High School, Kansas City, and remained four years. He has been supervisor of music of the public schools of St. Louis for the past eight years.

Aside from the study in Oberlin Conservatory Mr. Tyler spent two years with Oscar Garrison of Washington in the study of voice, also a term with Mr. Herbert Witherspoon of New York, and one year in piano under the eminent teacher, Mr. Ernest Kroeger of St. Louis.

Since going to St. Louis he has devoted his time to the building up of music for the community. Each year giving some one of the larger works of the masters. The following have been given with scenery and action: Martha, the Bohemian Girl, The Contest of the Nations, Hiawatha, Persian Garden and Creation, and many mixed secular choruses.

Mr. Tyler had the distinction of giving before the National Conference of Music Supervisors at the Hotel Statler an evening devoted to Negro music in which he clearly demonstrated the thorough understanding of his race to the most intricate forms of music and that their work had been constructive. Mr. Tyler has recently given to the musical world some valuable contributions, "Last Night and This," "Freedom's Call," "Daisies," "Dawn," "Afterglow," "Good-Night," "Neath the Elms"; this song is in the book of college songs in present use by his Alma Mater. "His Ships That Pass in the Night," a poem of Dunbar's was set by Mr. Tyler, the poet during his last illness having requested it. Two numbers for violin, "Shine on Mr. Sun," and the "Syrian Lullaby." His Mother Goose rhymes, a cycle of children songs, O. C. Birchard has accepted to be ready for the schools next year, on a substantial royalty basis. "Magnificat" in "E" Minor, the entire edition has been sold out, his most recent song, "Time of Roses," Mr. Roland Hayes will use in a group of Mr. Tyler's songs in his recitals at Philadelphia, New York, and Washington. Mr. Tyler is organist at the Union Memorial Church. He has a large class of private pupils in voice and piano and composition. Regardless of Southern sentiment prevailing in St. Louis Mr. Tyler numbers among his friends the best musicians of the other race, which the city affords. Max Baeh, the St. Louis symphony director, Mr. Kroeger, Mr. Charles Gannaway and others, through these friends Mr. Tyler has been able to meet such celebrities as Emil De Gogorza, Marie

Carson, George Hamlin and many others. Mr. Tyler is a wonderful musician of which the race is to be justly proud.

G. Ricordi & Co. of New York has submitted to this correspondent a photo and biography of Harry T. Burleigh, which will appear in the next issue.

These sketches are appearing in the order they were received with no thought to classification.

The voice pupils of Mrs. A. C. Conner will be heard in recital Tuesday evening, April 20, at Lincoln Center, assisted by Harrison Emanuel, violin, and Nannie Strayhorn, pianist.

Antoinette Gaines and Hugh Buchanan will give a joint recital at Fulton M. E. Church, March 25. Mrs. Gaines will also be in Detroit April 15 at Bethel A. M. E. Church for a recital.

Martha B. Anderson is now writing musical articles for the Broad Ax and is in every way capable of editing columns interesting to professionals and music lovers.

The editor of this column will be pleased to announce concert dates of local musicians and those throughout the state if they will mail them in by Monday of each week. No verbal announcements accepted.

THERE is undoubtedly no better and higher tribute that can be paid to the Great War's Negro Soldiers, both living and dead, than this apology to 'Flanders Fields' written by a Negro, should be in every Colored home in America"

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

With Apologies To John McCrae

In Flanders Fields where poppies blow
Beneath the crosses,—row on row
We blacks an endless vigil keep—
Yea, we, tho dead, can never sleep—
Ingratitude has made it so.

Why are we here? Why did we go
From loving homes, that need us so?
Was it for naught we gave our lives
On Flanders fields?

We blacks who live, to you we throw
The torch; be yours to face the foe
At home; and ever hold it high.
Fight for the things for which we die
That we may sleep where poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—Andre Razafkieriefso

Hand Colored, Printed on Fine
Bluff Vellum Cards, Suitable
For Framing, Size 7x10 in

Price 50c Agents Wanted Everywhere
Address

WILLIAM M. KELLEY
Dept. T. 3 QUINCY STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Reclamation of Negro Music Is Duty

musical of American Composer. Says William Reddick
America 2-14-20

Pianist-Composer Opposes Idealization of the Black Man's Spirituals—Collecting African Tunes in the Southland

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
FEBRUARY 14, 1920

"THIS," said William Reddick, at the very outset of the conversation, "is the first time I have been interviewed. I have been present at so many interviews that I almost feel as if I had talked on every subject under the sun. But always I was the accompanist, whose business it was neither to be seen nor heard, except perhaps when the singer's memory failed her or she couldn't think of the title of a song, or the name of a composer, or the right word. Then, accompanist-like, I was called upon to emerge from the shadow long enough to plug the gap."

"The accompanist, you know, is the original shrinking violet. He must take all the blame when things go wrong, and if the singer once in a while is so magnanimous as to let him share in the applause, people talk about how nice it is of the singer. I really think the public appreciates the good accompanist, though even the appreciative persons in most audiences have a habit of wondering who the accompanist is instead of looking at the program to find out."

"If the accompanist is unappreciated, the lack of appreciation rests with the singers. They are generally—not always—so wrapped up in their own success that they only notice the accompaniment when they don't like it. And the things an accompanist often has to do to a song to play it the singer's way! Even in my own songs I am told by soloists that such and such a phrase is better with the notes changed. I play it their way, of course, with a mental 'Oh, very well.'"

Humor Is Essential

"The accompanist needs a sense of humor. Also he has many funny experiences. There is a young singer at the Metropolitan now, scoring a big success, who could scarcely get a hearing anywhere in New York a few years ago. I trotted around with her to several auditions that got her nowhere. Since her recent success, however, the phonograph company that had very little use for her in those days has been only too glad to exploit her. I mentioned some of these facts to another singer who came to me to rehearse. 'I am going through just the same thing,' she told me. 'I am not appreciated yet.' And as I listened to her tone I agreed with her."

"Only the accompanist appreciates how really great the singer is. For only the accompanist has to listen to the singer's free and voluntary confession of her greatness. How should the others know? Almost a father-confessor is the accompanist. He always knows how poor in pocket the singer is. The singer tells him in the hope of getting the accompanying done at bargain rates."

"One of the duties of the accompanist on a tour is to receive the appeals of the local composers who bob up with songs they would like to have the soloist include in that afternoon's program. I am making a collection of songs published at the expense of the composer. Listen to this!"

Here Mr. Reddick stepped to the piano and played and sang some Missouri product that had to do with the league of nations.

"Things like that are among the problems of an accompanist on tour," he said.

Researches in Negro Music

Mr. Reddick told how he came to take up his labor of love, the reclaiming for concert purposes of the Negro spirituals. The first Burleigh "Deep River," he said, set him to thinking. Born in the South, he had lived his youth among the Negroes; had heard his nurse, the family cook, the village barber, and many a colored preacher and his congregation sing the spirituals.

"So, one time when I was home on a vacation," he said, "I tried arranging one. It pleased the family. Oscar Seagle, the baritone, who is an old friend, then tried it and liked it. That started me. Ever since I have been prowling among the old Negro airs, seeking out those that seem to me the most worth preserving. Just now I am working on 'Traveling to the Grave,' which is typically Negro in its character, in that it is very happy, even jubilant, about the approaching heavenly journey."

Going to the piano, he played and sang the lively Negro air from pencil notes.

"I picked it up near my old home in the South," he said. "I am writing it, too, for Oscar Seagle. He doesn't believe in idealizing the Negro songs, and neither do I. My intent is to keep their original flavor, and I will write so-called 'barber shop' chords to do this rather than embellish them or harmonize them in an un-Negro way."

"It is foolish to talk, however, of the 'correct version' of any given spiritual. The same song will differ in different parts of the South; so, naturally, arrangements will differ without any of them being more 'true' than the others. It is rather amazing contrapuntal effects. 'Standin' in de Need of Prayer,' or 'Wait Till I Put On My Crown,' two of those, therefore, to retain its atmosphere when I have put into concert form. I have heard different versions of these airs in the South, and so I am not surprised to find them in collections of Negro songs with notation different from my own."

"The one important thing, it seems to me, is to retain the Negro spirit in the harmonization. I feel that only a Southerner really knows what the Negro spirit is. In looking over arrangements of Negro airs I can put my finger down, I think, on those that have been made by men from the South, or by men who have lived among Southern Negroes."

"The true Negro tune, I think, gets back to Africa. The descending intervals and the lowered seventh are not Caucasian. Originally these melodies were, I believe, spontaneous improvisations. There is a story that one of the finest of them was first heard when a backwoods Negro got up at a camp meeting and sang it through from beginning to end, making up words and music as he went along. I have the melody here, a really beautiful one."

"I know something personally of the Negro ability to improvise, for there is an old cook in our family who does it when she thinks no one is listening. She had a lullaby she sang for me when I was a child, and I well remember a curious chant she sang at a time the whole family was sick, inspiring her to make up a tuneful jumble of phrases about 'the hospital-pittal.'"

"There has been much confused talk about American composers regarding Negro music as American music. It isn't American music, and I don't think composers so regard it. It is African—or, if you want to use the term, Oriental. But who has more right to use it, or more of a duty to preserve it, than the American composer? It is not the heritage of the composers of any other country. Call it Negro music, call it African or Oriental, it is still a mine of unutilized melody and the American composer is the first prospector."

Ragtime as American Music

"The nearest thing to American music that has been developed is, in my opinion, ragtime. And ragtime probably traces back to Negro rhythm, more than to the syncopations of European music. The so-called 'barber shop' chords also can be traced back, I think, to Negro music, and it would be interesting to know the origin of the term. Perhaps it idealizing the Negro songs, and neither do I. My intent is to keep their original flavor, and I will write so-called 'barber shop' chords to do this rather than embellish them or harmonize them in an un-Negro way."

"The true Negro music, however, often was much more complicated than the modern 'jazz' or the ballads in which 'barber shop' effects are used. Starting with but one voice, it would build up by the addition of other voices, each doing its own little stunt, until there were some rather amazing contrapuntal effects. The Negro song need not be simple, therefore, to retain its atmosphere when arranged by the white composer. But it is important that the harmonies and the contrapuntal devices used actually go back to the black man."

OSCAR THOMPSON.

CURIOUS SIDELIGHTS ON FOSTER'S FAMOUS "OLD BLACK JOE"

NEW YORK CITY TELEGRAPH
MAY 30, 1920

By THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

It seems a little odd that anybody who has ever sung the song could forget the author of "Old Black Joe." I dare say it is a fact that the authors of old time melodies are not so easily recalled by the present generation as the song writers guilty of some ephemeral ditty that requires a good deal of "plugging" to get by at all.

Capt. L. D. Blondell, who was an actor many years ago before he began to produce Blondell's Water Spectacle on lakes, rivers and tide water, writes as follows to The Man About Town apropos of some recent suits for song piracy:

"Who is the author of 'Old Black Joe'? I don't believe two performers or song birds could answer the question. I myself am not even sure, though I have reason to believe I was one of the first to screech that rare old song before an audience when I was a young fellow."

"I was a member of the Ford's Stock Company, Baltimore, Md., and was cast for many dramatic negro parts, with stars like Frank Chanfrau, Oliver Doud Byron and Lotta Crabtree, a very prominent star in her day—well-known in the roles of Little Nell and the Marchioness in one of Charles Dickens's plays. I was cast for the part of Porky Jack, a small negro character in the Jarley wax work scene, where I believe Little Nell dies (too far back to remember all the details)."

"With the consent of the stage manager and Miss Crabtree, I made Porky Jack an old darkey instead of a young buck. Adam Rosenberger was the leader of the orchestra. The song, 'Old Black Joe,' made a hit—so much so that I was sent to Washington the following week with the star to do the bit and song."

"Now this is why I ask who is the author of this well-known song. One Fernando Fury, a character German singing comedian, used to hold Baltimore down with many other performers in the days of variety artists. He had made a visit to his home country, Germany, and, after filling an engagement at the old Buckingham Theatre, Louisville, he came to Baltimore for one week's engagement. He gave me the words of an old German song, called 'Old Joe'—melody exactly the same as one popular 'Old Black Joe.' He also gave a copy to Marsh Adams, a well-known old-time negro performer."

"About the month after I attempted to sing the old song, along comes Harry Mastodon Minstrels, with the late George Thatcher, who sang 'Old Black Joe.' In fact, 'Old Black Joe' became so popular that the mocking birds were trying it out in the trees. About ten years ago I had occasion to visit Union

town, Pa. I was at that time interested in a road show. In my company I heard the same old song. A young German girl was reading it on the street corner, her blind father playing the accompaniment on the violin. I of course questioned the father in regard to the authorship. He could not name the author, but informed me that it was an old German song."

There seems no doubt whatever that Stephen C. Foster was the author of "Old Black Joe." He was capable of it, and musical authorities give him credit for it. Joseph Young, a staff writer for the firm of Waterson, Berlin & Snyder, answered the question off-hand and verified the answer. He seemed surprised that there could be any controversy whatever about it.

Mr. Young said that the author of "Old Black Joe" had two sisters who are still living in Pittsburgh.

"These sisters have hundreds of manuscripts of songs written by Foster and never published," said Mr. Young. "This fact became known when a committee from New York went to Pittsburgh not long ago to see about erecting a memorial to this man who was unquestionably America's greatest composer and who died in poverty without a headstone for his grave."

"The two sisters have always refused to release these rich stores of melody, being embittered by the neglect of the famous author during his later years."

In the reception room of Waterson, Berlin & Snyder at the time of this conversation was Miss Gerie Howell, a vaudeville singer, whose home is in Pittsburgh. She said: "My two sisters, Ruth and Virginia Howell, took music lessons from Stephen Foster's daughter, Mrs. Welsh, ten or twelve years ago, when she was living in the Bellevue section of Pittsburgh. He had a son, too, who was gifted as a musician and could improvise, but I never heard that he did very much with his talent."

Stephen Collins Foster, the song composer, was born in Pittsburgh on July 4, 1826, and died in New York City January 13, 1884. At the age of 15 he entered Jefferson College at Cannonsburg, Pa., but soon returned to his native place to pursue his favorite studies with private tutors, says Appleton's Encyclopedia.

Possessing a natural fondness for music, he learned unaided to play on the flageolet and thrummed the guitar and banjo as an accompaniment to ditties of his own composition. But he soon realized the limitations of musical self-instruction and thereafter devoted several years of study to the voice and to pianoforte music.

In 1842, when he was a merchant's clerk in Cincinnati, Ohio, his first song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," appeared in Baltimore, Md. Two others, "Uncle Ned" and "O Sussannah," were immediately taken up by traveling negro minstrels and became universally popular. This success fixed Foster's destiny; he relinquished his career in business and

devoted himself entirely to musical composition.

Foster married and removed to New York City in 1830, but the pair soon tired of their new home and returned to Pittsburg. About this time he composed his "Old Folks at Home." For the privilege of singing it in public Christy's minstrels paid him \$500. In 1861 appeared "Old Black Joe," the last of his negro melodies; thereafter he confined himself to the composition of sentimental ballads. In 1869 Foster, with his wife and child, returned to New York City, where the family remained until he died.

He wrote in succession about 125 pieces, one-fourth of which were negro ditties and the others home ballads. So popular did many become both here and abroad that they were introduced at concerts by the most eminent vocalists and rendered into foreign languages. Of "O Sannah!" "Nelly Was a Lady," "Uncle Ned," "Nelly Bly," "Old Dog Tray," "Old Kentucky Home," "Willie, We Have Missed You," and "Old Folks at Home" hundreds of thousands of copies were printed. The last named as by far the most profitable piece ever published in this country.

Foster wrote both the words and music of all these pieces. His method of composition was to jot down the melody, it came to him and thereafter invent suitable words. He adhered to simple words for accompaniments, and kept the words within the range of ordinary voices. His subjects appeal to home life and popular taste, and the versification is smooth and musical.

His negro ditties are characterized by richness, humor and unusual refinement. In some of his compositions, notably so in the beautiful serenade, "Come, Where My Love Lies Dreaming," Foster rises to a higher plane than that of a writer of ditties and commands the admiration of scientific musicians. He was a man of culture, familiar with the French and German languages, and a respectable artist in water colors.

There is always some relief for the tired business man whose wife does not approve of Broadway shows. How about this?

"The University Dramatic Society ended a year of much activity by presenting, to the students and faculty of the institution, four one-act plays, to wit: 'In the Shadow of the Glen,' by John Synge; death scenes from 'Edward the Second,' by Christopher Marlowe; 'The Terrible Meek,' by Charles Rann Kennedy, and 'The Workhouse Ward,' by Lady Gregory.

"In selecting the four plays which made this year's program, the Dramatic Society was guided, as it has always been, by a two-fold wish: to engage the interest and co-operation of a large number of students than would be employed if one play with acting opportunities of only one type were produced and to provide an entertainment of greater emotional appeal."

Poetry For the People

DERE IS TIMES I FEEL TO HOLLAH" Negro World

T. Albert Marryshow, Editor The West Indian, of Grenada.

[Mr. Marryshow's poems prove that West Indian dialect, like southern dialect, can be used seriously and with fine effect as a literary medium. Unfortunately, dialect, to be appreciated, must be read aloud to get the "twang" and the lilt of it. Mr. Marryshow's poems in West Indian dialect are the best we've ever seen (at its ordinary it is equal to Dunbar at his best), and as long as he continues printing the series in his own paper we shall reproduce some of them in The Negro World for the benefit of all our readers.—Ed.]

Dere is times I feel to hollah,
Askin' strang: "Kin it be true?"
Jes' to put a bunnin' question.
To de Pulpit fram de Paw!
Dere is times I feel yo' preachin'
Mek me heart bile lek a pat,
Wid de grease an' seas'nin' wastin'
Ovahflowin' 'pan de spat!

Sich a time wuz w'en you tol' us
Sistah Lizz wuz in de sky,
Dead an' gane to lib in heaven
Wid de angels far on high.
Ea I shet me eye in t'inkin',
Dis wuz w'at I feel to say:
"W'y is Deat' ouah onliest openin'
Fo' a decent place to stay?"

All de time po' Sistah Lizzy
Wuz in flesh upon de urt,
Nat a wudd wuz say to 'elp'er
Whey she wuz cundem to durst.
She wuz lef' in dat stink alley
Whey she ketch a vile disease,
Now you say 'bout "blessed Sistah";
Wat is Sistah, ef you please?

Sistah Lizzy, "St. Eliza,"
Ez you name'er in yo' pray',
Wuz a mos' exception' sistah
Dat you don' git ebery day.
Dere is many Sistah Lizzy
Dat you leeb to git to hell
In de way o' pliggish libbin',
Since you will not 'elp dem well.

'Ow kin sweet an' free rilligin
Feed on flit' in day an' night?
'Ow de tree kin blassam, parson,
W'en you deeb it t'lok wid blight
Gib a clean, a humble cattige,
Good fo' chil'ren an' fo' lub,
An' you fit us, mo' dan preachin',
Fo' to gain de prize abbub!

Mo' dan preachin' is de doin'—
Is de doin' fo' all men;

Mo' dan walkin' sor on Sunday
Is de 'alpin' han' we len';
Mo' dan kneelin' in Gummunion
Is de standin' up fo' right;
Mo' dan fright'nin' soula to 'ebben
Is to mek de wurl mo' bright.

Dere is times I feel to hollah
An' to dussicrate de Chu'ch,
Fo' a lat o' tings is sturrin'
In dis soul, an' ovahmuch.
Dere is times I feel to hollah
"W'y you ha' yo' good time heah,
Keepin' clean, an' wise, an' welty,
But we ha' to be—UP DEAH?"

MY GOD IS BLACK

By Lucian B. Watkins.

My God is Black. He made me so—
His image, breathing as I go.
He is my soul's lone vision, through
The best of all I dare and do;
The hope I have; my faith's glad
glow;

The spirit-urge I feel; each blow
That keeps me facing toward my foe:
These are His signs, unfailing, true—
My God is Black.

Dear Christ: When Thou hadst fallen
low—

Beneath the Cross, the World of woe,
My brother, Simon, bore for you,
Up Calvary's hill, toward Heaven's
bright blue—

Our mutual burden. This, I know—
My God is Black!

To Negro "Leaders."

Come forth ye lackey leaders
(Bought out with jobs and gold)
And look upon your people,
The race which ye have sold.
And though you see us suffering
The things conceived in Hell,
Go back to your white masters
And tell them all is well.

Tell them that we are happy
Contented with our lot,
Proud to be segregated,
Glad to be burnt and shot.
That we would have more sorrow,
More insult and despair,
That there is not a burden
Which we'll not meekly bear.

For we have heard your council,
"To wait and not complain,
That while the nation's fighting
The Negro should refrain
From speaking up for justice,
For life and liberty,
Lest he should be a traitor
To world Democracy."

Yea, go back to your owners
And tell them (as you eat,
The crumbs around their table
The dirt upon their feet),

That we are still "dead easy,
Serene and satisfied."
And tho' 'twill make them chuckle,
They'll know that you have had

THE SOCIAL UNREST

By Lucian B. Watkins.

Oh, troubled Dreamer—turning in the
night!

The freighted hours are surely
ushering in
Some virtue that will light earth's
dark of sin—

Some good for evil. Foes have had
their fight:

Their guns have thundered with their
modern might,

With armies red amid the doom and
din;

But oft, too oft, each nation warred
to win

A selfish victory—in the name of
Right.

A horny hand is writing on the wall
The same old warning that one An-
cient knew;

Today's Belshazzar with his gold must
fall—

That Mammon-God, upraised by
Satan's crew.

This is the travail; Truth will be the
Morn—

This great Iconoclast is being born.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

(A Reply to Rudyard Kipling)

By Hubert H. Harrison.

Take up the Black Man's Burden—
Send forth the worst ye breed,

And bind our sons in shackles
To serve your selfish greed,

To wait in heavy harness,
Be-devilled and beguiled

Until the fates remove you
From a world you have defiled.

Take up the Black Man's Burden—
Your lies may still abide

To veil the threat of terror
And check our racial pride;

Your cannon, church and courthouse
May still our sons constrain

To seek the white man's profit
And work the white man's gain.

Take up the Black Man's Burden—
Reach out and hog the earth,

And leave your workers hungry
In the country of their birth.

Then, when your goal is nearest,
The end for which you fought,

Watch others' trained efficiency
Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the Black Man's Burden—
Reduce their chiefs and kings

To toll of serf and sweeper,
The lot of common things.

Sadden their soil with slaughter,
Ravish their lands with lead;

Go, sign them with your living
And seal them with your dead.

Take up the Black Man's Burden—

And reap your reward;
The curse of those ye cosen,
The hate of those ye barred
From your Canadian cities
And your Australian ports;
And when they ask for meat and drink,
Go, girdle them with forts.

Take up the Black Man's Burden—
Ye cannot stoop to less.

Will not your fraud of "freedom"
Still cloak your greediness?

But, by the gods ye worship,
And by the deeds ye do

These silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your gods and you.

Take up the Black Man's Burden—
Until the tale is told,

Until the balances of hate
Bear down the beam of gold.

And while ye wait, remember
That justice, though delayed,

Will hold you as her debtor till
The Black Man's debt is paid.

HURRAH FOR THE BLACK STAR LINE

Oh, what an achievement, what an ad-
vance,

For the sons of a despised race,
With one great effort, with one great

leap,
We've made for ourselves a place
Among the thrifty and industrious,

We have pushed ourselves in time;
Behold, a great dream has been real-
ized,

We have launched the Black Star
Line.

We have persevered, we have stood
like men

Behind our leader brave;
There's no turning back, we are march-
ing on,

To liberty, or the grave.
We've shown them all what we intend
to do,

We have waited for the sign;
Behold, the impossible has come true,
We have got a Black Star Line.

We will return to Africa,
To our forefathers' shore;

Once more we will walk on its fertile
soil

As they did in days of yore.
They were stolen from there in white
men's ships,

But our God in His own good time
Will demand that the sons of Africa
Return on the Black Star Line.

Then hurrah! hurrah! for the Black
Star Line,

Hurrah for its founder, too;
Hurrah for shareholders, the great and
small,

Hurrah for captain and crew,
May God protect them wherever they
go

And send them His grace divine,
Is the wish of a Negro far away
For the dauntless Black Star Line.

MARIE RICHARDS,
Frederiksted, St. Croix,

V. I. U. S., Nov. 24, 1919.

Racial Poetry in New Form; "Joan of Arc" at East Orange

Music and Poetry are twin sisters. It is entirely in keeping with the character of this column that comment on Poetry should find a place herein. So long have we been accustomed to the form of dialect used by poets of the race that it is a refreshing novelty to find a poet who has the ability to preserve the racial characteristics of thought and expression, couching them in ordinary language, avoiding the linguistic twists necessitated by any attempt at indicating idiomatic and dialectical forms of expression.

Such an example is found in a poem written by James Weldon Johnson, contributing editor to THE NEW YORK AGE, which was printed in *The Freeman*, a weekly journal of distinguished radical tendencies, published in New York City. Aside from the distinction accorded Mr. Johnson's verse through its acceptance and publication by a magazine of such high standing, the poem—"The Creation"—*A Negro Sermon*—deserves its own place of honor as a literary production of merit because it presents an old story in a form radically different from that heretofore attempted by any of the poets of the race with whose works I am familiar.

There is not one word or phrase of dialect, yet throughout the poem is the atmosphere peculiar to the Negro trend of thought, as there is also the unusual and striking forms of word pictures which characterize the preaching of the eloquent Negro ministers.

For instance, after telling that God stepped out on space and said, "I'm lonely—I'll make me a world," and that "darkness covered everything blacker than a hundred midnights down in a cypress swamp," the poem says—

"Then God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said, 'That's good!'
Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands,
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens,
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and the stars,
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
* * * * *
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up."

The imagery is preserved through the succeeding lines, which tell how, seeing "that the earth was hot and barren", "God stepped over to the edge of the world and He spat out the seven seas;"

"He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled;
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down."

When green grass sprouted, red flowers blossomed, the pine tree pointed his finger to the sky, the oak spread out his arms and the rivers ran down to the sea, then "God smiled again, and the rainbow appeared, and curled itself around His shoulder." Peopling the waters and the earth with "fishes and fowls, and beasts and birds." He walked and looked "on all that He had made. He looked

at his sun, and He looked His moon, and He looked at His little stars—
He was lonely still. So—

"Then God sat down
On the side of a hill where He could think;
By a deep, wide river He sat down;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till He thought, 'I'll make me a man!'
Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down;
And there the great God Almighty,
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand;
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in His own image;
Then into it He blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen."

It is possible that with this poem Mr. Johnson is the forerunner in a new school of racial literary product. Certainly there is a freshness and an originality of most unusual quality and we will anticipate with interest the further development of this form of Negro poetry.

Hazel Harrison in Ranks of The World's Greatest Artists

In this column I have frequently discoursed upon the need for more preparation on part of those of the race who aspire to artistry. It has been contended that the vital key to success in the musical profession, as in the law, the ministry, medicine, the industries or skilled mechanics, is to be found in that qualification which comes from Preparation, Preparation, and then more PREPARATION. Intelligently directed study, with a conscientious and patient development of theoretical knowledge by practical application, is an absolute essential to perfection or the reaching of any stage approaching perfection.

Now and then the pessimist or the easily-discouraged has countered with the question, "What's the use? The Negro artist will have no chance—no opportunity for capitalizing his ability." And then, too, we sometimes hear it said, in speaking of some specially gifted son of the race, that "if he were only white!" and so on and so on, with the meaning that a change in the color of skin would mean a difference in the scope of opportunity and endeavor which would be available.

As is the case with all specious argument, there is enough of truth in this argument to make it dangerous. There is a color-bar erected by the Caucasian peoples of the world which operates with especial significance in the United States. There are not, in general, the avenues of activity open to the Negro artist which are open to the artists who are not hampered by the color-line. But it must also be remembered that these activities are owned and controlled by Caucasians and it is, after all, only the following of natural impulse which opens a door for a white artist which the colored artist will find closed.

This truly applies to the artist who is simply one of many of similar attainment. I do not mean the mediocre artist, either. Even one of extra ability and capacity standing out in the ranks of the race, becomes one of a crowd when thrown in comparison with the products of other races.

But I contend that the specious argument concerning lack of opportunity and a sphere of activity which is limited by reason of the artist's color does not hold good when applied to the artist of exceptional talent and ability, and it is possible to cite a number of concrete examples to prove the contention. To recall

Give Negro Art Place Among Great Schools, Says Bell

Clive Bell, the daring London critic, in his regular contribution to Arts & Decoration, writes about negro sculpture, and tells how he measures its worth. It may help some of us a lot in recognizing the value of primitive works of art. Mr. Bell says:

"Because, in the past, negro art has been treated with absurd contempt, we are all inclined now to over-praise it; and because I mean to keep my head I shall doubtless by my best friends be called a fool. Judging from the available data—no great stock, by the way—I should say that negro art was entitled to a place amongst the great schools, but that it was no match for the greatest. With the greatest I would compare it; I would compare it with the art of the supreme Chinese periods (from Han to Sung), with archaic Greek, with Byzantine, with Mahomedan, which, for archaeological purposes, begins under the Sassanians a hundred years and more before the birth of the prophet; I would compare it with Romanesque and early Italian (from Giotto to Raffael); but I would place it below all these. On the other hand, when I consider the whole corpus of black art known to us, and compare it with Assyrian, Roman, Indian, true Gothic (not Romanesque, that is to say), or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the blacks have the best of it."

And, on the whole, I should be inclined to place West and Central African art, at any rate, on a level with Egyptian. Such sweeping classifications, however, are not to be taken too seriously.

All I want to say is that, though the capital achievements of the greatest schools do seem to me to have an absolute superiority over anything negro I have seen, yet the finest black sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them.

all the Negroes who have attained eminence and recognition as great artists,—and this will include all of the fine arts—would require more space and time than is available, for the world has honored many great painters, sculptors, writers, musicians and actors who are Negroes.

When modern composers are spoken of, Harry T. Burleigh's name is always one of the first mentioned. There is no color-bar in his case. His voice gained recognition for him years ago and placed him as soloist in some of the largest and wealthiest churches of New York City—one an Episcopal congregation and the other a Hebrew Synagogue. On the concert stage, he has appeared in the finest auditoriums in the country before the most cultured and exclusive audiences. His compositions are on the programs of the greatest artists, not just now and then, but as frequently as they appear in recital. And his knowledge and musical culture has placed him as a music editor with one of the most prominent music publishing firms in the world—G. Ricordi & Co., of New York City.

Augustus Lawson of Hartford, Connecticut, a product of Fisk University, is referred to, not as a Negro, but as one of the country's six greatest pianists. His ability has wiped out the color line.

Melville W. Charlton of Brooklyn is a colored man—but he is never considered as a "Negro organist." On the contrary, he has for years presided at the organ of a great Hebrew Synagogue and he has given organ recitals in all sections of the country. He has occupied the conductor's desk in operatic recitals on any number of occasions and as a teacher and accompanist he finds practically all of his time occupied. He takes high rank as a composer. And he is an Associate of the American Guild of Organists. The color-line does not exist when Mr. Charlton's ability as a musician is under consideration.

Roland Hayes—in England now—is being received as an artist on his merits, as was Samuel Coleridge-Taylor in his day. The list could be continued indefinitely.

As a matter of fact, all of the above has been written as an introduction to the subject of HAZEL HARRISON, PIANISTE.

Hazel Harrison is a colored girl and she has advanced to the first rank in the profession of music with the pianoforte as her instrument of expression. Industrious and sincere application, steady and unrelenting practice and assiduous devotion to an ideal has elevated her now to a plane where the color-line does not exist. In America and in Germany her study and application led to one end—the highest possible development of her talent and her genius. And recompense for all the sacrifices made, for the hard tasks overcome, is found in the recognition accorded her by virtue of her attainment.

F. Wight Neumann is an impresario with offices in Kimball Hall, Chicago, and for thirty-four seasons he has been presenting to audiences in the Windy City the greatest exponents of musical art the world has produced. For instance, the season of 1920-21 was opened by Enrico Caruso, the world's greatest tenor. Caruso was followed by Geraldine Farrar, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera Co., Leopold Godowsky, Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Harold Bauer, pianists, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Comment on these names is superfluous.

Then came Hazel Harrison, who was not billed as a great Negro, but simply as a Pianiste. The 64-page prospectus issued by Wight Neumann, announcing his artists for 1920-21, carried Hazel Harrison's photo in juxtaposition to Sergei Rachmaninoff, the composer-pianist, whose C sharp minor prelude has made his name a household word, and whose recital followed two days after Miss Harrison's. Other world famous musicians appearing this season are and will be Leo Ornstein, Rudolph Ganz, Josef Lhevinne, Pablo Casals, Guiomar Novacs, (the young Brazilian pianiste), Percy Grainger, Jacques Thibaud, and many others.

Needless to say, Miss Harrison was not placed by Wight Neumann as a regular artist in his recital series because of her color. Nor did her color prevent recognition of her ability as an artist. Does this carry a lesson to the pessimist or the easily-discouraged student? To my mind, it shows conclusively, along with the other examples cited, that there is a possibility for the capitalizing of the qualified artist's ability if that ability is sufficiently outstanding to win on its merits. It is no answer to the question to say, "The Negro must be much better than anybody else to get a chance." The true answer is "He must be as good as the best!" If he is that, if he can take up his task and carry it without asking help, if the coming of an opportunity finds him prepared

the question answers itself, and the question of the color bar is eliminated. As a means of comparison it would be interesting if I could give Hazel Harrison's program alongside of some of the programs rendered by the other artists. That cannot be done, but many of our young students of the piano, and those who have passed beyond that stage, as well, will be helped by an opportunity to study the arrangement of the program rendered by this artist. Incidentally, Miss Harrison's recital was on Friday evening, November 12th, at Kimball Hall. The program was as follows:

1. Toccata for Organ in C major—(Preludio quasi improvvisando. Intermezzo. Fuga).....Bach-Busoni
- (a) Maiden's Wish; (b) Nocturne.....Chopin-Liszt
- (c) Scherzo.....Chopin
3. Fantasia quasi Sonate. (After a lecture on Dante).....Liszt
4. Song of Repentance.....Beethoven-Liszt
- By the Sea.....Smetana
- The Chase.....Paganini-Liszt
- (Jenny. (Fantasia Oriental).....Bach-Liszt

MINNEAPOLIS MINN. JOURNAL
JANUARY 25, 1920
BY VICTOR NILSSON.

NEGRO MUSIC is a topic of special interest just now, because of the concert engagement of the American Syncopated orchestra, which will open at the Auditorium today. Through the Negro this country is endowed with folk music that is complete in itself and beautiful in mate. It is not our only music of folk lore origin, for the folk song of the American Indian is a unique contribution to the music of the world, the importance of which MacDowell for one fully grasped. Also our progenitors of Anglo-Saxon origin brought with them songs and ballads of the British Isles that still are held in purity in the mountain fastnesses of the southern states. Strange versions of these British ballads have cropped up in the cowboy songs of the frontier.

Natalie Curtis-Burlin is a champion with a voice of authority for Negro music. This author of "Negro Folk Songs" has to the current number of "The Musical Quarterly" contributed a quite remarkable article upon "Black Singers and Players," from which this column will be quoting with the unblushing well meaning audacity of journalism. It is Negro music with its byproduct of syncopation or "rag time" that today most widely influences the popular song life of America. Negro rhythms have captivated the world at large. Some have denied that our popular American music owes its stimulus to the Negro. A most interesting and conclusive account of the evolution of rag time is contained in the "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" by James Weldon Johnson.

In going further than Mrs. Burlin or Mr. Johnson the influence of the syncopation in popular music should be traced back to the western half of Africa. Research has established that the East Africa Negro has no music of the particular "kink" in rhythm that we call rag or syncopation. This is important as the exotic character of all modern British music has caused wonderment. Not only Coleridge Taylor was of colored race, but also Carryl Scott, German and Grainger, yes, even Elgar, are "raggers." Science may some day establish a prehistoric connection between West Africa and the British Isles that may have caused the strong predilection for syncopation in Irish and Scotch folk music.

We cannot foretell the impress that the voice of the slave will leave upon the art of this country—a poetic justice, Mrs. Curtis calls it. It is the Negro whose melodies are on our lips and whose rhythms impel our marching feet in war. The irresistible music that wells up from this sunny and unresentful people is hummed and whistled, danced to and marched to, laughed over and wept over by high and low and by rich and poor throughout the land. The down-trodden black man, whose patient religion, for the folk song of the American Indian is a unique contribution to the music of the world, the importance of which MacDowell for one fully grasped. Also our progenitors of Anglo-Saxon origin brought with them songs and ballads of the British Isles that still are held in purity in the mountain fastnesses of the southern states. Strange versions of these British ballads have cropped up in the cowboy songs of the frontier.

"How do they do it?" One may well ask, for the singing is not only faultless in its simple and natural beauty, but profoundly stirring in emotional and stirring in feeling. "Who trains this marvelous chorus?" The question was eagerly asked by a European musician who was visiting the Hampton Institute in Virginia, after listening to the great chorus of 900 colored students sing the "Plantations" as the Negroes call the old melodies that day most widely influences the popular song life of America. Negro rhythms have captivated the world at large. Some have denied that our popular American music owes its stimulus to the Negro. A most interesting and conclusive account of the evolution of rag time is contained in the "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" by James Weldon Johnson.

And the answer of Mrs. Burlin baffled him: "Why, no one trains these Negro boys and girls. Their singing is natural." "I don't mean," he persisted, "who trains their voices, which I understand are natural voices," but who teaches them their parts and who drills them as a chorus?" "No one," was the answer. But the musician would not believe that such results could be achieved by instinct alone. He finally was referred to Major Morton, who is Booker Washington's successor as principal at Tuskegee and who was at that time commandant at Hampton and sang the solo parts of the leader—"the lead" in Negro musical parlance. The reply emphasized through its laughing surprise the in-born, intuitive quality of the Negro's love for music: "Why, nobody ever taught us to sing." "Well, then, how do you do it?" asked the musician in

amazement. "I don't know. We just sing, that's all." And how spontaneously they sing! Who can forget the first concert given by the "Clef club," a Negro orchestra in New York, before a large and representative white audience about eight years ago in Carnegie hall? Says Mrs. Burlin: "Music loving Manhattan felt a thrill down its spine such as only the greatest performances can inspire when at a climax in the opening march the entire Negro orchestra of over 100 men burst out singing as they played." Just imagine our Symphony orchestra men singing as they play, while Mr. Oberholfer conducts and sings the tenor solo part.

COLORED SOPRANO
DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

Madame Florence Cole-Talbert
Appears in Private Recital for Musicians.

PORTLAND ORE JOURNAL
NOVEMBER 7, 1920

The keynote of the solution of the race problem was touched Saturday night when white musicians of Portland were invited to hear, and paid tribute to Madame Florence Cole-Talbert, known as the greatest singer of the colored race, at a private recital given in the Sherman-Clay building under arrangements made by Mrs. Ada Cannady.

Madame Talbert the preceding night sang for those of her race at the Little theatre and it was to give opportunity to white music lovers to hear her that Mrs. Cannady arranged a hurried private recital before the singer left for Spokane on the night train.

Madame Talbert was wonderful. The unusualness of a colored prima donna wore off after the first selection, and the audience realized that in music there is no race line.

Her voice was a rich coloratura with a wide range of expression. No matter what the selection, grand opera, Indian songs, popular airs or French pieces, her voice was equal to every rendition. But most wonderful of all were her negro spirituals.

She sang "I'm So Glad Trouble Don't Last Always," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Had," and the audience held its breath. In her songs were expressed the emotions, the hopes, the troubles and the glorification of the negro race.

"I teach negro spirituals," said one music teacher softly, "but this is an inspiration."

Other music teachers paid tribute. They wanted more. She sang.

Madame Talbert is not only the greatest singer of the colored race, but after graduating in 1916 from the Chicago Music college, she won a diamond medal as first prize in a class of 80 pupils of which she was the only negro. She studied under Herman DeVries and Oscar Sanger of New York. She is now making a three months' tour of the Western states. Her accompanist, Mabella Clarke, likewise a negro.

Minstrels' Art Based on Antics of New Orleans Negroes

BROOKLYN STATION UNION
OCTOBER 17, 1920

How many of all the thousands who have laughed at the antics of negro roustabouts dancing on shoddy craps on the deck of a river packet or "jestin'" on the levee have ever thought that here was the origin of minstrelsy, that black-faced humor of word and song and dance that within the last seventy-five years has spread the fame of the negro as a humorist from Spitzenbergen to Shanghai and from pole to pole!

How many Orleanians to whom these sights are of so common occurrence as to fail even to excite a laugh know that New Orleans gave to the world minstrelsy, the original New World minstrelsy, of a different kind from that which the minnesingers of the Middle Ages scattered all over Europe? Yet, in addition to being the birthplace of jazz, generator of the gin fizz and the parent of the praline, the Crescent City is the mother of minstrelsy.

Not only that, but to this day, though three-quarters of a century have passed, leading minstrel scouts in Louisiana are all the time on the hunt for new negro melodies, jokes, "gags" and dances with which to supply the burnt cork imitators of the Ethiopian. One of these was in New Orleans recently, sending out a collection of darktown humor which he had been collecting for some six months in the negro settlements of Louisiana. His name is Bert Bedwards, and his apt art is as alliterative as his name. Here is his story of modern minstrelsy and its origin in New Orleans:

"While minstrelsy is the oldest form of mental amusement known to man, its modern application, which originated in New Orleans, is vastly different from the work of the minstrels of the Middle Ages, who, wandering from place to place, with harp or mandolin, sang the stories of their heroes and heroines, who, in turn, fed them and gave them a place to sleep. In the New World the first minstrelsy originated in about 1835, as the result of a trip which T. D. Rice, then a comic actor—as comedians were called—took in a boat down the Mississippi River.

"He made a study of the negro, his joys, his sorrows, his songs, his dances and his jokes, and when he returned northward devised the burnt cork blacking which was used for nearly a quarter of a century until a black grease paint was invented.

"The main part of his show came from New Orleans, where the negroes on the levee and in their dances in the public squares as well as in their cabin life gave him the vast majority of his material. His impersonations were so laughable and so true to life that he took the country by storm.

"His greatest hit was the singing of 'Jump Jim Crow,' in which he carried a sack on the stage and dumped therefrom a small blacked-up boy, who imitated him in his choruses. That boy was the late Joe Jefferson of Rip Van Winkle fame.

"From this song Rice came to be known as 'Jim Crow' Rice, and he traveled by wagon train from one end of the country to the other, scoring tremendous successes with this, the first American minstrelsy, the idea for which was born in New Orleans. As Rice became famous, imitators, of course, arose by hundreds, among the first to take it up being Billy Whitlock, Dick Pelham, Frank Bower and Daniel Decatur Emmett, the last named destined to become the greatest of all, the one who really made an art out of minstrelsy.

"Early in 1840 a benefit performance was to be given for R. W. Pelham, and Dan Emmett suggested that instead of appearing singly they arrange songs, choruses and instrumental music, both comic and sentimental, and appear together. They by accident selected the chairs in a semicircle and this custom has been adhered to ever since.

"This minstrel 'First Part' was the first one ever presented and it captivated the public. It took New York by storm and engagements were offered the performers from all over the country, and they formed into a company calling themselves 'The Virginia Minstrels.' Money flowed into their pockets like water and prosperity fanned their heads. Seeking new worlds to conquer they sailed for England, where they immediately duplicated their American successes.

"This unheard-of flow of wealth was too much for them. They quarreled, separated and returned to America, each determined to organize a company of his own; but during their absence a dozen other companies had sprung up and the originators of American minstrelsy were soon only laboring for others and not one of them ever achieved very great financial success. Dan Emmett, the author of Dixie, became famous the world over, but died poor.

"Daniel Emmett was the undisputed originator of the 'first part' or 'semi-circle.' Emmett left his home while quite a young man, joining the orchestra of a small traveling circus. From the circus he changed to minstrelsy, finally becoming leader of Bryant's Minstrels, a troupe that was very popular for many years. While with his company he wrote the song 'Dixie.'

"All minstrel entertainments were finished, in those days, with a walk-around—a medley of choruses and a dance number interspersed here and there. Dan Bryant, the manager of Bryant's Minstrels, desiring a change in the music for this number on his show, called upon Dan Emmett to provide the required song and at a Monday morning rehearsal he played 'Dixie.'

"The melody was fetching. That night the song was put on. The pro-

gramme announced it as a song entitled 'Away Down South in the Land of Cotton.' Later the title was changed to 'Dixieland' and still later 'Away Down South in Dixie,' but since that time it has been generally given the title of 'Dixie.'

"No song of the kind ever met with such general favor. It is recognized as a song of the Southland; it is a popular favorite all over America. Emmett never reaped any pecuniary reward from the song. Many persons laid claim to its authorship, but the 'New York Herald,' assisted by Al. G. Field, established Emmett's claim to the authorship beyond dispute.

"The stage is indebted to minstrelsy for Joseph Jefferson, Stuart Robson, Edwin Adams, Edwin Booth, Tony Pastor, Bob Hart, Robert Downing, P. T. Barnum, Patrick Gilmore and Sousa. John Philip Sousa was a member of Simmons and Slocum's Minstrels when Al. G. Field was serving his apprenticeship with that company. Johnny Hyams of McIntyre and Hyams, was a minstrel with the Al. G. Field Company. Signor Cellone, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was popular Will Collins when a tenor with the Al. G. Field Minstrels. George M. Cohan, Willie Collier, Chauncey Olcott, Eddie Foy, Francis Wilson, Frank Daniels, Jimmie Powell and Al Jolson all graduated from the minstrel stage."—New Orleans Item.

NEGRO ARTISTS ORPHEUM HIT

ROSEMOND JOHNSON and His Company Capture Entire House.

The Orpheum audience yesterday afternoon became the willing captives of J. Rosamond Johnson, a colored man in spite of his feminine name and his inimitable assistants in their act, "Syncope." There is no describing the charm of the act which carried one right through the translation of melody from the old darky spirituals to the last degree of syncope by way of the haunting negro melodies of slavery days and to those of appeal that came after. Conceded that the negro harmonies are the basis of the real American music is it any wonder that five such really splendid artists of the race could so successfully place six or more selections before the audience? J. Rosamond Johnson was formerly of Cole and Johnson and to start his act yesterday he gave a phrase or two of the songs that made them famous. He is a brilliant pianist and like the others has a pleasing singing voice, heard to good advantage alone or making one in the exquisite harmony of the ensemble. He has five clever assistants, one with an exceptional voice, another a talented violinist, one with a lively pair of feet at his command and still another an acrobat of the drums. It was a charming act and one that the audience wanted more of.

"Sh-h" is the name of a keen little sketch by Vincent Lawrence. Frank

Wilcox is the past master lumbar around which the others revolve. He is cast in the role of an ambitious young business man who in his eagerness to have a certain contract signed goes to the country home of one of the prospective customers. The women of the household fall in love with him at first sight and what follows not only threatens to lose the contract for him but also gets him into deep difficulties that only a clever playwright could get him out of. Wilcox is well supported by a clever company including Edward J. Nannery who will be well remembered for his fine bit of character work in the part of P. T. Barnum. Old time play-goers will also remember Mr. Nannery who played a long engagement here with his sister, May Nannery, in the Daily Stock Company 25 years ago.

Bob Carleton, who wrote Ja-Da, and Julia Ballew, a golden girl from the crown of her sunny hair to the tips of her pretty slippers, were among the big favorites of the bill. Carleton shows how "Ja-Da" was written originally in classic form and then as the syncopated melody that chaos brought him fame. Miss Ballew has cute little ways and she is very skillful in helping Carleton put over his fascinating little songs.

Lawton, who opened the show, should be billed as the juggler with new ideas. He plays a snare drum with his bright red balls, and then gets the audience on the keenest edge of nerves by the way he carelessly catches cannon balls on the back of his neck. His line of conversation is witty.

Dan Stanley and Al Birnes stage a dance act in front of a club in their "After the Club." It begins with an inebriate mix-up and ends with a riot of a burlesque on esthetic dancing. They were called back again and again until they had to plead "that's all there is, there isn't any more."

Neal Azbel, the man with the mobile face, is just that. He tells funny darky stories and illustrates them with his movable features.

The Briants stage a rough and ready tumbling act with cleverness and originality to end the show.

WHITE COMPOSER LANDS 1,000 COPIES OF CHIEF CORNER STONE COMPOSITION.

3-27-20

(Special to the Freeman.) HUDLEY, Ill., March 18.—L. Zimmerman, the well-known composer of the song hit, "The Chief Corner Stone," has received a letter from T. L. Corwell, noted Philadelphia composer, music director, and critic, in which the famous musician places an order with Mr. Zimmerman for 1,000 copies of "The Chief Corner Stone."

In his letter Mr. Corwell writes Mr. Zimmerman as follows:

1109 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 19th, 1920.

My Dear Mr. Zimmerman: I am replying to yours of Feb. 14th just received. Enclosed is a practical copy of your contract, signed. I thought we had better start off with the Chief Corner Stone to make a beginning.

Now you know I am not colored, hence I do not have the opportunity to get immediate entrance to the churches and societies you mention, but my long experience and association with the race, first as composer, writer and musical director of the old Black Pat show, followed by two seasons manager of the "Dandy Dixie Bill"

Mercandis Minstrel, and ten years manager, two years owner of the Smart Set and Smarter Set, my personal friendship with the many excellent leaders of the race, Elwood Knox, Tom Langston, Mr. Abbott of the colored press, R. W. Thompson of Washington, Andrew Thomas, John Gibson Lester, Walton and other well known race men makes me almost one of the Corner Stones gives me a lot of prestige, especially as the race professionals say, I'm "out there" when it comes to Negro music and arrangements.

I can probably get the number "done" in the colored theatres here at any rate do what I can to selling it.

Would suggest you rush 500 or 1,000 copies here at once and I will see what can be done toward getting them properly dispensed.

I like the Corner Stone very much and play it for my own satisfaction quite often. The American song is good but I think the C. S. will be more of an appeal. Colored people, from my close observation (and I observe a lot) are "fed up" on Americanism and it is hard to make them heart and soul in it when the 15 Amendment is so violated in Dixie, and colored fighting men are only given their rights in the trenches. My dear old friend, Greenhead of the K. P.'s, feels a little sore at being shoved off a Pullman car, but of course you know all this. Personally, I am a believer in Ethiopia, I have thousands of dear friends in the race, many of whom have gone hungry with me when times were hard.

However, that's another story.

Sincerely and in haste,

T. L. Corwell.

Mr. Courboin's Use of Negro Spirituals for Wanamaker Recital Emphasizes Their Rediscovery—Some Tales of the Original Founders of the Vogue, the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS
FEBRUARY 15, 1920

At an important recital in the Wanamaker store last Thursday, Charles M. Courboin, the famous Belgian organist, made one of the noteworthy numbers of his program an improvisation on themes from negro spirituals. That a foreign artist should have become acquainted with this music and should have been interested enough in it to make the use of it he did, does not strike us as strange any longer. In the last four or five years it has become something of a fad. One finds it on the programs of singers and instrumentalists constantly nowadays.

Of course, the present vogue of the negro spiritual is a re-discovery. There was a time when it spread over the country, started by the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University and taken up by others in imitation. That was in 1871 and the few years following.

The Jubilee Singers made a tremendous impression. After they had established themselves, crowds flocked to hear them. But the vogue of the negro spiritual did not last. It is very interesting to speculate on the reasons for this. The explanation that would lie nearest at hand would be that our country fifty years ago was not sufficiently developed along musical lines to see much more in the Jubilee Singers but a new type of "nigger minstrel" and their songs simply a variant of the "black-face" minstrel songs that were then very popular.

It has remained for the greatly broadened musical culture of the present day to appreciate these spirituals at their

the worth. When they are heard today they are understood wherever the art brings them forth.

Henry E. Krehbiel, the dean of New York music critics, has greatly advanced the knowledge of this music by his book, "The Afro-American Folksong," in which he traces their genesis and the atmosphere which surrounded their development, while he includes the music of many of the best of them. Native musicians like Harry T. Burleigh, the negro baritone and composer, have devoted a great deal of attention to arranging the songs for voice and instruments in art form, while there is a long list of foreign artists, at the head of which we might place Fritz Kreisler, who have performed similar service.

With the viewpoint of the spiritual now recognized as commanding a place of dignity and worth in American music, it is very interesting to read the account of the early struggles of the Jubilee Singers as told by Gustavus D. Pike, who became their manager on behalf of the American Missionary Association after they had won their first recognition, and who, in 1873, published a book called "The Jubilee Singers and Their Campaign."

George L. White, one of the teachers at Fisk University, an institution founded just after the war for the education of the negro, was the guiding spirit of the Jubilee Singers from first to last. When it became necessary to raise funds in some way to carry on and enlarge the university, White, who had trained a chorus of the students, suggested that they go out and give concerts and "praise meetings" in churches as a means of raising the necessary endowment. Their first campaign was for \$20,000. After a distressing period of what we would call "barnstorming" nowadays, the singers eventually began to win recognition and in the end they were acclaimed everywhere, easily accomplishing their purpose of raising the necessary funds.

There is space here for only a few paragraphs of quotation from the book, and a few have been selected which give vivid glimpses of various phases of the work. As to the start, the author says:

"Mr. White commenced to teach Sunday school songs, but went on to drill his choir to sing operatic music. He started in '71 to sing the more difficult and popular music of the day, composed by our best native and foreign artists; but he found his well-disciplined choir singing the old religious slave songs, his audiences demanding these and satisfied with little besides, till the cry of the oppressed went echoing all over the North. Mr. White started for Cincinnati, purposing to give a series of concerts as an experiment. He inferred that if the Association (American Missionary Association, which had declined to finance the experiment) should come to believe that the impressions made by the singers should lead to more liberal giving by the churches, and money be secured for Fisk University, the officers would use them under its auspices, and a great good be accomplished. With these convictions he started from Nashville on the 8th, of October, expecting to return after a few weeks or months at the most. The company numbered thirteen in all, Professor White, Miss Wells, for some years Principal of a School for Freedmen at Athens, Ala., and eleven colored students."

Here is a paragraph concerning the wanderings of the first month that will illustrate the difficulties that were finally triumphantly overcome:

"The day had been rainy, but so poorly off for clothing were many of them that Miss Sheppard (the pianist) had travelled about several hours with nothing but cloth slippers for her feet. A more poverty-stricken company were never out on such a noble mission, for, after paying hotels, printers' and hall bills, they were fortunate if they had enough money to reach their next appointment. There were times when the combined faith of the whole party was needed every day to encourage them to move on; and if the prayers they said could be gathered up and the hardships they experienced told, all would accord that, humanly speaking, they merited the success they afterward attained."

At a later date we read of an appearance where they had failed to make expenses.

"Rev. Mr. Bennett, with whose church at Nashville many of the students were connected, was present, and a prayer-meeting was held, and the throne of grace besought, respecting what was to be done with the enterprise. At the prayer meeting it was felt that notwithstanding they were becoming more and more embarrassed by debts, and frosts and snows found them with insufficient clothing, it was the will of the Lord they should go forward. It was here that, during an anxious and almost sleepless night, Mr. White decided to name his company, 'The Jubilee Singers.'"

The tide turned in New York. The reputation of the singers had preceded them. Pastors of churches at which they had sung wrote on to New York enthusiastically praising them. On such letter was received by the noted divine, Henry Ward Beecher, from his brother, pastor of an Elmira, N. Y. church, where the Jubilee Singers had sung. It was arranged that they should make their first appearance in this vicinity in Dr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn, after a Friday night prayer meeting. The author tells of this occasion as follows:—

"I remember well their appearance on this occasion, as it was the first time I had heard them. A motley group! The girls, dressed in water-proofs, and clothed about the neck with long woolen comforters to protect their throats, stood in a row in front. The young men occupied positions closely in the rear, the class standing solid, as they term it, in order to secure the most perfect harmony. . . . The first hymn they sang was 'O, How I Love Jesus!' and I shall never forget the rich tones of the young men as they mingled their voices in melody so beautiful and touching I scarcely knew whether I was 'in the body or out of the body.' . . . Slave songs followed, occupying about twenty minutes, when Mr. White motioned to the singers to retire. As they were descending from the platform, Mr. Beecher ran up and directed them to return."

"Standing before them, with pocket book in hand, he indicated with great good humor and drollery that a collection was to be taken, after which a few more songs would be sung. Every expression was full of encouragement and a generous contribution gathered. Mr. Beecher announced that this was but a foretaste in hearing and giving that the students would sing again in his church, when he wished his congregation to give them a benefit. Mr. Beecher's lecture room talks are reported in many different papers, this occasion gave the Jubilee Singers a favorable introduction."

The author makes it clear that the principal problem of the Jubilee Singers was to get the better element and move before the birth of the cities they visited disabused of the prophet's idea that they were merely another Romantic and early Italian (from troupe of colored professional entertainers Glott to Raffael), but I would place it below all these.

By saying that after the appearance in Henry Ward Beecher's church, the "Herald" published a column article headed "Beecher's Negro Minstrels," while one of the comic papers published a woodcut purporting to represent "Beecher's Negro Minstrels" as they appeared at his church.

After the first New York appearances the American Missionary Association took the Jubilee Singers up and thereafter their tour was carefully and efficiently managed and went from triumph to triumph. It is impossible to give any more excerpts here, but anyone who is interested should endeavor to procure a copy of the book, which can be had at the Free Library, in Thirtieth Street, music section. There is no more human interest packed into any story concerning music in America that I know of, and the quaint manner of telling it is not one of the least of its charms. Unfortunately, the author was apparently not the least bit musical, and, therefore, many valuable points that might have been made on this aspect of the question are left untouched. A selection of the songs occupies the end of the volume. J. O. E.

LONDON GOES DAFFY OVER NEGRO ART

European Painters and Sculptors Now Make It Centre of Exhibitions.

LONDON, England, Dec. 23.—London and Paris have gone stark raving mad over Negro art.

Recent exhibitors like figures in black or recreation sculptures and the mosaics of the Ancient African Empires.

Europeans were crazy over the jazz and the success of the American musicians abroad is said to have set the minds of art critics toward Negro art with astonishing results. Ancient Negro art has received more attention in the last six months than it has in the last six centuries. A white critic in the Athenaeum writes:

"Judging from the available data—no great stock by the way—I should say that Negro art was entitled to a place amongst the great schools."

"With the greatest I would compare it. I would compare it with the art of the supreme Chinese periods (from Han to Sung), with archaic Greek, with Byzantine, Mohamudan, which, for archaeological purposes, begins under the Sassanians a hundred years

ago, and reached its maximum of artistic comment. She is undoubtedly the foremost poet of color in the United States.

On the other hand, when I consider all the black art known to us, and compare it with Assyrian, Roman, Indian, true Gothic or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the blacks have the best of it. Though the biggest achievements of the greatest schools do seem to have an absolute superiority over anything Negro I have seen, yet the finest black sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them.—Baltimore Afro-American.

NEW YORK CITY TRIBUNE

MARCH 12, 1920 Negro Tenor's Skill Wins Large Audience

Roland W. Hayes Shows Mastery of Difficulties of Foreign Languages

Roland W. Hayes, the negro tenor, who made his first appearance in New York a year ago, gave a second recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. His naturally fine voice was in excellent condition and controlled with skill and intelligence by the singer. It was not surprising to hear him sing songs in English with uncommonly fine diction, but his field is not limited to negro spirituals or English songs of a light nature. He has mastered the difficulties of foreign languages, and in this respect his achievements are remarkable.

Last evening there were three French numbers on his program, "Le Reve," from Massenet's "Manon," Faure's "Clair de Lune," and Duparc's "L'Invitation au Voyage." Both the operatic aria and the song by Duparc present formidable pitfalls for those inclined to smear words or blur phrases, but he sang all three in French with consummate art and a purity of diction that might well be envied by many singers. In other years he has been equally successful with songs in German and Italian.

Three interesting negro songs of the traditional order, "The Muttating Thunder," "Steal Away" and "Whines," began the program, the first being sung without accompaniment. Immediately following was a group by modern negro composers—Norm Douglas Holt, Gerald Tyler, Daisy Tapley and Lawrence B. Brown, the singer's accompanist. Other numbers were by Beethoven, H. T. Burleigh, Coleridge-Taylor, Percy Lee Atterton, Louise Drake Wright, Campbell Tipton and the air "Ch'ella mi Creda," from Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." There was a very large audience and the singer was generous with extra numbers.

TO PUBLISH A BOOK OF POEMS.

Volume of poems by Miss Lucian B. Watkins. The poems, formerly teacher at Moreau College, now a teacher of music in Milwaukee, Wis., will be ready for publication in the fall. Miss Watkins' poems have appeared from time to time in the Afro-

and reached its maximum of artistic comment. She is undoubtedly the foremost poet of color in the United States.

Miss Lucian B. Watkins was born in Coffeyville, Kansas, in 1897, and is therefore 23 years old. She attended school in her native home, in St. Louis, Mo., and Seattle, Washington, and pursued college work at the Western University, making her major subjects English and music.

Her first poem was written at the age of seven years. Poetry and music have been her hobbies ever since. She won a gold medal oratory in the Western University in 1915, another for excellence in essay writing the same year and a gold medal for the Centennial of the Afro-American in 1918.



THE SPIRIT OF THE WORLD
BY LUCIAN B. WATKINS

One with the silence of eternity,
On through the years, thou art
sublimely mute.

The secret that no mortal can refute
Is locked within these massive lips we
see, 4-24-20.

That toll the ages with their mystery,
Thou are the faith-long dream, the
serious fruit

Of men who prayed and touched
Heaven's hallowed lute—

Who saw the Eastern dawn that is
to be.

Woman and beast! more terrible than
speech,
Thou art the awful censor in this
hour—

When empty souls are clamoring and
preach
Their foolish fancies from a totter-
ing tower.

Black men of Egypt set thee here to
teach
Thy wordless wisdom? PEACE AND
POISE AND POWER.

Comments On Use of Negro Music By Race Musicians

On August 14 I published in this column a letter from Mme. E. Azalia Hackley, then in Detroit, Mich., in which she referred to the recent meeting of the National Association of Negro Musicians and the wonderful inspiration it must have been to see Negro musicians working in harmony. In connection she told of her personal experience with a "musical missionary to the Negro race," and incidentally she referred to difficulties experienced in getting the race musicians to recognize compositions by Negro composers.

Mme. Hackley said in her letter that—

"In spite of the continual warfare about Negro music, I am proud to say that in every effort success has followed my individual promotion of Negro music, although often without the help of many of the 'so-called' leading musicians."

"I often wonder how some of these leading Negro musicians and choir masters can look Mr. Dett and other Negro composers of reputation in the face when they have done so little to encourage Negro composition and the sale of published compositions. It is never too late to do good so we will all jump in the Negro-Music Band Wagon and 'root' Negro Music with all our strength. Now, we will hear choirs singing anthems by Dett and other Negro composers. How grand!

"As for a pianist, who could or would play Dett's Suite, including 'Juba', which Percy Grainger is now featuring? I have actually worn out two copies from carrying them around for years with the vain hope that the music might be played frequently, especially in the large cities. No such luck! Now that white artists and white conservatory students are studying 'In the Bottoms' Suite, we will be sure to hear and popularize 'Juba'. Hurray!"

As was to be expected, these rather caustic comments have aroused considerable attention. Several letters have been received in which issue was taken with some of the statements made by Mme. Hackley. Of these I have selected for reproduction one written by a distinguished musician who is also a composer.

I am withholding his name simply because I have not his specific permission to use it.

In commenting on Mme. Hackley's letter, he calls attention to the fact that leading pianists of the race have not been able to use works by Negro composers because the compositions have not been sufficiently interesting. Singers and violinists have been more fortunate, he says. To my mind, this opens up a line of thought that ought to be explored. It leads me to say that this column will welcome an expression from thoughtful readers who are interested and who may think they have something worth saying on this particular question, that is,—

"In what is pianoforte composition by Negro composers lacking?"

The letter from which I quote reads as follows:

"One would think from Mme. Hackley's letter that she has the burden of the whole race on her shoulders alone, and nobody else has done anything for Negro music. Maude Cuney Hare, Harry Burleigh, Clarence Cameron White, Carl Dittus and your humble servant have all been working for years for the recognition of Negro composers. When I first went to Chicago, seventeen years ago, H. T. Burleigh was singing from Negro composers. For years Maude Cuney Hare has toured the country preaching

to include in my own violin recitals one or two numbers from Coleridge Taylor, H. T. Burleigh and Clarence Cameron White. I have done so for many years. It would not seem right for a Negro singer to make up a program and not include at least a group from the works of Coleridge Taylor, Burleigh, Cook or Dett. For many years, I have been conducting large choruses and I have used many hundred copies of music composed by Dett, Taylor, Burleigh, Cook, Johnson, Dittus, Mundy and others.

"The orchestra conductors would be confronted with the same problem as the pianist would. He could play from Negro composers only for his light popular programs. Coleridge Taylor's greatest work is in choral composition and song with piano and orchestra accompaniment. There is very little a Negro composer has written for a serious program for piano and orchestral use.

"Many people have been working for a great many years toward the advancement of Negro composers. Some that might be mentioned who have given their lives to this work are Will Marion Cook, J. Rosmond Johnson, Mme. E. Azalia Hackley, Mrs. Hatfield Gibbs Marshall and H. T. Burleigh."

On August 28 reference was made in this column to a letter received which carried as a signature only the words, "A Subscriber." Comment made was to the effect that under no circumstance would an anonymous letter be published in this column. At the same time I wrote as follows:

"As a matter of fact, the contents of the letter are interesting and present the writer's point of view so clearly and intelligently that I can't for the life of me see why so much pains was taken to cover up the writer's identity. Most anonymous letters are scandalous or unoperative and the writers thereof usually have well-founded fear of personal chastisement or legal responsibility in case their personality is made known. But there is nothing of the sort in this case and the letter really opens up a question which would be of interest to the readers of this column.

"If 'A Subscriber' wants to air his (or her) views through this column the invitation is open and unrestricted, the only condition being an incontrovertible one—give me your name and address for my own information; it will not be used unless you so desire."

As a consequence of this comment, I am in receipt of a letter which reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. White:

"After reading your comment on the anonymous letter you received sometime in August, I hasten to disclose my identity. When I wrote the letter I felt a bit reluctant to give my name, but Mr. Hayes and I are good friends and have been for a long time. At the time I was pondering whether he would dislike someone taking a different view of some things he wrote. I am one who is ever mindful of others who have gone

before and left their impression. I wholly lose sight of others and assume supreme leadership is most narrow and egotistic. I wrote the letter in the hope that there would come no ill feelings whatever from it, but rather to sharpen our memories on past performances by members of our race."

Since the writer has put me in possession of his personal identity, I am going to print the letter referred to. I am not using the writer's name because as it will be noted from the above communication, he does not directly give permission to do so. It is possible of course, that he does not care but it suits me to err on the safe side if at all, and so the name is withheld. The writer takes exception to some of the statements made by Roland W. Hayes in a personal letter written to me from London, England, and published in this column on July 31. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. White: In an article or letter to you from the tenor, R. W. Hayes, which appeared in THE AGE, July 31st, are some things which should not go unchallenged. He says: 'It is my aim—as far as I am able—to establish here and in other parts the fact that the Negro is just as capable of producing art in its highest form as any other nationality.'

"Does Mr. Hayes think himself a pioneer for Negro art? Has he ever read of Joseph White, the great violinist, whose art thrilled all Europe? What about such singers as H. T. Burleigh, Wallace King, Sidney Woodward, Rachel Walker, Sissieretta Jones? Then there are the pianists, Hazel Harrison and R. Augustus Lawson. Does Mr. Hayes in the face of all these artists, think himself king among them to show the civilized world Negro art in the realm of music? The immortal S. Coleridge-Taylor surely left his imprint upon the civilized world. Doubtless Mr. Hayes thinks Cook and his stars do not detract from any credit for their European performances."

"I know, from having talked with the tenor, he abhors rag time. I know many performers of rag time music who are superb artists. If Mr. Hayes thinks they are not to be reckoned with, let him begin to practice rag time playing and find how far away he will be from excellent performance through many years of arduous work."

"I have not written this letter to you through prejudice of the tenor (for I am a great admirer of Mr. Hayes) but rather that the public at large will not lose sight of the Negro artists who preceded Mr. Hayes upon European soil."

It does not appear to me that Roland Hayes needs any defense. In the statement quoted from his letter—and the writer should have quoted more fully—Mr. Hayes referred to the work he hopes to accomplish among a people who had hitherto, in most cases, heard the American Negro musician solely as a dance hall entertainer—vocally and instrumentally. Where he appeared as a concert performer he was usually presenting a program made up of ragtime, Negro spirituals in crude form, and

popular songs of the moment. Very rarely did the Negro musician on European soil venture into interpretation of the standard classics, either instrumental or vocal. On the other hand, Mr. Hayes' programs are almost entirely classic in makeup. And so he is taking his European audiences a message of the capabilities of a race concerning which they have long had only information of a misleading sort. The average white American is not over-enthusiastic in telling his European friends about the attainments and possibilities of the American black man. And the jazz performances of the ragtime artist, excellent as they are and perfectly all right in their place, have served also to emphasize the opinion formed from biased and prejudiced information.

Mr Hayes' critic gets off some hot shot about the ragtime musician and his artistic ability. When he refers to 'many performers of ragtime music who are superb artists' (are mine) I am constrained to ask, 'Where'dja get that stuff?' The best ragtime player is the one who has developed the greatest digital dexterity. There are some 'superb artists' who are also players of ragtime, perhaps, but—well, comparisons are odious and I have some good friends who are discerners of ragtime, both professionally and for home amusement.

It is quite within the range of possibility that Mr. Hayes could not master ragtime-playing "through many years of arduous work." Well, who wants him to do so? Let him continue the road he is traveling and along which he has come so far. I'd rather have him as a good tenor singer than a poor ragtime player, anyway.

Kemper Harreld's Studio of Music, conducted at 7 Tattall street, Atlanta, Ga., in addition to his work as director of music at Morehouse College, will take the proportions of a small conservatory this season. The 1920-21 program opens on September 15, and Mr. Harreld will have six teachers regularly employed. His principal assistants will be Miss Jessie Mae Murphy, an Oberlin Conservatory graduate, who will give her entire time to the Harreld studio, teaching piano, elementary theory and public school music; Frederick Hall, who will have charge of the brass and woodwind instruments; Mrs. Claudia White Harreld will give a course in music history and a Victrola course in music appreciation; the other teachers will act as assistants in the various departments.

An unusual department will be the class in public school music, which is primarily a sight singing class. This is for the special purpose of improving church choir material and there is already a large enrollment for this class. Another departure from the usual is the Artists' Recital Series, for which Mr. Harreld is securing the foremost pianists, violinists, singers and other artists of race. These recitals will be for the entire city.

WILL SKETCH NOTED GENERAL

The Topeka
Honor Goes to
Topeka Lad.
Plainsdealer

There is a great deal of hidden talent about Lincoln, Nebraska. Now and then some one discovers a bit, brings it to light and thereby permits the public at large to enjoy it.

Of course there is a thrill of pleasure over the public pulse when such a find is made. Nearly everyone enjoys hearing about some one having a life long dream or ambition realized. When the revelation smacks of a national flavor—when the "find" is connected with some one or something of international fame, then indeed are congratulations in order.

Two years ago, a young fellow from Topeka, Kansas entered the university bent upon attaining a higher education. He was ambitious, else he would never have entered a higher institution of learning, especially since he must help make his way. The way was hard too, because he had been born with a black skin.

His name was Aaron Douglas. Douglas, as was said, was bent upon attaining higher education. But his absorbing interest was laid upon the altar of "Art." He has had some instruction in drawing in the high school at Topeka, but he entered the elementary art class his first year in the Fine Arts Department.

All that first year, Mr. Douglas was set to drawing casts, reproducing his impression of the plaster-ideas of some inspired soul of days gone by. Once in a while he made a sketch of some group of objects from what is known as a "still life" study.

Department heads watched his progress with much interest and much speculation. Would his be the talent that flared up for a brief glow and then died out for want of the fuel-stuff of which artists are supposed to be moulded? His technique became finer—more polished and a bit individualistic.

Then summer came, and the art gallery was closed.

When the fall term called the students back to the gallery, Aaron Douglas was one who answered "present" to the roll call. He was registered this time in the "life class," or that group which are permitted to make studies from really truly alive models. He worked with a charcoal medium. One must have done rather exceptional work in the gallery for three years before one is encouraged to try to work with color mediums of any sort.

Along about Christmas time, there came word to Lincoln of the homecoming visit of General Pershing. The whole city was set agog with

plans and speculations for innovations and welcomes. And from the Pershing headquarters, a plea was sent to the university art gallery for a large reproduction of a notable picture of the general. Would someone in authority please recommend a local artist who could meet the requirements.

Aaron Douglas was given the patriotic commission.

He worked on the canvases during his Christmas vacation period. The picture was to be a bust sketch made on a canvas six feet by three and a half feet. It was to be a charcoal sketch.

The work was finished and was used in the decoration during the general's stay in Lincoln. For a time it remained at the Pershing headquarters on South Thirteenth street. Today, it is in the Pershing headquarters at Omaha.

And the boy who came to Nebraska university from Kansas to attain a higher education is tasting his first wine of success.

Douglas lives at 530 North Ninth street.

FIELD M MORN UNION
FEBRUARY 7, 1920

MINSTREL ART FROM LEVEES

New Orleans Given Credit
for Originating "Black
Face" Funmaking.

How many of all the thousands who have laughed at the antics of Negro minstrel dancing or shooting raps on the deck of a river packet or "joe" restin' on the levee have ever thought that here was the origin of minstrelsy, that black-faced humor of word and song and dance that within the last 75 years has spread the fame of the Negro as a humorist from Spitzbergen to Shanghai and from pole to pole!

How many Orleanians to whom these sights are of so common occurrence as to fail even to excite a laugh know that New Orleans gave to the world minstrelsy, the original New World minstrelsy, of a different kind from that which the minnesingers of the Middle Ages scattered all over Europe? Yet in addition to being the birthplace of jazz, generator of the gin fizz and the parent of the praline, the Crescent City is the mother of minstrelsy.

Actor Studies Negroes.

Not only that, but to this day, though three quarters of a century have passed leading minstrel scouts in Louisiana are all the time on the hunt for new Negro melodies, jokes, "gags" and dances with which to supply the burnt cork imitators of the Ethiopian. One of these was in New Orleans recently, sending out a collection of darktown humor which he had been collecting for some six months in the Negro settlements of Louisiana. His name is Bert Bedwards, and his apt art is as alliterative as his name. Here is his story of modern minstrelsy and its origin

in New Orleans.

While minstrelsy is the oldest form of mental amusement known to man, its modern application, which originated in New Orleans, is vastly different from the work of the minstrels of the Middle Ages, who, wandering from place to place, with harp or mandolin, sang the stories of their heroes and heroines, who, in turn, fed them and gave them a place to sleep. In the New World the first minstrelsy originated in about 1835, as the result of a trip which T. D. Rice, then a comic actor—as comedians were called—took in a boat down the Mississippi River. He made a study of the Negro, his joys, his sorrows, his songs, his dances and his jokes, and when he returned northward devised the burnt-cork blacking which was used for nearly a quarter of a century until a black grease paint was invented.

"The main part of his show came from New Orleans, where the Negroes on the levee and in their dances in the public squares as well as in their cabin life gave him the vast majority of his material. His impersonations were so laughable and so true to life that he took the country by storm.

"His greatest hit was the singing of 'Jump Jim Crow,' in which he carried a sack on the stage and dumped therefrom a small blacked-up boy, who imitated him in his choruses. That boy was the late Joe Jefferson, of Rip Van Winkle fame.

Made Song Famous.

"From this song, Rice came to be known as 'Jim Crow' Rice, and he traveled by wagon train from one end of the country to the other, scoring tremendous successes with this, the first American minstrelsy, the idea for which was born in New Orleans. As Rice became famous, imitators, of course, arose by hundreds, among the first to take it up being Billy Whitlock, Dick Pelham, Frank Bower and Daniel Decatur Emmett, the last named destined to become the greatest of all, the one who really made an art out of New Orleans minstrelsy.

"Early in 1840 a benefit performance was to be given for R. W. Pelham and Dan Emmett suggested that instead of appearing singly they arrange songs, choruses and instrumental music, both comic and sentimental, and appear together. They, by accident, arranged the chairs in a semicircle and this custom has been adhered to ever since.

"This minstrel 'First Part' was the first one ever presented and it captivated the public. It took New York by storm and engagements were offered the performers from all over the country, and they formed into a company calling themselves the Virginia Minstrels. Money flowed into their pockets like water and prosperity turned their heads. Seeking new worlds to conquer they sailed for England, where they immediately duplicated their American successes. This unheard of flow of wealth was too much for them. They quarreled, separated and returned to America, each determined to organize a company of his own; but during their

absence a dozen other companies had sprung up and the originators of American minstrelsy were soon only laboring for others and not one of them ever achieved very great financial success. Dan Emmett, the author of 'Dixie,' became famous the world over, but died penniless.

Emmett Won Honors.

"Daniel Emmett was the undisputed originator of the 'first part' or 'semicircle.' Emmett left his home while quite a young man, joining the orchestra of a small traveling circus. From the circus he changed to minstrelsy, finally becoming a leader of Bryant's Minstrels, a troupe that was very popular for many years. While with this company he wrote the song 'Dixie.'

"All minstrel entertainments were finished, in those days, with a walk-around—a medley of choruses and a dance number interspersed here and there. Dan Bryant, the manager of Bryant's Minstrels, desiring a change in the music for this number on his show, called upon Dan Emmett to provide the required song and at a Monday morning rehearsal he played 'Dixie.' The melody was fetching. That night the song was put on. The program announced it as a song entitled 'Away Down South in the Land of Cotton.' Later the title was changed to 'Dixieland' and still later 'Away Down South in Dixie,' but since that time it has been generally given the title of 'Dixie.'

Authorship of 'Dixie' Established.

"No song of the kind ever met with such general favor. It is recognized as a song of the Southland; it is a popular favorite all over America. Emmett never reaped any pecuniary reward from the song. Many persons laid claim to its authorship, but the New York Herald, assisted by Al. G. Field, established Emmett's claim to the authorship beyond dispute.

"Dan Emmett in his eightieth year made a tour of the country with the Al. G. Field Minstrels, after which he retired. He is buried near his old home at Mt. Vernon, O., and over his grave is a monument erected to his memory by James Smith, of Ash-tabula, O.

"To trace American minstrelsy from its origin is interesting. The Negro, its inspiration, is the most tractable and imitative of all human beings. On the plantation, long before the white man began to imitate him, the Negro sang the songs and performed the dances that have made minstrelsy popular. When the Huguenots fled their country and settled in South Carolina they brought their customs and religious ceremonies with them. They danced the stately minuet, serving refreshments, particularly a large fruit cake made for the occasion. From this custom came the cake walk dance so long a favorite with the Negro. The Negroes imitating the minuet of the white folks, with that animation characteristic of their race, made the dignified minuet of the courtly Huguenots the grotesque dance of the slaves of those days and of the minstrels of today.

Origin of "Jaw Bone."

"In the minstrelsy of the early days all the customs of the plantation slaves were introduced. The bones of the Negro slaves rattled were imitations of the castanets of the Spanish and French used by dancers of those days. The tambourines were imitations of the tambourines of the Spaniards and in imitation of the guitar the plantation Negro originated the banjo. The Negro gave it its name—banjo—and the significance of the word has never been traced beyond the origination of that crude instrument.

"The songs of those days often refer to 'the old jaw bone' used by the Negroes and copied by the early minstrels. It was the jaw bone of a horse, cow or mule. A small piece of iron was used to rattle the teeth and small sleigh bells were attached to it. These crude instruments were greatly admired by the Negroes of our Southland. However, those instruments, excepting the banjo, can be traced to the uncultured tribes of Africa and other countries.

"There is no race so humorous nor a humor as infectious as the unctuous fun of the Negro. There is no section of the world where the English language is spoken that the wit of the Negro is not appreciated.

"Minstrelsy is responsible for many of our sweetest songs. Minstrelsy has always furnished music for the common people.

"From minstrelsy came farce comedy and the musical shows of the present time, the minstrel sketches of 40 years ago furnishing the plots for many of these shows today.

Some Famous Minstrels.

"The stage is indebted to minstrelsy for Joseph Jefferson, Stuart Robson, Edwin Adams, Edwin Booth, Tony Pastor, Bob Hart, Robert Downing, P. T. Barnum, Patrick Gilmore and Sousa. John Philip Sousa was a member of Simmons and Slocum's Minstrels when Al. G. Field was serving his apprenticeship with that company. Johnny Hyams, of McIntyre and Hyams, was a minstrel with the Al. G. Field company. Signor Collono, of the Metropolitan Opera Company was popular Will Collins when a tenor with the Al. G. Field Minstrels, George M. Cohan, Willie Collier, Chauncey Olcott, Eddie Foy, Francis Wilson, Frank Daniels, Jimmie Powers and Al. Jolson all graduated from the minstrel stage."—[New Orleans Item.]

KANSAS CITY MO. JOURNAL
JANUARY 8, 1920

Pershing Painting by Negro.

When Gen. John J. Pershing comes to Kansas City on Saturday and the parade given in his honor passes through the downtown section, if he will look into the display windows of Kline's store, 1112 Walnut street, the general will see his likeness painted in oil standing on a large pedestal. The painting is one of the recent works of Roy Cole, a 29-year-old negro janitor at the People's Trust Company building. He resides at 2431 Flora avenue; paints during spare moments, and never has had any instructions.

Preserving Negro Spirituals

Mission of Mary Gillen's Book, "Old Melodies of the South
Possibilities of the Music in Symphonic Development

By LEONORA RAINES

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
SEPTEMBER 4, 1920

PROPOS of Southern melodies and Negro spirituals, there is justification for the opinion that that class of music has been overworked. The fact is to be regretted, for we all agree that the songs that are a part of our national development ought to be preserved in their original beauty and appeal, and not become cheapened by too frequent auditions. Given by an artist, the compositions are entertaining enough, I grant you, but unless coming from the throat of a Negro or someone who has lived in the South and been in close touch with the black man, the very soul of the spiritual is missing.

The darkey is a part of his own music, and the person brought up in the South is therefore, its best interpreter. "Deep River" or "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" done by a Southerner, white or black, with sympathetic delivery, thrills an audience and puts it under a spell of mysticism. There are songs that date back far before the conception of the beautiful spirituals, and these are the plantation songs of slavery days. Who the makers of the melodies were, no one knows. The music may have been brought from Africa and handed down from father to son, with English used to supplement the foreign words. It may have been the outburst of an oppressed race finding expression in broken phrase.

Certainly the simple and mournful cadences were not composed by whites. They seem characteristic of the black race. Heard once, they are forever associated with blacks, and in many instances are but the inflections of the Negro's conversational voice put to music. Education and ambition are shifting the Negro from his haunts, and it is but a question of time before the airs as sung by the Negro will be but a part of folk-lore literature.

Mrs. Gillen's Collection

With the realization that the plantation songs were threatened with extinction, Mary Gillen, who loved them and the traditions of her South, undertook to assemble them as they were sung by the Negroes and taught by them to their children. She went from cabin to cabin, listened unperceived to the blacks as they sang at their work, jotted down the strains and learned the words and their significance. She chronicled the songs just as Joel Chandler Harris did the "Brer Rabbit" stories related to the Little Boy by Uncle Remus.

Mrs. Gillen spent a long time in districts of Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi occupied by plantation "Mammies" and "Uncles," heard them croon lullabies and induced the ex-slaves to sing for her. The seances must have been agreeable for, as every one knows the Negro does not need great coaxing to sing. Singing comes as naturally to him as praying and his talent is strongest for sacred music.

In "Old Melodies of the South," as Mary Gillen calls her book, a few of the most descriptive spirituals are "My Good Lord Have Been Here," "Jesus Walked," "Rise, Mourner, Rise" and "A Great Camp Meetin'." The Negro is at his best in these songs. The spirituality with which they ring and the fatality shown in every phrase are their most distinguishing qualities. The melodies were harmonized by Oliver Chalfoux. The music carries along an odor of the cotton fields, the strum of the banjo and brings back the slave of former time as well as the Negro reared on either the sugar or cotton plantation. Like all epics, the strains are virginly simple, the melody being the chief thing, for the accompaniment only lightly strays over the keys.

Indian and Negro Songs

Some composers have drawn on War Dances of the Aborigines for symphonic development. The Indian had some rhythms, but the Negro not only has rhythm, but is gifted in a marked degree with the sense of melody. The American Indian is not musical, and has little or no folk-lore side. Themes from the wigwam do not lend themselves readily, therefore, to musical development, though MacDowell succeeded in accomplishing something in that direction.

The Negro is by nature musical, and Antonin Dvorak was right when he said that in our plantation melodies the composer has a wealth of material for the basis of musical art in its highest form. To prove what he said, the Bohemian composer made a sympathetic study of Negro tunes, and announced that the real American music was in the folk-song of the South. In his "New World" or "American Symphony," his Adagio movement gives a full illustration of one of the plantation spirituals developed and broadened in a most masterful manner. Now that Mary Gillen's collection has become a part of the library of song, we are sure to hear the spirituals this season. The Paulist Choir will include some of the numbers in its repertoire, and the melodies will be a feature of the Lyceum course.

To Lecture on African
And Negro Folk Music
WASHINGTON, D. C. REPORTER
MAY 25, 1920

the history of the colored race in the war history work. Mr. Easton comes to Riverside well recommended. He is one of the most brilliant speakers of the race on the Pacific coast.

This evening, in the high school auditorium, Mrs. Maude Cuney Hare, of Boston, will give a recital under the auspices of the local branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. She will give a history of African and Negro Folk Music with song, illustrating each step in its development. William H. Richardson, also of Boston, a baritone, will appear on the program as soloist and illustrator.

**NOTED COLORED
SPEAKER COMING**

RIVERSIDE CAL PRESS
APRIL 2, 1920

William H. Easton, poet and publisher, to talk in Second Baptist Church Sunday Afternoon at 3 o'clock. Public invited.

"What the World's Democracy Means to the Colored Race," will be the subject of a talk Sunday afternoon in the Second Baptist church by William H. Easton, noted colored author and publisher. The lecture will be at 3 o'clock and the public is invited to attend.

Mr. Easton is coming to Riverside to talk to the colored people under the auspices of the Riverside Community Welfare Council. He will tell something



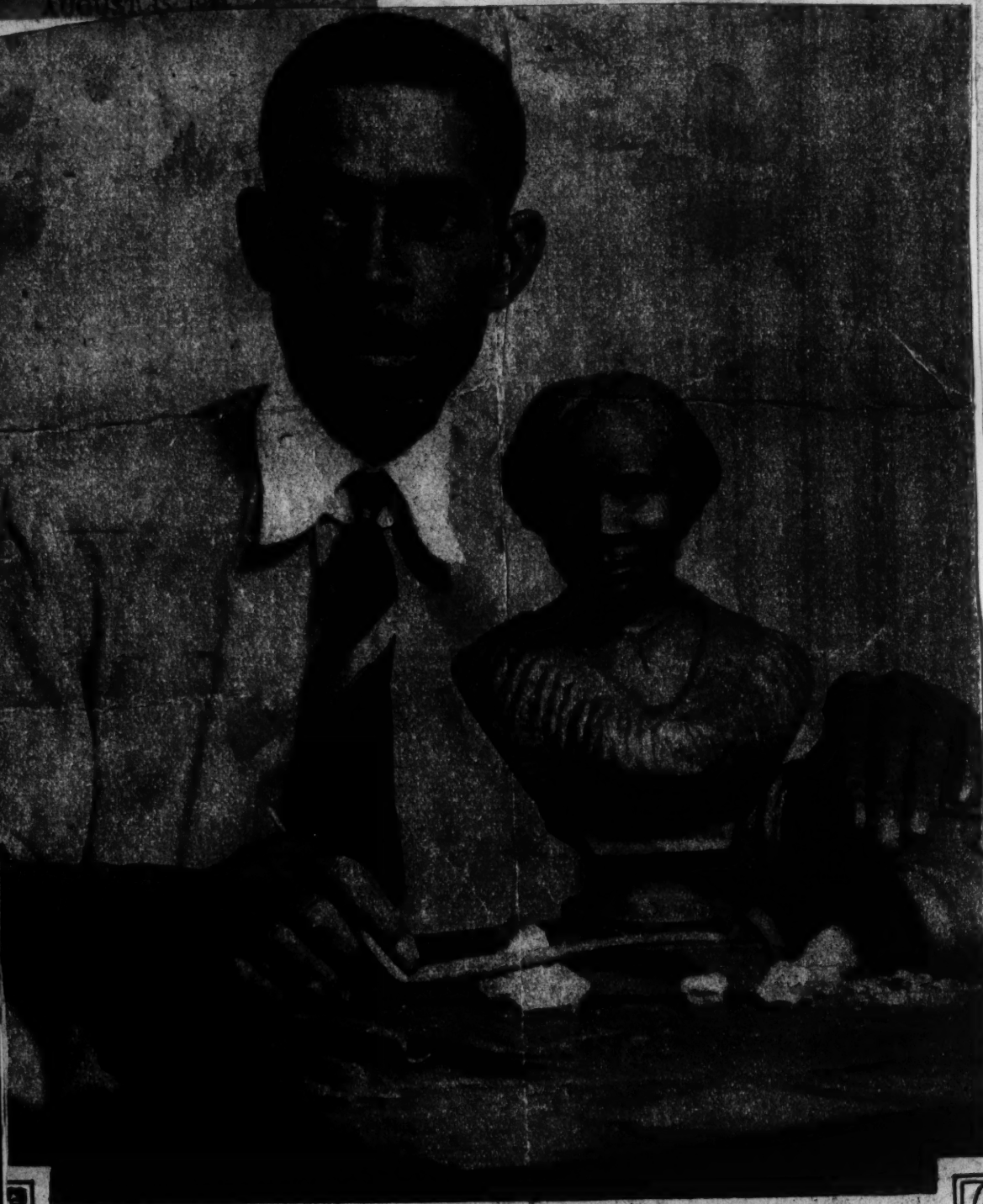
PHOTO BY CAMPBELL STUDE

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI



PERCY GRANGER

THE LATE MR. PORTER
AUGUST 15, 1900



A negro janitor sculptor, E. C. Gaither, 3964 Finney avenue, St. Louis, and his bust of Mme. C. J. Walker, who made fortune from hair-straightening preparation.

NATIONAL MUSICIANS MEET IN NEW YORK

New York, July 23.—The second annual convention of the Musicians of America will be held here July 27-29 at Bethel A. M. E. church. The following program will be given:

The morning session, 10 to 12:30. Opening and unfinished business. Prayer, chaplain, Sidney Woodward. Song selected. Roll call and registration. States. Welcoming remarks; President New York local, David Martin. Response: President of N. A. M. E., H. I. Grant. Report of committee, chairman

Composition, Carl Ditton; Public School Music, Lola Johnson; Scholarship Fund, Deacon Johnson; History, Fred Work; Employment, Kemper Harreld; Conservatory Students, Georgia Goines; General Report; Report of secretary and treasurer. Talk: Racial and Personal Note in Music, W. J. Baltzell. Intermission and "Get Acquainted Luncheon."

Afternoon session, 2 to 4:30. Open discussion of economic problems concerning methods of attack and solution: Questions, leaders. Salaries in Private Schools, Alice C. Simmons. Guarantees for Artists, Joseph Douglass. Community Orchestra, A. Ross. Theater Orchestra, Miss Marie Lucas. Promoters, M. Grant Williams. Tuition of Pupils, Daisy Tapley. The Community's Part, Henry Grant. Special sessions, 5 to 6:30.



William Reddick, Pianist, and a Sketch of Him Invading the South for Negro Spirituals.

Conference of public school music teachers. Chairman, Lola Johnson, supervisor of music, Minor Normal school Washington, D. C.

Conference of artists. Chairman Florence Cole Talbert.

Conference of music teachers in Negro schools. Chairman, Alice Carter Simmons, head of music department Tuskegee institute, Alabama.

Evening session, 8:30.

Recital: Florence Cole Talbert, soprano; Hazel Harrison, pianist; symphony orchestra (name to be announced later).

Wednesday, July 28. Morning session, 10 to 12:30.

Prayer. Song. Roll call and new registration. Paper: "Musicianship, Nora Douglass Holt. Paper: "Relation of Folk Music to Masterpieces, E. H. Krehbiel. Paper: "Credit toward Graduation in Schools and Colleges for Study in Music," Mrs. Corinne Wilson. Paper: "Negro Music as a Basis for Symphonic and Operatic Development," H. Lawrence Freeman. Paper: "The Pioneer's Task," Harriet Gibbs Marshall. Paper: "Music from the Viewpoint of a School Official," Garnett C. Wilkinson. "The Results of My Itinerant Community Work," E. Azalia Hackley.

Afternoon session.

Round table discussion of education.



HENRY GURNEY

Geraldine Farrar and Amato in a scene from "Zaza," which will have its premier production here at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening. Amelita Galli-Curci, who will give a recital at the Metropolitan Opera House to-morrow evening. Percy Grainger, pianist, who will give a recital at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, and Henry Gurney, who will give a recital at Witherspoon Hall on the same evening.

Topics: Piano Teaching, Carl Ditton. Chorus and Voice Work, E. A. Jackson. Teaching of Voice, H. A. Williams. The School Orchestra, Kemper Harreld. Teaching of the Violin, David Martin. Ear Training and Harmony, Miss A. Lindsay. Negro Music Schools, Roy W. Tibbs. Community Chorus, James Munday.

5:30. Conference on Negro Music and Hearing of Manuscript Compositions. Speakers: Nathaniel Dett, chairman; Otto Bohanan, libretto, lyrics; Clarence White, Carl Ditton, H. Lawrence Freeman, Maude Cuney Hare, Fred Work, N. Clark Smith.

Evening session.

Exhibition of Negro music and youthful Negro talent, Marion Anderson, contralto. Voted at Chicago convention the first recipient of the association's "Scholarship Fund, David Martin (age 14), vocally "Charlot Jubilee," sung by visiting musicians, led by Mr. Dett (contemplated).

Thursday, July 29. Morning session. Prayer. Song. Roll call and registration. What Locals Are Doing, local representatives. Election of officers. Appointment and changing of committees. Constitutional Amendments. Resolutions.

Afternoon session.

Report of committees. Installation of officers.

Luncheon or banquet.

Evening session. Benefit recital. Part I. (1) Chorus (selected), Wm

Incomplete

The History of the American Negro as Expressed by His Music

C. TRIBUNE
SEPTEMBER 19, 1920

By Cleveland G. Allen

THE story of negro music is one full of challenge and is woven around adventure, daring, courage, faith, patience, hope, sorrow and optimism. It represents the expressed hope of a people who faced desperate odds, who braved the hardships of slavery, and who, at a period of their own life when all was dark and dreary, relied upon their own songs to work out their destiny and carved their way to the promised land.

When the negro came to this country on a little Dutch vessel, in 1619, landing at Jamestown, Va., in a strange country, the only weapon that he brought with him was his songs, and with these songs he faced the long stretch of slavery, covering a period of 250 years, with a courage unequalled in the story of races. With his songs he made known his sorrow, his hopes, his aspiration, his patience, and sang of the freedom to come. He came to a country to find his way among strange people and strange customs, but he knew by his songs he could express his character and soul and that it would not be long before the world would see this soul and accord to him a place among the races of men.

To Save This Music

If the negro did not have the gift of song he would have lost his place in the struggle, he would have become extinct and ceased to be of sociological value. In my lectures on the story of this music I try to emphasize this music as best representing the major note in the negro's

life, and how upon it he must rely for further development in the economic, moral and spiritual realm. I feel that upon the young generation of negroes depends the responsibility of saving this music and emphasizing the fact that it is a priceless heritage that ought to be treasured. It was this fact that led me to make deep research with reference to the study of negro music, so as to properly interpret it, in order that the proper gauge of the negro's hope may be seen.

Professor John Wesley Work, a negro educator and musician, for many years a member of the faculty of Fisk University, in his book on *The Folksongs of the Afro-American or The American Negro*, tells of his many years of research throughout the South, studying the songs of the negro. He tells how they are collected, how in the camp meetings they arouse the expressed religious fervor, and how the attitude toward this music has changed within the last twenty years.

Noted negro musicians like Harry T. Burleigh, who for many years has been soloist of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church; Nathaniel Dett, Carl Dittus, J. Rosamond Johnson, Mrs. Harriett Gibbs Marshall, the first colored woman to graduate from Oberlin Conservatory of Music; Clarence Cameron White, and the late Coleridge Taylor, all recognize its value, and each of them has brought to it valuable contributions.

Their Sociological Value

Another thing that has done much to save negro music, as offered in these songs, has been the attitude toward them of the negro leaders. These leaders have been quick to recognize the value of these songs and have kept before the younger generation of negroes their sacred duty in helping to save them. Dr.

W. E. B. Dubois, one of the foremost of the negro thinkers, in his book *The Souls of Black Folk*, devoted a chapter to "Songs of Our Fathers," in which he speaks of the sociological value of this music. Dr. Robert R. Moton, the principal of Tuskegee Institute, while he was at Hampton Institute, urged the importance of a knowledge of these plantation songs as a necessary part of the education of the students. Dr. Moton, in an article contributed some time ago to *The Southern Workman*, tells of the impression that was made upon him when he first heard these songs and how it was at Hampton that he grew to admire their strength and beauty.

Will Marion Cooke, another negro musician, refers to Hampton as a good center for the development of this music. The late Booker T. Washington, while at Tuskegee, drilled into the students the respect they should have for their music.

Negro music expresses itself in negro folksongs, and negro folksongs are called such because they are peculiar to negro folks. If the numerous songs that were sung by the negro during slavery had been built up from songs of other peoples, they would not have been negro folksongs. That is the reason why "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Suwanee River" are not negro folksongs, because they were written by a white man. Stephen C. Foster, although built around a negro theme.

This point is one that should be borne in mind, because it is the common impression that the songs of Foster are negro music. There are many notable characteristics of these songs; among some of them are their direct reference to the Scripture and to their wonderful strength of reserve and resignation.

Why They Knew the Bible

Concerning the first, one would stop to think why is it that a people during slavery, who could not read, had such a remarkable and accurate knowledge of the Bible. The reason

for this was that the Bible was the only book that was read to the slaves, and while this was being done a remarkable knowledge of the book was acquired, upon which was based most of the melodies of the negro. This fact is strongly recognized in such songs as "I Want to

Be Ready to Walk in Jerusalem Just Like John," "Go Down, Moses," "Roll, Jordan, Roll" and "My Lord, Delivered Daniel."

Concerning their strength of reserve and resignation, out of the 500 or more of these songs that have been collected not one of them shows resentment or breathes revenge. This is particularly characteristic of the negro race. Speaking of this trait of negro music, Professor Work says:

"Another characteristic of the negro song is, as has been stated before, that it has no expression for bitterness, hatred or revenge. In these songs taught no other truth save that, they would be invaluable. That a race which had suffered and toiled as the negro has could positively love is strong evidence that it possesses a clear comprehension of the great in life and that it must have had experience in the fundamentals of Christianity. One shriek of hate would jar all of the hymns of heaven."

Best Show Negro Character

The character, therefore, of the negro is best expressed in music. But it is in the music as expressed in the negro folksongs that this character is best shown. Although these songs were sung for many generations on the plantation throughout the South, their charm, beauty and strength of character were not recognized until 1871, when Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., one of the first institutions for the higher education of the negro, sent out a consecrated group of young colored men and women properly to introduce these songs and leave it to the world to place its proper value upon them. It was an epoch-making tour, that of these Fisk Singers, because they were going on a tour the outcome of which they did not know. It was the first time that trained singers were going out to introduce to the public the music of their race, and they were willing to let the American public be the judge.

So on October 6, 1871, under the direction of Professor George White, the Fisk Singers began their tour. Their first stop was in Oberlin, Ohio, where the Councils of Congregational Churches were in session. The leaders of the church were there from every section of the country, and if the singers could get an op-

portunity their fame would be spread over the country. On the day that the singers arrived, states Professor Work, everything had gone wrong at the convention.

Objection to Their Singing

Permission was asked for the singers to sing, but the request was waved aside, but while the convention was debating the fact as to whether or not they should be heard they had stolen around to the gallery without any one seeing them.

All of a sudden there floated over that large convention hall the soft strains of "Steal Away to Jesus." A hush fell over the audience as the strains of that song floated over the hall.

There were pathos, harmony, sympathy in the song, because these were trained singers, and they made that vast audience, some of which represented New England culture, actually see the slaves stealing away to Jesus. The singers stopped, the convention cried for more, and from that moment to the present time no one has doubted the place that these songs have in American life. Professor George White, a Northern white man who had gone down to teach in the South, and himself a musician, had faith in this music, and when he saw this music receiving such a reception at its initial bow his faith redoubled.

Invited to New York

Fortunately for the Fisk Singers, Henry Ward Beecher, the noted preacher, then pastor in Brooklyn, was visiting that convention, and after he had heard the jubilee singers he arose in the midst of the convention and invited them to come to his church in Brooklyn. The singers started for the North with fear and trembling, because on whatever the New York critics said would depend the future of the songs. But the singers came, and came with faith in their music. Their coming had been widely heralded and a capacity audience greeted their first appearance in this section.

Professor White wanted to know what the New York newspapers had to say about the singers the next day, and when he looked for the comment, instead of ridicule there was praise, heralding the singers as a splendidly trained group of singers, who were bringing to America its own original music. They were

praised for their fine interpretation of their technique and for their deportment as well. The colored singers had won, and the success of their tour was assured.

After touring throughout America the Fisk Singers traveled throughout England and Europe, touching the heart of peasant and nobility with these American melodies. They sang before the King and Queen and brought to them in this music the story of the struggles of the American negro. While the singers were in England Dwight Moody was holding religious services in London, and he frequently used them to aid him in his services.

Queen Victoria Wept

Professor Work vividly describes the tour of the singers in these words:

"From 1871 to 1878 that company enjoyed one continuous ovation. New England crowded her largest building and paid liberally to hear them sing. Mr. White began to send back to Professor Spence hundreds of dollars to add to that one lonely dollar, to keep from having an empty treasury."

Professor Work tells how Queen Victoria wept before the songs of this band of singers from the South, and the reception they received from Lord Shaftesbury and other eminent men and women of England. They traveled with equal success in Germany and France. For eight years these singers toured the world, touching the hearts and consciences of people as they never were touched before, until, when they returned to Fisk University, they laid at the doors of their alma mater \$150,000, which went toward the erection of Jubilee Hall, a building that stands on the campus of that university, dedicated to negro music.

Jubilee Hall stands on the place where once a slave pen stood, and has inspired generations of students who have passed through that institution. That a company of singers could raise such an amount of money augurs for the beauty and charm as well as the value of the music. The tour of the original singers was followed by other groups of young men and women, and even to-day the Fisk Singers still travel the country, singing the songs of the American negro.

Fisk University Leads

Fisk University stands as the foremost exponent of this music in America. Other institutions like Hampton, Tuskegee, Atlanta University, Calhoun Institute and others throughout the South are teaching the students the beauty and value of the music. Hampton Institute stands next to Fisk University in its preservation. Professor Work gives as the reason for this that the State of Virginia is rich in folklore appreciation and that the colored people of the state take particular pride in saving this music. The Hampton Singers have done much to carry the power of this music to the world. Dr. Robert R. Moton, the principal of Tuskegee Institute, who for twenty-five years was the commandant at Hampton Institute, did much to get before the students of that institute the correct attitude toward these songs. Even in the public schools of the South the pupils are taught to love these songs. This change as it affects the public schools has come about within the past decade; it was not so when I was attending the public schools in South Carolina. The whole attitude toward this music has changed, and the country no longer looks upon it as something to be despised, but, on the other hand, as something to be revered.

Tributes From White Critics

Prominent white musicians have joined in paying tribute to negro music, as expressed in these melodies, and some idea of how they are regarded may be seen from the reception they get from an American audience when they are offered by white musicians. Mme. Schumann-Heink always includes in her repertoire several of the colored folk songs, which receive the same reception as the other numbers on the program. The annual recital of Kitty Cheatham, in which the entire program is made up of negro music, is looked forward to with delight by music lovers of this city. Walter Damrosch, one of the foremost authorities on music in America, in an article contributed to The Southern Workman, says the following of negro music: "But if proof positive of a soul of the negro people should be demanded it can be given, for they have brought over from Africa and developed in this country, even under the unfavorable conditions of slavery, a music so wonderful, so beautiful,

and yet so strange, that, like the rest, for we had 'spirituals' at a concert of the Society two years ago, once the admiration and despair of educated musicians of our race."

Mr. Krehbiel's Tribute

Henry E. Krehbiel, of The New York Tribune, has given the results of his study of the subject in a remarkable book on The Folksongs of the American Negro. It is an impartial tribute to the music of the negro and shows the fairness of the American people in allowing to the negro a just contribution to American art. Wherever this music is heard, one should think of the days in the negro's life when he relied upon these songs for comfort and strength, and how they were the only vehicles upon which he could rely to carry his message to a hostile world.

It is encouraging to see the attitude that is being taken toward this music, and I believe that through these songs many of the problems could be adjusted. The music is bound to become more the concern of the public, as the community song and the attempt to introduce music to every community is being stressed.

Perhaps the best testimony to this music is that after 300 years it still lives, gaining more in favor and earning the commendation of all classes and universally acclaimed as the original American music.

Appreciation of Negro Music

In a Christmas program full of wonderful music Dr. Damrosch gave place to two Negro Christmas "spirituals," arranged by Natalie Curtis Burlin from old melodies heard on St. Helena Island—"Dar's a Star in de Eas' on Christmas Mo'n" and "Mary Had a Baby." In speaking of the reception given these songs by the vast audience, Mr. Krehbiel, "the most authoritative music critic in America," says in the New York Tribune:—

"Despite the rude simplicity of the words and the incongruous blending of the refrain, 'De people keep a-comin' and de train done gone,' the effect was not at all humorous, but impressive, even electrifying. Indeed the last song aroused such enthusiasm that the audience, a numerous company and fine in character, refused to leave the hall until there was a repetition. It was a new experi-

ence, for we had 'spirituals' at a concert of the Society two years ago, beautifully and reconditely arranged by Mr. Burleigh, but Mr. Burlin made a good and convincing demonstration of the proper treatment of folk-songs of this character. How a good folk-song can be spoiled by too much sophistication was illustrated in the setting of the North Country number."

Natalie Curtis Burlin, who "is perhaps the most inspired folk-artist in America," has been working for many years with untiring zeal for the recognition of Negro art, and is much gratified that prominent musicians like Dr. Damrosch and Percy Grainger are now showing an appreciation of its value by including it in their programs.

NEGRO GRAND OPERA

SINGER POSSIBLE

It is rumored that Mr. Edward D. Stello, the wonderful Negro tenor singer of the Chu Chin Chow Company, has received a number of anonymous letters threatening to do him bodily harm if he signs the contract which recently was offered him to become the tenor soloist of the company next season. Mr. Stello doesn't seem much disturbed by because of the letters and states that he will not be influenced by them in any way.

It is supposed that the anonymous letters came from friends of one or two white members of the company who are prejudiced against the great Negro tenor, whom many critics have praised in the highest terms the past season.

Mr. Stello is a native of one of the West India Islands. While visiting the islands a year ago the owner of the Chu Chin Chow Company discovered Stello and immediately brought him to this country. Since his arrival in America Mr. Stello has attracted the attention of all the leading music lovers of New York and Boston. A few weeks ago a representative of one of the New York grand opera companies traveled two hundred miles to hear Mr. Stello sing, and there will be no great surprise among

his immediate friends if Mr. Stello spurns the contract offered him by the Chu Chin Chow people for next season and accepts a contract to become our first grand opera singer. Owing to the fact that he is light complexioned and of foreign birth it is probable that Mr. Stello, with his marvelous voice, will get the opportunity to become the first Negro singer in grand opera. —Washington Eagle

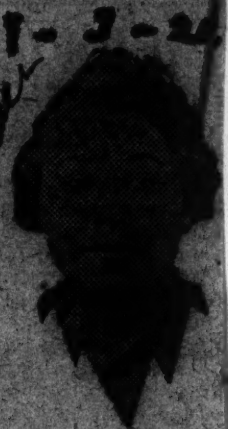
By Nora Douglas Holt

Florence Cole Talbert, a native of Detroit, Mich., was reared and educated in Los Angeles, Calif. Her mother, Mrs. Sallie Cole, was of the widely known Chandler family and herself a beautiful singer; a woman of great refinement, high ideals and Christian character. Her grandmother was the possessor of a high soprano voice and a member of the first Colored choir in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Talbert's first voice teacher was Gloria Mayne Windsor, after which she attended the College of Music at the University of Southern California, where she specialized in oratorio with Mrs. Rookhold-Robbins. During her graduating year she received a call to the Midland Concert Company on account of the sudden illness of their soprano. Thus the great career of this young woman began. While with this company she met her husband, Wendell P. Talbert, son of the late Rev. Horace Talbert of Wilberforce University, a graduate of that institution and an accomplished student at Oberlin. She then later severed her connections with the company and entered the Chicago Musical College where she won the diamond medal in the annual competition with other voice students. She has a high soprano voice of rare quality and has appeared in every large city in this country.

VOICE COMPOSER IS HONORED AT ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 21.—A star honor was conferred on Prof. Gerald Tyler, director of music at Southern High School here, by the white musical public, by the acceptance of music he wrote for the pageant. There were 300 young white people in the pageant, and it was attended by 10,000. The musical accompaniment to the pantomimic stage between Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf was especially composed by Mr. Tyler, and for which the white dailies paid him a high tribute. Prof. Tyler has been requested to direct the entire pageant to be given next year.



Mme. Talbert

A Wealth of Folk Melodies Available in Songs of the So-Called Creole Negroes

With France and Scandinavia bleeding for new folk songs, it is refreshing to know that our own United States is bristling with folk melodies. Many of them adaptations, but each of them telling a story of some phase of life peculiar to the people of our own country. Of these American folk songs, possibly because they are less hackneyed, none are more interesting than those of the so-called Creole negroes.

"Some of these songs are more than beautiful," says Edna Thomas, a New Orleans singer, who recently made her debut at one of the popular concert halls in this city. "Sung in the soft patois which the blacks made up out of the French and Spanish of their Creole masters, and in the eerie cadences of the full-throated negro voice, these songs carry a thrill that no other folk singing can equal. You don't have to read meanings into them. They are there for all who have ears to hear, for the soul history of the negro, from his nomadic life in Africa to his freedom from slavery in Louisiana, he has put into these songs."

Miss Thomas added that the word "Creole" in connection with these negro songs is misapplied.

"There are no Creole negroes, nor Creole Italians, nor Creole British, nor Creole any other kind of people but Creoles," she asserted. "To be a Creole you must be pure white, of French or Spanish descent, and you must have been born of gentlefolk in a certain part of Louisiana. The true home of the Creole is south of Lake Borgne, Lake Pontchartrain and Manchac, east of Bayou Teche and north of the Salt Marshes. New Orleans is in this region. French people born outside of this area in Louisiana are not Creoles. They are pretty apt to be Acadians. When we're in a hurry, or not particularly careful with our speech, we call them 'Cajans,' and let it go at that. A 'Cajan' born in the region I've just outlined would still be a 'Cajan,' not a Creole. There's no more reason for calling a negro born in New Orleans a Creole than there is in calling an Englishman born in Alaska a 'Things Indian.'"

"Always," she said, "the negroes in and around New Orleans have sung their own songs, or at least made rhythmic and more or less musical sounds which expressed their feelings and emotions. My grandfather used to tell me about the dances of the slaves on New Year's Day," she continued. "They had their own instruments—a drum made of a barrel with an ox-hide head on it and a rattle made of the jawbone of a mule. They

had a first and second musician. When the time for the dance came the first musician mounted the barrel and began to beat on its head with his hands and his feet and to sing as loud as he could. The second musician took the drum sticks and beat on the wood of the barrel, while a third man, with another stick, rattled on the teeth of the jawbone. I suppose this last man might be called the first violinist. Five or six other men stood near, and all of them sang a wild sort of harmony.

"Meantime the dancing was on. Usually not more than three or four couples danced at the same time to the same music. One phrase of the music would be repeated over and over for hours, always to the same air and always rhythmically punctuated by the beating of the drum.

"The dances were curious. In one called the *Caribine* the dancer took the *danceuse* by the hand and just whirled her round and round like a dervish, sometimes for an hour without stopping, while she waved a red bandana over her head and every body, including the dancer sang: 'Madame Gobar, en sortant de son lit, Madame Gobar, d'un lit d'été.' As Madame Gobar's 'lignon' was in tight kinks against her head there wasn't so very much danger of its tumbling, so it is to be presumed that the words for this dance song were borrowed from the white folks."

Another dance was called *Pou Chactas*. I've seen the negroes dance it myself. It is a little bit like the real Hawaiian *hula*, except that in this negro dance the woman keeps not only her feet but her hands as well, still. At first the man does all the work. He kneels on the ground, he makes terrible faces, twisting his mouth and eyes into horrible but oddly rhythmic grimaces. He waves his arms and writhes body, legs and arms till he looks like a great snake. The woman, after about an hour of this, wakes up and begins to take notice. She shakes herself, takes a handkerchief, holds it over her head, lowers it, wipes the face of her partner, and after him the faces of all the musicians, always keeping time to the music. That's all there is to that dance."

Speaking of the negro folk-songs which she herself sings so delightfully, Miss Thomas said that she had learned them all when she was a little girl.

"Nearly all Creole children who have an old family servant as a nurse are tutored to the tune of 'Missieu Mazureau,'" she said. "We were soaped while Mammy crooned about Missieu looking like a frog in the tub, and when it came to the 'douse, Calinda boudon, boudon!' we were doused up and down in the water to get the soap on."

"That song perpetuates the history of the proprietor of an unlicensed dance hall which was run down in St. Louis Street in the days of rather the nights of slavery. This man, 'Missieu Mazureau,' the 'Missieu' is the patois for monsieur—used to rent the hall to the negro slaves, and all sorts of orgies, including voodoo dances would be had. One night that

place was raided. Missieu, with a hundred or so negroes, all dressed up in the livery of their masters and mistresses, was arrested. The negroes made up the song, complete as it is now, while they and Missieu were being driven through the streets in the Black Maria. Missieu, who was fat, looked to them like a 'frog in a tub,' instead of the fine gentleman, 'cigar in bouche,' who had been the master of the dance hall.

"The Calinda dance song shows traces of the Antilles. It was a favorite dance of the darkies between the time of the Louisiana Purchase and the Mexican War. Some of their dance songs are their own words, which they have fitted to white men's music. There's one they still sing in the tune of the waltz from 'Faust,' which shows how well they can adapt the music of other lands to their own moods. It also shows the influence of the old French Opera House on Creole New Orleans, and through the Creoles, on their servants."

"Many of the songs tell of the sorrows of slavery, the separation of a mother from her children; of two sisters who have grown up together and who are sold to different masters. For all its duffy lightness, there's a note of heartbreak in the little 'Maman dit bon, Papa dit oul,' which Creole children are taught by their black mam-mies to sing. That song, in its entirety, is the story of a young octo-noon who was to be married to a quadroon man with whom she was very much in love. About the time planned for her marriage she, with her parents, was about to be sold to another master who wanted her to marry a black man on his estate. She wanted to marry her sweetheart and stay with her old master. Her father wanted her to have her way, but her mother wanted her to forget the young quadroon, who, bound to a master who had lost all his money, could never do anything for her. The sweethearts were parted and the girl became the wife of the black man who was owned by a rich master."

Miss Thomas has made a prolonged study of the folk-songs of all nations, and while she is partial to those of her own Creole land, she loves them all. When she was a very little girl she heard Patti sing "Comin' Through the Rye," and nothing that she has ever heard since has been any better sung. "To sing a folk-song well is the test of a singer," said Miss Thomas. "It is the simplicity and the purity of tone that make the song what it is. This is something that it seems to me most singers fail to realize when they are beginning their careers."

Miss Thomas returned a few weeks ago from France, where inside of two months she gave seventy concerts for the A. E. F. boys that were still overseas. She was the first American woman who still called the United States her home to make the trip from Paris to London in an airplane. "And I didn't get a thrill," she said. "It was most disappointing. Less me the patois for monsieur—used to rent the hall to the negro slaves, and all sorts of orgies, including voodoo dances would be had. One night that

During the recent craze in London for jazz, no one who was anyone ever listened to it, if he could possibly help it. A band that was not composed of men of color. White bands, of course, there were in plenty, and very good white bands, too, but somehow the music made by them did not seem quite the same thing. It was high spirited enough, but it lacked the snap, the sparkle, the irresistible abandon which carried you away and set you jazzing as if there were nothing else in the world that was really worth doing. Now what is the irresistible fascination, that syncopated rhythms undoubtedly possess for the negro mind? Why is it that it seems to have made jazz peculiarly its own, and to throw itself into it with such extraordinary gusto? A friend who has studied the matter in odd intervals explains it thus: Our modern ragtime originally came from South America, and worked its way upwards through the Southern states. In its original form it was brought there by the Spaniards. They, of course, had been influenced by the Moors, and these Moorish rhythms struck a sympathetic chord in the unconscious memory of the Negro, and carried him back to his native Africa. It was something akin to the music of his forefathers, the very music for which his being yearned. So he took it to his heart, worked it up, developed it, played it, and sang it with a zest which white folk may be able to imitate or assume, but which never somehow seems to fit them naturally.

In order to play jazz really well you must also be prepared to play the fool. Now, a white man, on the whole is far too self-conscious to play the fool really well, especially as he gets on in years. And it is the truth that you cannot play the fool self-consciously without making a fool of yourself. Do it naturally, with a sense of whole-hearted enjoyment, and all is well. A note of artificiality kills the fun of the whole thing. There is no note of artificiality in the fooling of a Negro band. No English man could do it half so successfully, for the reason that it would not come naturally to them to throw themselves into all sorts of quaint and grotesque attitudes the while they dashed off the furious music at lightning speed. The Negroes are real musicians, but this is the sort of music that appeals to them. It is, like Lindy's singing, "sweeter than the music of an educated band," and they are far more successful with it than they are with the "educated" pieces

And so it is, too, with their songs. Those which they obviously like the best, and consequently, sing the best, are their own Spirituals, in which the element of the childlike is so strongly marked. Songs such as "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho," and "It's Me, O Lord," have really very much in common with the songs of our own childhood, save, of course, that these are sacred, while ours are always secular. They have the same simplicity and the same almost meaningless inconsequence, but while we grow out of them the Negro does not. And they sing these artless songs with as much sincerity and delight as they display for the wildest rage, though, of course, with a strong appreciation of their mood.

TO CONDUCT CHORUS

The Progressive Choral society of Chicago, the largest organization of singers in the country, will present "Ester the Beautiful Queen," a sacred cantata, Monday, May 31, at 8:30 p. m. It will be remembered that this is the largest chorus of singers that has ever traveled in any part of the country and the first to sing at the University of Wisconsin at which place Prof. Jones and his singers received the praise of the Wisconsin musical critics. A selected number from the chorus will render the cantata. Priscilla Lee Mayo will play the part of Mordecai's sister. She is another one of Chicago's sweet sopranos and a student of Clemens A. Hutten, Chas. Marrs, one of Louisville's tenors will play the part of Mordecai. This cantata will be given at Abraham Lincoln Center, Oakwood, boulevard and Langley Avenue, Monday evening, May 31. Admission 50 cents, reserved seats 75 cents. For further information call Douglas 3332. Phil A. Jones, business manager, or call Sealey 2824. J. Wesley Jones, conductor. If you want to hear the story of Ester come to St. Paul's C. M. E. church Sunday, May 30, at 3 p. m.

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA MAY 8 1920

5000 Hear Negro Societies in Charlotte, North Carolina

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 16.—An audience that filled the city auditorium to the number of 5000 assembled on April 5 to hear the S. Coleridge-Taylor Oratorio Chorus and Orchestra of Biddle University, under the direction of Thomas A. Long, conductor, perform "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor. This was preceded by Harry T. Burleigh's arrangement of "Deep River" with Elizabeth Weeks Quinn as soloist, and "Listen to the Lambs," an elaborate choral work by B. Nathaniel Dett, director of music at Hampton Institute.

M. N. CLARK SMITH GIVEN GREAT OVATION AT WHITE SPARROW. The Sparrow Musical Numbers Highly Entertaining. A concert of unusual attractiveness was given under the auspices of the White Sparrows on last Sunday after-

The whole program was given by colored people and they again demonstrated the ability of their race along musical lines.

Major N. Clark Smith, musical director of the Lincoln High school of Kansas City and bandmaster and song leader of the high school cadets, U. S. A., gave a very interesting address on the "Elements of Negro Melody." Major Smith has traveled extensively in Africa and his address was listened to with great pleasure by the large audience of more than 5,000.

"Steal Away" Chorus.

The first musical number was an arrangement of "Steal Away" by Major Smith, sung by an octet composed of Ethel Bowmer and Aurora Brooks, soprano; Colleen Jones and Mattie Woods, altos; Shelton and Ernest Knox, tenors; George Mason and Emmett Burger, basses. This number was given a beautifully artistic rendition, the voices blending well and while we expect this particular song to be well sung by colored people, the reading of it yesterday afternoon was unusually good and brought forth much applause. Later in the program they sang two other great favorites, "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" and "Swanes River." The former made a fitting close to the afternoon program.

Pianists Pleasing.

Two pianists appeared, Clyde Le Roy Glass, a former West High graduate of the New England conservatory of music now instructor in Western University of Kansas City, Kan. Mr. Glass played a funeral march composed by Major Smith, displaying a fine musical intelligence and an excellent technique. The march was played with much dignity. Malcolm Griffith, a student at Drake conservatory, besides playing the accompaniments, played "The Scenes From an Imaginary Ballet" by the celebrated Negro composer Coleridge-Taylor. He gave a good account of himself and received liberal applause.

Prof. Clyde L. Glass, pianist, demonstrated the various themes discussed by Major Smith. An offering was taken for the memorial to the late Frederick Douglass, who Major Smith says gave him his first inspiration to make a scientific study of Negro folk music. This affair was arranged by Mrs. S. Joe Brown a trustee of the Frederick Douglass memorial committee, to which the proceeds from this went. Des Moines Register.

Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
FEBRUARY 7, 1920

Will Preserve and Cultivate the Music of the Colored Race

American Syncopated Orchestra Arouses Widespread Popular Interest in Melodies of the Southland During Tour in the Far West.—Will Marion Cook a Dominating Figure in the Organization

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—It is scarcely half a year since James R. Saville, the enterprising manager of musical organizations, took hold of the American Syncopated Orchestra and singers. It was at a time when the season had just about closed and Will Marion Cook, the conductor and master mind of the organization, was undetermined on his future public course. Mr. Saville saved the situation by taking charge of the management and while Mr. Cook was abroad re-organized the band and the singers and booked them extensively throughout the country, but particularly on the western coast in California. He came into Chicago last week and in glowing terms spoke not only of the work of the orchestra and singers, but of the unanimously cordial receptions which have been accorded to this organization throughout the far west. He spoke particularly of the number of concerts that he gave in San Francisco; there were three of these, always to capacity houses, the audiences averaging between four and seven thousand persons. He also had to give three concerts at Los Angeles at the Trinity Auditorium, and among other places that he visited with the orchestra and the singers were Oakland, Berkeley, where they played in the Greek Theater to 7000 persons; Fresno, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, San Luis Obispo, back to San Francisco, then another tournee through Palo Alto, San José, Sacramento and back to San Francisco. At Sacramento, Will Marion Cook returned from Europe and assumed the conductorship of the company. Since then they have been heard at Winnipeg and surrounding cities, coming east to Wyoming, Oregon, Nevada, Texas, Utah, and other states. The remainder of the tour is to be spent in St. Paul, Minn., for one week, in Minneapolis, another week, and at Indianapolis, the second week in February.

Recently the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers have been incorporated under state laws. The first clause in the incorporation papers has for its intent and purpose a significant object. The incorporators plan to preserve the music of the colored race and also to cultivate and improve it both vocally and instrumentally.

Will Marion Cook, who remains at the head of this body, is a well-known composer, some of whose songs and arrangements of Spirituals, have gained him country-wide celebrity. He is a gifted musician, magnetic personality, and a

fine leader of men. The concerts have been received by the general public with unalloyed pleasure and enjoyment.

A Grand Musical Treat At St. Paul A. M. E. Church, Monday Evening, June 21st At 8:15 p. m.

Miss Georgia Harvey, Contralto Singer of the Day. Fourteen years abroad. St. Louis most favorite product. Will be assisted by the following artists: Olive Smith, Blanche Grigby, Theodora Hall, Accompanist.

No seats reserved. General Admission, 50 cents.

Under the auspices of Pastor's Aid and C. C. C. Clubs.

C. A. WILLIAMS, Pastor



WINFIELD, KANSAS.
The sad news of the death of Charles Tremaine Wood, of Parsons, came as quite a shock to the Winfield people last week. Charles was born and reared in this city. He was a graduate of the Winfield High school and of the music department of Southwestern college. He was the composer of several beautiful selections and had just completed several more when death called him.

Those who attended the Charles T. Wood funeral at Parsons were Mrs. C. A. Nichols, Mr. E. L. Nichols, Mrs. Nettie Walton, Mrs. Pearl Harding, Mrs. John Barry, Mr. J. W. Jackson, Mrs. W. A. Wright and Mrs. J. E. Brown.

Mr. Frank Brown, of Arkansas City, and Mr. Guy Ashins, of Oxford, visited in the city last Sunday.

Rev. Felton Leith, the new pastor of the Second Baptist church, is moving to the city this week.

Miss Jodel Montgomery is on the sick list.

The W. H. and F. M. circle will meet Friday afternoon in the basement of the Second Baptist church and will be served by Mr. G. L. Cochran.

PROVIDENCE R. I. EVE NEWS
FEBRUARY 4, 1920

A Colored Composer

J. R. Johnson, the colored composer, singer and pianist, who is at the E. F. Albee Theatre this week with his five entertainers, was formerly of the team of Cole and Johnson, for many years popular vaudeville headliners and stars of such musical comedies as "The Red Moon" and others. He wrote a number of the biggest song hits of recent years, and was the originator of the syncopated music that was the forerunner of the present day jazz. Among the best known compositions of the popular team are "Under the Bamboo Tree," "The Congo Love Song," "Lazy Moon," "Nobody's Lookin' but the Owl and the Moon," "The Malden with the Dreamy Eyes," "Mandy Let Me Be Your Beau," "My Castle on the Nile," "The Big Red Shawl," "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," and hundreds of others. An entire new batch of song hits has been written by Mr. Johnson for his current vaudeville tour.

WILL COOK OUSTED
FROM SYNCOPATED
ADVOCATE 5-22

LONDON, Eng., May 17.—The famous Syncopated Orchestra, which came here from the United States several months ago, composed of Colored Americans, has had some internal strife, and as a result George W. Latimer, manager, has secured an injunction restraining Will Marion Cook, the well known Colored composer, who came over as a member, from using the name of the orchestra, or any name similar to it.

Mr. Hayes appeared in his second London recital at Wigmore Hall on October 28, giving a program which included Italian and French songs, English songs by Coleridge-Taylor, Burleigh and Gerald Tyler, and Negro Spirituals by Burleigh, Dett, Lawrence B. Brown (Mr. Hayes' accompanist), and Mr. Hayes himself. On December 4th Mr. Hayes is booked to sing at the Crystal Palace, London, in Hiawatha's Wedding Feast (Coleridge-Taylor), and on January 11th he is to sing the same work in two recitals at Plymouth, England.

He sang at the Winter Garden, Bournemouth, England, on August 11th and September 1st, and was so successful that a return engagement was made for an October appearance, and for an appearance at Eastbourne. Mr. Hayes has made additions to his repertoire of pearance at Eastbourne.

Mr. Hayes has made additions to his repertoire of French and English songs and writes that he will soon begin work upon Russian songs.

His advent into Africa appears to be imminent. An impresario at Cape Town, South Africa, has written offering an engagement calling for a tour of ten South African cities during January and February, including Capetown, Durban (Natal) and Johannesburg. Mr. Hayes will give a definite reply within a few days, he writes.

Lawrence B. Brown, the young American Negro pianist who went to England with Mr. Hayes as his accompanist, continues to win the admiration and commendation of the British music critics by his excellent work.

Funds for Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga., are to be raised in Boston by means of a presentation of the Negro pageant, "The Open Door," which has been so successfully presented in Atlanta and Savannah, Ga. The Boston production will include a chorus of one hundred or more voices under leadership of Edward Boatner, the fine young baritone, and the orchestra will be directed by Clarence Cameron White, violinist.

Mrs. J. Dellinger Barney (Margaret Higginson) is chairman of the committee of patronesses, and the performance will be held in Symphony Hall on November 16. The pageant, portraying the rise of the Negro race, was written by Mrs. Alice Holdship Ware, wife of Edward A. Ware, president of the Atlanta University, and it is being staged and directed by Miss Gertrude Ware, president Ware's sister.

Mme. E.A. Hackley Gives Some Comments on Negro Music

The New York Age 8-14-20

I am giving my column this week to a letter written to the Editor of The New York Age by Mme. E. Azalia Hackley, in which letter she gives voice to some incidental comments on the National Association of Negro Musicians; but more specifically does she refer to her own work in connection with the development of appreciation for the Negro Folk Song.

Whether one is in agreement with Madame Hackley or not, certainly her ideas and opinions are always interesting. In this case, her letter is given without comment, since she goes so exhaustively into the subject.

Her reference to a situation in Detroit which shows an outcropping of race prejudice is surprising. I am anxious to hear further from Mrs. Hackley concerning the outcome of the matter. It hardly seems possible that a public auditorium in Michigan would bar its doors to the members of any particular race group, and especially after a contract has been entered into and obligations assumed on the strength of that contract.

The recent session of the National Association of Negro Musicians proved to be interesting, and it is more than probable that time will prove its usefulness as well. A number of matters have developed since the convention's adjournment which are entitled to comment, but they will have to await future opportunity.

"Musical America" of August 7 carried an account of the session, written, I thought, by Cleveland G. Allen, but ascribed by the magazine to "Clarence" G. Allen. This, of course, was clearly a typographical error, and I am going to be charitable enough to assume that the mass of inaccuracies and errors which filled the article are also typographical and not to be blamed on Mr. Allen. I won't suggest, however, though the suggestion may be a work of supererogation, that my fellow-scribe would be justified in asking for the privilege of examining the proofsheets of his articles before he allows them to go to press.

In last week's column I referred to the work of Eugene Mars Martin, the 16-year-old violin prodigy (not 12 years, as has been printed in another journal), and I took occasion to suggest that it is time he should be getting the benefit of more expert and advanced training. I am informed by Mrs. Martin, his mother, that his present teacher is Conrad C. Held of the faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, New York City, of which school Mr. Held is a graduate. He is also a post-graduate, having taken the teacher's post course, and he is a member of the examining board which tests the qualifications of would-be entrants into the Damrosch school.

Mr. Held is said to have been largely responsible for the development of

of Negro Music or Negro musical uplift, I would never have believed it. When I think of the humiliations that I have suffered and the scorn I have endured from some of our Negro Musicians during the past several years in my effort to dignify and advance Negro Music, I can hardly believe that at last Negro Musicians are proud of Negro Music.

Being a Musical Missionary to the Negro race has been a mighty lonesome life. Few local musicians have helped and some have been downright mean. If Negro Music had been leprosy it could not have been more severely let alone by some of our representative Negro musicians. Then, too, it was sometimes classed as a form of Jim Crowism. As if real music had race color! Some local musicians even went so far as to publish that "they taught the music of the great masters", in order to belittle Negro Music. (Thank heaven we have at least a Negro great master, R. Nathaniel Dett, so let us teach Dett's Music!)

In spite of the continual warfare about Negro Music, I am proud to say that in every effort success has followed my individual promotion of Negro Music although often without the help of many of the local "so-called" leading musicians.

I often wonder how some of these leading Negro Musicians and choir masters can look Mr. Dett and other Negro composers of reputation in the face when they have done so little to encourage Negro composition and the sale of published compositions. It is never too late to do good so we will all jump in the Negro-Music Band Wagon and "sell" Negro Music with all our strength. Now, we will hear choirs singing anthems by Dett and other Negro composers. How grand!

As for a pianist, who could or would play Dett's Suite including "Juba" which Percy Granger is now featuring? I have actually worn out two copies from carrying them around for years with the vain hope that the music might be played frequently especially in the large cities. No such luck! Now that white artists and white conservatory students are studying "In the Bottoms" Suite, we will be sure to hear and popularize "Juba". Hurray!

The following is the letter from Mme. Hackley:

By E. AZALIA HACKLEY

I suppose the second annual convention of Negro Musicians was great! How I should have enjoyed hearing the various reports of the work accomplished during the past year.

The invitation to read a report of "My Itinerant Community Work" came too late, besides there is too much to tell in a report. The assignment has given me an idea. I think I shall write and publish my Folk Song Experiences.

It must have been a wonderfully inspiring sight to see Negro Musicians actually working in harmony. How sorry I am that my worn-out aching feet prevented the rare privilege of witnessing this much to be desired union. If anybody had told me, even two years ago, that Negro Musicians would unite for anything, much less the cause

of Negro Music or Negro musical uplift, I would never have believed it. When I think of the humiliations that I have suffered and the scorn I have endured from some of our Negro Musicians during the past several years in my effort to dignify and advance Negro Music, I can hardly believe that at last Negro Musicians are proud of Negro Music.

Being a Musical Missionary to the Negro race has been a mighty lonesome life. Few local musicians have helped and some have been downright mean. If Negro Music had been leprosy it could not have been more severely let alone by some of our representative Negro musicians. Then, too, it was sometimes classed as a form of Jim Crowism. As if real music had race color! Some local musicians even went so far as to publish that "they taught the music of the great masters", in order to belittle Negro Music. (Thank heaven we have at least a Negro great master, R. Nathaniel Dett, so let us teach Dett's Music!)

In spite of the continual warfare about Negro Music, I am proud to say that in every effort success has followed my individual promotion of Negro Music although often without the help of many of the local "so-called" leading musicians. I often wonder how some of these leading Negro Musicians and choir masters can look Mr. Dett and other Negro composers of reputation in the face when they have done so little to encourage Negro composition and the sale of published compositions. It is never too late to do good so we will all jump in the Negro-Music Band Wagon and "sell" Negro Music with all our strength. Now, we will hear choirs singing anthems by Dett and other Negro composers. How grand!

As for a pianist, who could or would play Dett's Suite including "Juba" which Percy Granger is now featuring? I have actually worn out two copies from carrying them around for years with the vain hope that the music might be played frequently especially in the large cities. No such luck! Now that white artists and white conservatory students are studying "In the Bottoms" Suite, we will be sure to hear and popularize "Juba". Hurray!

The following is the letter from Mme. Hackley:

I suppose the second annual convention of Negro Musicians was great! How I should have enjoyed hearing the various reports of the work accomplished during the past year.

The invitation to read a report of "My Itinerant Community Work" came too late, besides there is too much to tell in a report. The assignment has given me an idea. I think I shall write and publish my Folk Song Experiences.

It must have been a wonderfully inspiring sight to see Negro Musicians actually working in harmony. How sorry I am that my worn-out aching feet prevented the rare privilege of witnessing this much to be desired union. If anybody had told me, even two years ago, that Negro Musicians would unite for anything, much less the cause

of Negro Music or Negro musical uplift, I would never have believed it. When I think of the humiliations that I have suffered and the scorn I have endured from some of our Negro Musicians during the past several years in my effort to dignify and advance Negro Music, I can hardly believe that at last Negro Musicians are proud of Negro Music.

Being a Musical Missionary to the Negro race has been a mighty lonesome life. Few local musicians have helped and some have been downright mean. If Negro Music had been leprosy it could not have been more severely let alone by some of our representative Negro musicians. Then, too, it was sometimes classed as a form of Jim Crowism. As if real music had race color! Some local musicians even went so far as to publish that "they taught the music of the great masters", in order to belittle Negro Music. (Thank heaven we have at least a Negro great master, R. Nathaniel Dett, so let us teach Dett's Music!)

In spite of the continual warfare about Negro Music, I am proud to say that in every effort success has followed my individual promotion of Negro Music although often without the help of many of the local "so-called" leading musicians. I often wonder how some of these leading Negro Musicians and choir masters can look Mr. Dett and other Negro composers of reputation in the face when they have done so little to encourage Negro composition and the sale of published compositions. It is never too late to do good so we will all jump in the Negro-Music Band Wagon and "sell" Negro Music with all our strength. Now, we will hear choirs singing anthems by Dett and other Negro composers. How grand!

As for a pianist, who could or would play Dett's Suite including "Juba" which Percy Granger is now featuring? I have actually worn out two copies from carrying them around for years with the vain hope that the music might be played frequently especially in the large cities. No such luck! Now that white artists and white conservatory students are studying "In the Bottoms" Suite, we will be sure to hear and popularize "Juba". Hurray!

The following is the letter from Mme. Hackley:

I suppose the second annual convention of Negro Musicians was great! How I should have enjoyed hearing the various reports of the work accomplished during the past year.

The invitation to read a report of "My Itinerant Community Work" came too late, besides there is too much to tell in a report. The assignment has given me an idea. I think I shall write and publish my Folk Song Experiences.

It must have been a wonderfully inspiring sight to see Negro Musicians actually working in harmony. How sorry I am that my worn-out aching feet prevented the rare privilege of witnessing this much to be desired union. If anybody had told me, even two years ago, that Negro Musicians would unite for anything, much less the cause

I look over the list of officers and members of the National Association of Negro Musicians. I am wondering who will sacrifice the most for Negro musical uplift. Will it be he? Will it be she? I ask myself, as I scan the names.

I can say from my own experience that if each officer and member would devote just one month to some community for musical uplift of some sort, they would be surprised at the musical and financial results.

Wherever I may be I will be so happy to know that the National Association of Negro Musicians is "on the job." Time alone will tell how God speeds its work.

KNOW THYSELF!

An Admonition to the New Negro.

(In the key of "Hiawatha.")

I.

If the average Negro only were acquainted with his history; knew the truth of his ancestors, knew the greatness of black people; his would be a loftier manhood. He would meet the boasting white man; with his head up, proud, courageous, for he'd feel his own importance in the world and its achievement.

II.

But alas, his way of thinking has been shaped by Anglo-Saxons through their books and moving pictures. Their newspapers, Church and customs. All of these are used for spreading made-to-order news and science; built to fit the selfish purpose of the white race, first and always.

III.

Thus the little Negro school boy reads of "savages" and "head-men"; slavery and "half-child" people, "vicious blacks" and "backward races." Then he learns of great white nations of their past and present glories, of their intellect and prowess and their noble, "God-like" virtues.

IV.

Till the dusky, heart-sick student comes to loathe and hate his color, learns to feel himself inferior and to view white skins with reverence. Thus the victim grows to manhood; robbed of pride and self-reliance, made a slave of cant, and lacking purpose and initiative.

V.

Just as prejudiced as white men, sharing all their color hatred, he, himself a segregator, still condoning segregation. To him, any race endeavor seems unworthy, vain and fruitless.

Unless viewed by Anglo-Saxons, with full favor and approval. So the Negro doubts the Negro. Treats his own kind with suspicion. Helps to keep his race divided. Blindly holds himself in bondage.

VI.

O, black people! cease your sleeping—Get you out the road of folly, Stop and think you of the future; For your children's sake, awaken! Learn this alien education; Which disheartens and divides you, For division is your weakness, Is the cause of your condition.

VII.

Seek the books of Negro scholars, Read their magazines and papers, Learn the truth of darker peoples. Know their past and present greatness. For the knowledge of your own kind will restore your hope and courage; Spur you on to greater efforts And will abate you to your freedom.

BY NORA DOUGLAS HOLT

Kemper Harreld, known the country over as a concert violinist, popular also as a teacher of violin and as chorus director, was born and reared in Muncie, Ind. From his youth he was a musical prodigy. His talent first manifested itself in song; so much so that under the tutelage of Miss Nannie C. Love, who was in charge of the public school music, he soon became known as the boy singer. However, the violin had early fallen into his hands, and while singing he was also after his boy fashion making rich tones on the violin, becoming in a short time at least a fiddler.

Following his bent, Mr. Harreld took special studies in his home town and then in Indianapolis. From Indianapolis he entered the Chicago Musical College and studied violin under Ohlbeiser, theory under Maryott and Fink, and composition under Borowski. Mr. Harreld's next studies were pursued under Frederick Fredericksen, a celebrated violinist from the Royal College of Music in London. Three years of hard work with Fredericksen gave Mr. Harreld a much finer touch, higher technique and greater confidence in himself.

Meantime he had become well known in America as one of the leading violinists. To the laity he was already perfect in technique, harmony, and those points of excellency for which musicians so eagerly and so sedulously strive.

Morehouse College in Atlanta, Ga., was among the institutions to invite Mr. Harreld to become a member of their teaching staff. Atlanta being a field of rare possibility, due to the high intellectual standard, Mr. Harreld became a teacher of music at Morehouse, and established a studio on Tenth street in the city.



Kemper Harreld

Here in Atlanta Mr. Harreld has a exceedingly busy life. As teacher of private pupils he takes every minute of his spare time. As a chorus director he, with his chorus, is constantly in demand. He has developed an orchestra for Morehouse, an orchestra of from eighteen to twenty-three members, picked from a student body of never more than four hundred and fifty students. Biggest of all, Mr. Harreld has a choir chorus of three hundred voices, a chorus which is made of choirs from twenty-eight churches. When Billy Sunday preached in Atlanta this chorus was increased to fifteen hundred voices, who sang to an audience of seventeen thousand.

Dear as these honors are, Mr. Harreld has not decided to rest on what he already knows and can do. Busy as he is with his regular music at Morehouse, with private pupils, chorus less, steals time here and there for intense study and observation. The year 1914, for example, found him stealing away to study in Berlin. Unhappily, the war broke forth during his stay in Berlin, and he and Mrs. Harreld were held by the German government for twenty-five days, before they were allowed to leave for America.

Since that time, owing to disturbances everywhere, Mr. Harreld has not returned to Europe to study. He has traveled, however, in England, Holland and in nearly every part of the United States. His studies have during his work at Morehouse taken a practical turn, going into Negro music and its possibilities.

Mr. Harreld was married on June 11, 1913, to Miss Claudia White, daughter of the famous Dr. W. J. White of Augusta. They have one child, a daughter, Josephine Eleanor, who is 5 years of age.

Next issue N. Clark Smith, Kansas City, Mo.

WHEN AFRICA AWAKES.

By Bruce Grit

When Africa awakes,
And stretches forth her hand
To God the Lord of all the earth,
The friend of finite men,
The sons of God their peace will break
When Africa awakes.

Her sable, tawny sons
Will bring their offering
Of gold and myrrh and frankincense,
While myriad angels sing,
"Peace upon earth, a child is born,
Hosannah to our King,
When Africa awakes.

And Princes, too, shall come
From Egypt's mystic sands,
To praise his name, and welcome home
This faithful patient band
Of the black sons of God our Lord,
Gathered from many lands,
When Africa awakes.

Oh, Africa, awake
And sound the jubilee!
The day is near, thy course is won,
Thou, Africa, are free.
Stretch forth thine hand to God our Lord,
And shout thy jubilee,
Oh, "Africa, for Thee!"

By Nora Douglas Holt
The Progressive Choral Society presentation of the "Negro in Music" at Orchestra hall Friday evening, Nov. 25, promises to be a notable event. They have prepared not only to portray the originality of the Negro, but also the beautiful crooning tones and the imaginative powers displayed in the early music of the Negro, but will also show how he has woven these selections into wonderful anthems and later his development by presenting compositions by the masters.

Mr. Jones and his chorus are to be commended for bringing to Chicago Melville Channing of Brooklyn, the first of the race to become a member of the A. A. G. O. (Associate of the American Guild of Organists) and the great-est, both artist and musician, presented here since Coleridge Taylor and Harry Burleigh. On the same program appears one of our greatest soprano soloists, Mme. Anita Patil Brown; the well known violinist, David Johnson of Milwaukee, and the accomplished pianist, Mrs. Mildred Bryant Jones. The critics have been invited and anticipate being present. The musical at the Appomattox Club Sunday afternoon, under the direction of Dr. Dickerson and Charles Elgar was an enjoyable affair and well attended. Mr. Elgar gave brief explanations of various numbers on the

program, which included selections by Harrison Emmanuel, noted violinist, accompanied by Mrs. Trice; Hugh Buchanan accompanied by Miss Dickerson, and several trios for violin, piano and cello, excellently done by Mr. Elgar and Mr. and Mrs. Dehmer. The Chicago Music Association will have their monthly musical afternoon Sunday, Dec. 5, program announced the coming week. Mrs. Chas. Steele of the Cruthers School of Music was to have talked to the children, but she will appear Jan. 2 instead, when a children's program will be presented.

Mrs. Martha B. Anderson sends greetings to musical friends from Pine Bluff, Ark.

The Wiley University department of music held the first of a series of recitals Oct. 27 with the following participants: Mrs. Lucille D. Teycer, pianist; Dorman Bruce, violinist; N. Edward Dennis, baritone and head of the music department, and the Misses McCoy, Whittaker and Wyatt, accompanists. A most imposing program was rendered, including master works by Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Chopin and Spolowski.

BOSTON MASS ADVERTISER
MAY 16, 1920

"BLUES" SAID TO BE OF NEGRO ORIGIN

"Do you know what the blues are?" asks Along Broadway, the Edison magazine. "If you do, you know more than a lot of folks who think they know about music."

"W. C. Handy of the music publishing firm of Pace & Handy knows what they are. He was born 'way down in Alabama, where everybody knows what they are. Handy wasn't born long enough ago to remember slavery days, but he had many times heard the bands of cotton pickers sing their 'blues' and he had sung with them. He had listened to the negro plowman on his way home to his little cabin from a day's work chanting some strange lamentation that had for its words, 'Hurry sun down, let tomorrow come.' It was the expression of a subconscious hope that tomorrow would bring more joy than the day just closing. From this thought Handy composed one of his great successes, 'The Saint Louis Blues,' which begins with the words, 'I hate to see the evening sun go down.'"

"The origin of the 'blues' is shrouded in mystery. Who can say but that these plaintive heart songs were chanted way back in Africa in the days when the black man had a kingdom of his own."

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
OCTOBER 30, 1920

Christine Langenhan Entertained by Tuskegee Students After Recital

Christine Langenhan, on her Southern tour, recently gave a song recital at Tuskegee Institute, when she had to repeat five numbers, among them Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," which she sang first in Bohemian and then in English. On the day following her recital she was entertained by the famous colored choir of Tuskegee Institute, which sang for her a number of their Negro spirituals and folk songs.

The National Association of Negro Musicians in Session

New York Age 8/7/20

The National Association of Negro Musicians concluded its second annual session on Thursday evening, July 29, with a recital which included vocal and instrumental numbers, by local and visiting musicians, for which a charge of fifty cents was made for admission. On preceding nights of the convention, that is, on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, recitals had been given for which no charge was made. The large audiences which attended the free concerts had much the best of it, the program on Thursday night not being up to the standard of the other nights.

Considerable confusion attended the arranging of the programs, I am told, the local committee and the national body's officials not seeming to be able to get together on a common ground of understanding. Evidence of this was seen in the failure of Hazel Harrison, pianist, to appear as programmed on the first night, as mentioned in this column last week, though the blame for this *fiasco* has not yet been accepted by any particular official, so far as I can learn. It seems more and more evident that some official of the body was to blame, as no one could say that Hazel Harrison had accepted an invitation or given her promise to be present.

Others who were to appear at some particular time found themselves shunted from one period to another, and not all of them took this treatment in good grace. Some artists programmed did not appear at all, though present, and others, billed for one appearance, appeared several times, according to statements made to me.

The business sessions were held during the day on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and many matters of vital interest to members of the association were considered during that time. Mr. Martin, president of the New York local organization, emphasized the statement that reports of the sessions were to be given in full by one of the local music magazines and urged members to buy copies of that particular publication. I am rather curious to see just what amount of publicity this magazine published by a white company will give to so important a gathering as that of the National Negro Musical Association. At any rate, Mr. Martin won his spurs as an enthusiastic booster for the afore-referred-to-journal.

Although unable, by reason of office duties to attend the day sessions on Tuesday and Wednesday, I am told that one of the most important and valuable conferences during the convention was conducted by Mrs. Florence Cole-Talbert on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Talbert was in charge of the Artists' Conference, and five subjects were taken up for consideration and discussion by those present.

The first discussion came over a presentation by Mrs. Daisy Tapley of New York of the proposition to "Discuss the word 'Artist' as applied to Musicians." Dissertations on this matter by various members of the body were most interesting, I am told. Mrs. Martha B. Anderson of Chicago, Ill., presented the question, "What is the tendency of the average student regarding the fundamentals of music?" "The advantages of a

this composition Mr. White has essayed faults in the work that need attention into a field seldom cultivated, and, so before they are perpetuated by the past, far as my knowledge goes, he is these years. Bowing and fingering of the first colored composer making the efforts are easily retained unless corrected long way to go to get a title for a tempt. In speaking of the effort, Mr. in youthful days. I hope, too, that modern opera; but judging from the White said he cherished no illusions Mr. and Mrs. Martin will not allow music of the scene rendered Thursday regarding the Quartet, but he had in his musical education to interfere with night, he ought go a little further and mind to show the possibilities of the his literary training. This remark is simply a thought of the moment, as Eugene may be a steady and regular student, with high school and collegiate inclination, and in that case not needing any advice along that line. It is in my mind, however, that some sort of a vagrant rumor has reached me to the effect that he is engaged in teaching music while pursuing further his violin studies. I feel sure, however, that his parents will not be that shortsighted and of this I am more certain since I do not believe it to be an economic necessity.

This he has succeeded in doing. It was fortunate that the musician first attempting so ambitious an effort should be so well qualified. Thoroughly grounded in the theory and technique of music, he is also possessed of such intellectual and esthetic equipment as enables him to comprehend and encompass the classic requirements of such an endeavor. Certainly the beauty of this composition will be enhanced with a rendition following a more extended period of preparation, but the men performing on this first hearing are to be accorded thanks for their unselfishness in giving of their best efforts and praise for the really meritorious manner in which they gave the reading under such adverse conditions.

Wednesday night's program was given before an audience that taxed the capacity of the auditorium. To me, this night's program was one of considerable interest, as it gave me a chance to hear for the first time, the voice of that much-praised and widely heralded Philadelphia girl, Marian Anderson, contralto. Her singing was a surprise—not entirely from the artistry of her work, for there remains something yet to be done before she has attained full stature in an artistic way—but from the sheer, natural glory of her voice. I have heard some wonderful contraltos, but not yet has there come within my ken such an organ as this girl possesses.

It is impossible for me to write calmly and dispassionately concerning her singing as heard last week, and before I write otherwise there must be an absolute certainty in my mind that it is justified. Wednesday night in the Age office is "go-to-press" night, and it was late before I could get to the concert. Miss Anderson's first number had been given, including the Tschalkowsky aria, "Adieu, forests," and Nathaniel Dett's "Somebody's Knocking at the Door." She sang again towards the end of the program, and on Thursday evening, at the very end of that night's long and rather tiresome program, she was unexpectedly called into service again.

Some of the other numbers on Wednesday night were songs by Miss Ravella Hughes, soprano, who gave the "Caro Nome" song from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and two of Dett's art songs, "Magic Moon of Molten Gold," and "A Thousand Years Ago," and violin solos by Eugene Mars Martin, who played Zigeunerweisen (Gipsy airs), Sarasate's *Tambourin Chinois*, Kreisler's *Variazioni* (Corelli), Tartini-Kreisler.

Young Martin's playing emphasized the long-acknowledged fact that he is a young prodigy. He is possessed of talent that enables him to play with an ability far beyond his years. But it is time now that he should be getting the benefit of more expert and advanced training. He will soon, in age, be past the youthful stage, and there are some

Pompeii" dealing with the affairs of Nydia, the blind slave girl, and *Glauco*, the wealthy Athenian. It was rather a long way to go to get a title for a modern opera; but judging from the music of the scene rendered Thursday night, he ought go a little further and find a score with some merit. The singers composing the quartet were Minnie Brown, soprano; Daisy Tapley, contralto; Charles H. Waters, tenor; Garfield W. Tarrant, baritone; and Mr. Freeman presided at the piano.

I wish I could say something nice about the scene—or cycle, as was written on the program furnished me. The best I can say is that it was an ambitious effort on the part of the composer. Perhaps continued effort might bring some worthwhile accomplishment, but it is not kind to offer such vicarious encouragement.

The singers did the best they could, but their efforts were hampered by the limitations and faults of the score.

The folks went away with a good taste in their mouths, however, for Marian Anderson sang two songs for them as a closing number.

The National Association of Negro Musicians has as one of its principal objects the raising of funds to provide scholarships for talented but needy students of music. Last year's fund was voted to Miss Marion Anderson of Philadelphia, the young contralto, and it is worthy of note that the help was well bestowed. Her home city, Philadelphia, showed its appreciation by adding liberally to the association fund, or rather by additional gifts. I do not know whether the 1920 fund has been voted or not. There have been a number of rumors around concerning the proposed beneficiary, and there has been considerable adverse comment as a result of these rumors. It is hardly within my province, and still less is it in my inclination, to deal with rumors, nor is it my affair as to whom the association chooses to help with its funds. But I do know some of the really talented ones who are really deserving, with neither friends or economically independent relatives to assist in meeting the expense of a musical education.

And it is entirely my privilege to say that the association ought examine carefully into the merits of applicants for benefits under the scholarship funds, since these funds are largely given by people who are not much better off financially than some of the students they want to help. One of the young musicians I have in mind at this time in Marion Cymbo, a young cellist. My attention was attracted to him several years when I was engaged as organist and choir-master at St. David's P. E. Church in the Bronx. One evening some of the teachers from Riverdale Orphan Asylum came to St. David's bringing some of the orphan children to appear in a concert. Marion was one of these children, and even then it struck me that he was exceptionally talented. It was a long time before I saw him again, and then he was being instructed by Miss Minnie Brown, who, out of the goodness of her heart, was doing what she could to help him.

Marion finally, through Miss Brown's efforts, succeeded in attracting the atten-

son of Willeke, the famous cellist, both nominally being or having been pupils of Willeke, and became one of his private pupils at a greatly reduced rate. This connection with Willeke caused a statement to be made during a session of the National Association last week which was misleading. It is declared by some of Marion's friends. I didn't hear the statement, but it is alleged that the statement inferred that Marion was a protégé of his teacher, Willeke, and that his future was accordingly provided for. I have been asked to publish the following note in order that this wrong impression may be removed.

Dear Mr. White:

May I correct an erroneous impression caused by a misunderstanding of a statement made Thursday night concerning Marion Cumbo's future? The statement was that Mr. Willeke, cello teacher, was taking care of Marion's present instruction and was providing for his future. This unintentional statement presents a condition just the contrary to the accepted fact.

Marion Cumbo first took private lessons from Mr. Willeke and paid for each lesson. Last fall he entered the Institute of Musical Art and paid that institution the required amount of money, with Willeke continuing as his teacher. Cumbo has paid out of his own earnings for his instruction and is now working daily and doing extra jobs nightly, trying to get money together to make the first payment for his entrance at the Institute in the fall.

He is absolutely dependent upon himself, is an orphan, with none to assist him. Thanking you for the courtesy,

MINNIE BROWN.

Another worthy candidate whose claims deserve the utmost consideration is Miss Lydia Mason, a young pianist of great promise. I shall speak of her at greater length in the near future.

Among the musicians in attendance upon the association was William L. King of Philadelphia, one of the youngest of the Quaker City's pianists and one of the most accomplished. He played the accompaniments for Mrs. Florence Cole-Talbert on Tuesday night and for Miss Marian Anderson and Miss Ravella Hughes on Wednesday and Thursday nights. He has been organist at the Church of the Crucifixion, but I understand that he is entering upon a new work with the beginning of August.

The election of officers of the National Association was held on Thursday, and while considerable interest was shown, there was no particular opposition to any of the officers. An attempt was made to supplant President Grant, and Clarence Cameron White was named as his opponent. The result was fairly close and indicated that if any studied effort had been made Mr. White might have been elected. But there was a kind of lukewarmness about the support accorded him which militated against his success. Deacon Johnson, as treasurer, was opposed by R. F. Douge, a clarionet

It was unanimously voted to hold the next session of the National Association at Nashville, Tenn., where both Fisk University and Walden College have offered free entertainment under certain conditions.

A concert designed to show the work of the students in the various departments of the Martin-Smith School will be given at Mother Zion church Monday evening, August 9, 1920. Many novel musical numbers will be featured by soloists as well as ensemble aggregations. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to be present. No admission will be charged.

LATTIMORE WINS SUIT ON BROKEN CONTRACT

George W. Lattimore, proprietor of the Southern Syncoated Orchestra, as it is known in England, where it has been playing for some time, but which was formerly known as the New York Syncoated Orchestra, has been awarded a judgment of 1,733 pounds, or approximately \$2,665, with costs, against A. P. de Courville for alleged breach of contract.

New York interest in this case is in the fact that Will Marion Cook, the composer, who was formerly employed by Mr. Lattimore as conductor of the orchestra, and who had been enjoined by the English courts, at Mr. Lattimore's instance, from conducting or traveling with any "syncoated orchestra," was one of the principal witnesses for de Courville, and against Lattimore.

The story of the breach between Lattimore and Cook was given in The Age of April 24, when a letter from Lattimore was published. It was alleged in this letter that Cook had succeeded in inducing some fourteen members of the Lattimore organization to disregard their contracts, among the number being Joe Porter and Wm. R. Tatten. The court injunction secured by Lattimore against Cook followed upon the latter's attempt to present these disaffected musicians as "The Famous American Syncoated Orchestra."

The London Daily Telegraph of May 18 published an account of the trial of the suit for damages against A. P. de Courville in which Lattimore was given the substantial verdict referred to above. According to this account the suit was for damages for alleged breach of a contract, whereby the orchestra was engaged for five weeks, from January 14 to February 17, this year, to play at the Folies Marigny Theatre, in Paris, at a salary of 3,400 pounds for that period.

The defense was that the plaintiff had broken the contract by not delivering to

the defendant within two days of the commencement of the engagement duplicate copies of French of the manuscripts of all recitals, songs and words spoken on the stage, and, in addition, bill matter for programs and advertisements.

"Mr. Disturnal K. C. and C. Doughty (instructed by Messrs. Kenneth, Brown, Baker and Baker) appeared for the plaintiff; Patrick Hastings, K. C., and Mr. Woodgate (instructed by J. B. and G. S. Burton) were for the defendant.

"Mr. de Courville, continuing his evidence, was asked if it was true that he avoided Mr. Lattimore on January 2, when the plaintiff called at his office. Defendant said that it was a fabrication from beginning to end. He was as much amused as anybody in court to hear it.

"Mr. Disturnal: Did you go out on that occasion without your hat and coat?

"Mr. de Courville: No; I have three coats and fourteen hats at the time. (Laughter.)

"Evidence was given that the cause as to billing matter was an important one, and was usual in all contracts in the theatrical profession.

"Mr. Will Marion Cook, musical director and composer, a colored gentleman, stated that he got together in New York a syncoated band and was induced by Mr. Andre Charlot to bring it to Europe. When it performed in London it was known as the Southern Syncoated Orchestra. He was conductor at the Philharmonic Hall from July to November. It was necessary that the words of the songs should be in the hands of the audience. Witness added the music was ragtime and ordinary ragtime. The singing was the artistic part of the performance; they were the songs of his forefathers when in slavery; and the public should have the words to know what the songs were about. It was done by the Jubilee Singers sixty years ago.

"William Robert Tatten, another member of the orchestra, who said he was a singer, said disputes arose between members of the orchestra and the plaintiff at Liverpool. They wanted more money for their families in America owing to depreciation of English currency. They also wanted Mr. Cook to be restored as their conductor.

"Joe Porter, a singer and instrumentalist, said that the plaintiff "remorselessly cut their salaries and lib," and as a result members were dissatisfied.

"Mr. Disturnal called for the plaintiff Miss Hattie King Revis, secretary to the plaintiff, who said when she got the passports vised for the members of the orchestra to go to Paris neither of the last two witnesses objected, and all the members agreed to go.

"His lordship found that defendant had no right to break the contract, and after discussion as to the amount of damages his lordship entered judgment for the plaintiff for 1,733 pounds with costs, and refuse a stay of execution."

WORKS OF SEVERAL NEGRO COMPOSERS

The opening session on Tuesday of the National Association of Negro Musicians was intensely interesting. One of the outstanding features was the Artists' Conference presided over by Mrs. Florence Cole-Talbert. A detailed account will be given next week. At night a concert program was given by a number of the visiting artists, including Carl Diton of Philadelphia, pianist, E. S. Hill, Jr., of Philadelphia, violinist, Mrs. Cole-Talbert of Detroit, soprano (Wm. L. King of Philadelphia, accompanist), Junius Maxwell of Philadelphia, with Mr. Diton at piano, Edward Boatner of Boston, baritone, who sang two of Nathaniel Dett's Spirituals, with composer at piano, and Miss Mary Dorsey of Boston, elocutionist.

Mrs. Dorsey was given a tremendous ovation in appreciation for her artistic readings. Mr. Hill and Mr. Diton gave a new sonata for violin and piano in C major by a young Philadelphia composer, Mr. Harvey Hebron. The two Dett songs were particularly attractive and were sung with taste and feeling by the young Boston baritone.

The violin sonata was suggestive of imaginative talent on the part of the young composer, but was amateurish in construction and juvenile in idea. A strain reminiscent of Folk Song inspiration occurred at intervals and contributed to its effectiveness.

Mr. Maxwell was introduced by Mr. Diton as a "young professional." I must confess that the distinction drawn as to classes of "professional" accomplishment was a bit beyond me. A singer, making a bid for support on a professional or business basis, must be judged simply by the quality of his output. Mr. Maxwell sang the Faust aria, "Salve Dimora," in English, his encore being Mr. Diton's new and very sophisticated arrangement of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." His singing was not particularly distinctive as to vocal quality, although he sang with sympathetic comprehension. Interest was aroused by the Diton Spiritual. The strength of this beautiful old Spiritual was overcome by the elaborate and artificial setting in which it has been placed by the composer.

Mrs. Cole-Talbert sang two num-

bers of Taylor's "Howatha," and the number was not up to her usual standard, the winger not maintaining the smooth rhythm so necessary for this little delightful song, together with an unfortunate lapse of tonal accuracy in attack. The "Pearl of Brazil" was done in much better style and induced vociferous and prolonged applause from the large audience. Mrs. Talbert is a consummate artist and no temporary lapse is sufficient to detract from enjoyment of her singing.

Miss Minnie Brown of the New York local served felicitously in making announcements, assisted by Carl Diton and the national and local presidents Henry L. Grant of Washington and David I. Martin of New York made short talks.

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA

NOVEMBER 27, 1920

Open \$100,000 Drive for National Negro Conservatory

To establish a national conservatory, for the purpose of preserving Negro music, as expressed in the folksongs, Mrs. Harriet Gibbs Marshall, the president of the Washington Conservatory of Music, has organized a drive to last ten days, to raise \$100,000 to endow such an institution. Local headquarters has been established at 2296 Seventh Avenue, where contributions may be sent. It will be the aim of this national school to specialize in Negro music, and to educate young colored men and women to bring to this music a higher educational background and appreciation. The Washington Conservatory was the first conservatory movement among Negroes in this country, and during the seventeen years of its existence, has among its graduates forty of the leading Negro artists of the country. The work of the school has been highly indorsed, and Mrs. Marshall, who was the first colored woman to graduate from the Oberlin Conservatory, has been a pioneer in the direction of saving Negro music. The ten days' drive will mark an epoch in behalf of Negro music. C. G. A.

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA

OCTOBER 30, 1920

Edward Stello Sings at New Star Casino

Edward Stello, a young Negro, studying for opera, made his appearance on Friday at the New Star Casino. Stello has a dramatic tenor voice, and offered several works from the opera and other numbers. He was assisted by Marion Anderson, a promising young Negro contralto, accompanied by William King of Philadelphia. The Dixie Quartet offered a number of Negro Spirituals and other numbers were a violin solo by Gertrude Martin, with Andrades Lindsay as accompanist; George H. Jones, Jr., with Daisy Tapley at the piano; a dramatic reading by Fannie Belle DeKnight, and a violin and cello duet by Felix Weir and H. L. Jeter, with Miss Jeter at the piano. The recital opens the concert tour of Stello this season.

THE N. A. N. M. CONVENTION

Report of the Second Annual Convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians Which Convened July 27 at St. Philip's P. E. Church, New York City

The Crusader

By CHARLES A. HENRY

September 1920

NATIONAL President Henry L. Grant presided at the opening session. Prayer offered by Mr. Sidney Woodward, chaplain of the association. Singing of "Blessed Be the Tie That



CHAS. A. HENRY

Binds," led by Sidney Woodward, followed by roll call and registration by States.

The welcoming remarks were made by Mr. David I. Martin, president of the New York Local, and were responded to by Mr. Henry L. Grant, the national president and a man who is remarkably sensible, full of foresight, vision, pur-

THE N. A. N. M. CONVENTION

To Ditt and Deton for cantatas.

To N. C. Smith, Burleigh, Hall Johnson, White, Hebron and Hall, Jr., for violin and piano contributions.

If this program is adhered to it will not be long before the Negro composers of America will take their place among the world composers never again to withdraw therefrom.

A paper was read by Mr. W. J. Baltzell, "Racial and Personal Notes on Music," full of excellent thought and advice, taking us through different parts of Europe on a survey of music and musicians. This paper will be reproduced in the association's national organ, which will be launched in September. After a "Get Acquainted Luncheon" and recess, which had been prepared by the New York Local, the afternoon session was begun with an open discussion of economic problems and methods of attack and solution. Miss Alice C. Simonds, of Tuskegee, lead off on "Salaries of Private School Teachers."

Owing to the absence of some and the unavoidable unpreparedness of others, along with the time limit, only Miss Simonds and Mr. Kemper Harrold, of Atlanta, Ga., were heard from. Mr. Harrold spoke on "Appointment of Teachers in the South."

At a special session, with Miss Florence Cole

poseful determination, sagacity, method and high intelligence, all of which were a perpetual wonder and delight to all present. Mr. Grant outlined the principles and purpose of the association as defined by the "appeal" which had been sent out. After this the minutes of the first annual meeting were read, followed by report of Chairman of Composition Committee, Mr. Carl Detson. Synopsis as follows:

The musicians of to-day who command attention were called: Helen Hagan, Henry L. Grant, Nora Douglas Holt, Phaon Martin, Roy Gibbs, N. Clark Smith, Gerald Tyler, Harry T. Burleigh, Melville Charlton, Will Marion Cook, F. Hall Johnson, J. Rosamond Johnson, Harry Williams, Clarence Cameron White, Harvey Hebron, Cariss Hardy, Edwin Hill, Senior and Junior, Alfred Johnson, Randolph Smith, Carl Deton, R. Nathaniel Dett. Following this, a list of compositions by above named composers.

At this point the following grouping was made: For piano concertos, we ought to look to Helen Hagon, Grant, Phaon Martin, Smith, Tyler (Burleigh need not be included for he has reached a point that, according to present indications, will not be attained by Negroes for some time to come), Cook, Hall Johnson, J. R. Johnson, Williams, Hebron, Hill, Senior and Junior, Dett and Deton for songs.

To Tibbs, Hall Johnson, N. E. Smith and Deton for orchestra works.

To Charlton and N. Clark Smith for military band works.

To Tyler and Dett for piano sonatas.

To Hebron for violin and piano sonatas.

To Hall Johnson, White, Dett, Hebron, Hill, Jr., Alfred Johnson and Deton for piano works.

Talbot, chairman, there were addresses from Miss Daisy Tapley, Mr. Kemper Harrold, Miss Lolo Johnson, R. N. Dett, Miss Ella F. Jones, Miss Minnie Brown, Mr. Chas. A. Henry.

The evening session consisted of recitals by the following artists: Mrs. Florence Cole Talbot, R. Nathaniel Dett, E. W. S. Boatner, Edwin Hill, Jr., Carl Deton.

Wednesday, 11:30 A. M.—Prayer and song, roll call and registration. Paper and remarks on "Public School Music Teachers," by Lola Johnson, Supervisor of Music at Minor Normal School, Washington, D. C.

Second paper, on "Musicianship," by Nora Douglas Holt.

Third paper, "Negro Music as a Basis for Symphonic and Operatic Development," by H. Lawrence Freeman.

The afternoon session was also very interesting and instructive with "Remarks on Music from the Viewpoint of a School Official," by Garnett C. Wilkinson, of Washington, D. C. Paper on "The Pioneer's Task," by Harriett Gibbs Marshall. Paper on "Piano Teaching," by Carl Delton, preceded by short musical program. Paper on "Chorus and Voice Work," by E. A. Jackson. Paper on "Teaching of Voice," by H. H. Williams. Paper on "Ear Training and Harmony," by Miss A. Lindsay.

The 5:30 P. M. session, conducted by R.

Nathaniel Dett, with a conference on music and hearing of manuscript compositions.

Evening Session—Exhibition of Negro music and youthful Negro talent: Marion Anderson, Revalla Hughes, Ella F. Jones, Junius Maxwell, Carl Ditt.

The proceedings of the third day of the convention consisted chiefly of reports by secretary and treasurer, and the election of officers. All officers were re-elected. Clarence Cameron White elected National Organizer.

The evening session consisted of the best talent available among the younger musicians.

Music, for which we met, is the most social of the arts, and that undoubtedly which possesses the greatest future, and also presents enormous attractions to the middle class of citizens.

A day will come for the American Negro in his seeking after education, that when he listens to Mozart's and Beethoven's music he will feel that it truly belongs to him as it ever did to the citizens of Munich and Vienna.

The higher education does not take us away from our own forms of music because folk songs, music which smacks most of the soil whereon it has been produced, possesses for us the very savor of the country in which we were born; it recalls the air, the climate that we breathe and knew; when we hear it it is as if all our ancestors should suddenly present themselves.

It seemed that this was the psychological moment and time for us to have met, just when all people are so vastly interested in folk song and true American music.

By our National Association joining that for the Publication of American Music we are to have a wonderful opportunity to have our manuscripts published, because this association will do so regardless of race or creed.

I am in hopes that our local organization will have the spirit of the Bee Hive (Coleridge-Taylor Musical Association of Boston), and of the highly organized and complex community, wherein the driving motive is an enlightened zeal for the good of the society rather than of the individual.

Monday evening, August 5, 1920, the Coleridge-Taylor Musical Association (Boston, Mass.) gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Nora Douglas Holt, president of the Chicago Music Society, at Women's Community House, 454 Massachusetts avenue, 9 to 11 o'clock. Musical program: Piano solos by Mr. Justin Sandridge, soprano solo by Miss Ella France Jones; violin solo by Louis V. Jones; accompanists, Messrs. Percival Parham and William S. Lawrence.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.

By the Savage Stallion.

Africa and Orient Review
VERDI'S "AIDA."

THE opera "Aida" has a peculiar fascination for Egyptians, not only because of its being specially written by Verdi to the order of the magnificent but luckless Khedive Ismail for the opening of the Suez Canal, but also because it was one of the many Khedivial extravagances that led to the financial ruin of Egypt. The opera

was performed for the first time at the palatial Cairo Opera House on November 22nd, 1869. On this occasion there was a State performance, at which there was a most notable gathering, among those present being the Empress Eugène, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Princes of Prussia and Hesse, the Prince of Holland, all the Ambassadors of the Great Powers, and Ferdinand de Lesseps, the hero of the hour.

I began by saying that the opera possessed a fascination for Egyptians, and although I was too young at the time to witness the original production, I have never since missed an opportunity of seeing what I consider Verdi's best composition, not only because of its superlative musical qualities, but also by reason of the very logical dramatic story.

I had not previously seen the work in English, but I knew the Carl Rosa Opera Company to be the best of its kind in the British Isles, consequently I wended my way to the Lyceum Theatre, pleasurably anticipating a rich musical and artistic treat. I am, however, bound to state in advance that I was disappointed. The scenic effects were good, so was the work of the chorus, especially in the big *ensemble* near the end of Act I., but the principals did not come up to my expectations either in vocalisation or in make-up.

Miss Beatrice Myranda made a fairly acceptable Aida, rendering her allotted numbers with precision and finish which did credit to her limited ability. She marred an otherwise popular performance by an atrocious make-up. Aida is an Ethiopian—a Negress, in fact—but Miss Myranda made the part to look like a dyspeptic Mulatto. I understand this lady made up darker on her previous visit to the Lyceum a year ago, but some one having remarked that she was hideous, or some equally senseless criticism, Miss Myranda determined on this occasion to sacrifice art on the altar of personal vanity. Unfortunately, in this connection she was not the only sinner. The Radmes of Mr. William Boland, replete with tuft of beard, not only failed to realise that he was representing an Egyptian of the time of the Pharaohs, who was a dark man, but he committed the unforgivable abomination of wearing his own hair parted at the side with most painful precision. Mr. William Boland did not even possess the redeeming vocal features of Miss Myranda, which might have compensated in some measure for his lack of make-up. Mr. Harrison Cook as the King was imposing, in good voice and acted well. In fact, his laudable effort, together with a very excellent performance of Amonasro, reconciled us to the vocal and artistic short-

comings of the others.

In the earlier scenes Miss Doris Woodall's Amneris left much to be desired, but she improved in her later scenes, especially in the duet and concerted number at the opening of Act IV. But here again she failed, with the other members of the caste, on the question of make-up. Perhaps, Mr. Hebben Foster—Amonasro—although hardly dark enough, came nearer to perfection in this matter, even as he did in his singing and acting.

It seems to me that the majority of British operatic artists and actors would greatly benefit by a course of ethnographic studies. These well-meaning persons cannot conceive how greatly their artistry would

A NEGRO TENOR.

Yucca & Orient Review
On May 31st, Mr. Roland Hayes, a young Afro-American singer who has achieved great success in the United States, made his European *début* at a highly successful concert at the Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, London. The singer successfully challenged criticism in a bold programme ranging from modern opera, with its sophisticated emotion and expression, to the simplicity and directness of "Negro Spirituals."

Mr. Hayes possesses a voice of the true tenor timbre, and of large range; the lowest notes (usually the weak part of a tenor voice) are full and true, while the upper notes are clear and ringing. His singing has an excellence which is only too rare, perfect enunciation, the words of the songs being clearly pronounced, so that the meaning could be grasped as easily as the melody.

After two operatic selections in widely different styles, "O Paradiso," from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," and "Che gelida Manina," from Puccini's "La Bohème," came a group of four ballads. The words of the first, "Who knows?" were by Paul Lawrence Dunbar; the music of the second, "Oh, My Love," by H. T. Burleigh, and of the fourth, "The Bride," by Montague Ring, who was present, and must have been highly gratified at the rendering of her song by the singer and its reception by the audience. The rendering of the third song in the group, "Twilight," by Katherine A. Glen, was so beautiful that the audience demanded, and obtained, a repetition.

The next item was a distinguished render-



Mr. Roland Hayes.

ing of the famous "Adelaide," by Beethoven, which it is the ambition of every tenor to include in his repertoire. Mr. Hayes need not fear comparisons of his beautiful delivery of this trying composition.

Two songs in French, Massenet's "Le Rêve" ("Manon") and Duparc's "L'Invitation au Voyage," further displayed the singer's clear diction and his command of his resources.

Our great musician's (Coleridge Taylor's) masterpiece, "Onaway! Awake, Beloved," was delivered with a beauty of tone and appropriate expression which made the audience demand an encore. The opening section and the close, with its *piano* B flat, struck the writer as exceptionally well done. Mr. Hayes responded to the encore by singing "Eleonore."

The concert closed with a group of "Negro Spirituals": "I stood on the Ribber ob Jordan," "Deep River," and "Go down, Moses," all arranged by H. T. Burleigh, and "Witness," arranged by Mr. Hayes himself. Admirably sung, they were highly appreciated. The pity is that audiences will regard these really pathetic songs as being "funny." I suppose that it requires better know-

ledge of the conditions and surroundings amidst which these "spirituals" sprang up than is likely to be possessed by the average audience, to see, through their superficial grotesqueness, the pain and longing which gave them birth. But no one disputes that they are "real music," the true outpouring of the heart.

Mr. Hayes is to be congratulated on his most successful introduction to an European audience, and we wish him all the success which his natural and technical equipment so well deserve.

THIRTY GOOD SONGS
WRITTEN BY
Famous Colored Composers
PUBLISHED BY
PACE & HANDY MUSIC CO., Inc.
OF NEW YORK

TITLE	COMPOSER	PRICE
1 Think of Me Little Daddy.....	Miss Alberta Whitman..	15c
2 That Thing Called Love.....	Perry Bradford.....	30c
	(Writer of You Can't Keep a Good Man Down)	
3 Long Gone.....	Chris Smith.....	15c

4 Oh You Darktown Regimental Band.....	Maceo Pinkard.....	15c
	(Writer of Mammy O' Mine)	
5 Remember and Be Careful Every Day....	Peyton, Brown and Le-	
	monier	15c
6 I'm Dying With the Worried Blues.....	Dave Payton.....	15c
7 I Never Had the Blues Till I Left Old	(Writer of Virginia Dare)	
Dixieland	Spencer Williams.....	15c
	(Writer of Ringtail Blues)	
8 Pee Gee Blues.....	H. O. Clark.....	30c
9 A Good Man Is Hard to Find.....	Eddie Green.....	15c
10 Sweet Child.....	Ewing and Stovall.....	15c
11 I Wonder If Your Loving Heart Still		
Pines For Me?.....	W. Benton Overstreet...30c	
	(Writer of Jazz Dance)	
12 Lonesome Road Blues.....	Will Nash.....	15c
	(Writer of Snaky Blues)	
13 Nightie Night.....	W. Max Davis.....	15c
14 Florida Blues.....	W. King Phillips.....	30c
15 Why Did You Make a Plaything of Me?..	J. Berni Barbour.....	15c
	(Writer of "The Sphinx")	
16 Deep Sea Blues.....	Q. Roscoe Snowden.....	15c
	(Writer of Slow Drag Blues)	
17 Campmeeting Blues.....	W. T. Carroll.....	30c
18 Preparedness Blues.....	Chas. Hillman.....	30c
	(Writer of No Name Waltz)	
19 The Insect Ball.....	Jim Burris.....	15c
20 Louisiana Dip.....	Bobby Lee.....	30c
21 Sliding Fevers.....	Alexander Valentine.....	30c
22 I'm Going Back to My Used-to-Be.....	Jimmie Cox.....	15c
23 I'm Looking All Around for a Vampire..	Creamer and Layton.....	30c
24 The Tom Cat Blues.....	Butler and Pankey.....	15c
25 No Matter What You Do.....	W. G. Still.....	15c
26 Blind Man's Blues.....	McLaurin & Green.....	30c
27 Mauvolyné Waltz.....	Fred M. Bryan.....	30c
28 Young Black Joe.....	Simms and Warfield.....	15c
29 Thinking of Thee.....	Harry H. Pace.....	30c
30 Saint Louis Blues.....	W. C. Handy.....	30c
	(Originator of the Blues)	

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED
We Publish These Songs for Piano, Band and Orchestra
We will get ANY song you order

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, WRITE

Pace & Handy Music Co., Inc.

Pace & Handy Building

232 WEST 46th ST.

NEW YORK

In The Realm of Music

By Lucien H. White

The forthcoming session of the National Association of Negro Musicians to be held in New York of Washington, to found a publication August 1 to 3, promises to be of the most interesting nature. The existing musical journals, to which is evidenced a growing interest in the national body will give its endorsement. I do not make the statement of inquiries concerning itsment authoritatively, but it has been rumored that the publication of this for membership. Local branches are being organized in various localities, all of which purpose send delegates to the meeting of the national body.

One of the most recently organized is the Coleridge-Taylor Association of Boston, and the rostering Board, and a member of the of its officers includes some of the executive committee of the National Association of Negro Musicians. Clarence Cameron White is president; Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare, 1st vice-president; Granville Stewart, 2nd vice-president; Eeva Roosa Hutchens, treasurer; Mary Carr Morris, chairman, and Chester A. Smith, secretary of the publicity committee.

This body was organized in April and its membership has gradually increased, finding room for growth among the number of students of music who are to be found in the Hub City. The meetings are held on the second and fourth Sunday afternoons at 4 o'clock in the Robert Gould Shaw House.

The New York local, including its membership such sterling musicians as David I. Martin, Aldama Jackson, Sidney Woodward, Minnie Brown, Daisy Tapley, Deacon Johnson, and a host too numerous to mention, is holding its meetings regularly on the evenings of the first Sunday in each month at the West 135th Street Y. M. C. A. building, the sessions being called at 10 o'clock to permit the members who are connected with church choirs to attend after the evening services are concluded.

One of the matters of interest to be considered this year is the

College Atlanta, Ga. Naturally interested in the subject of membership, it was gratifying to find that a writer of the attainment possessed by Mrs. Holt shares with me appreciation of Mr. Harrell's ability and ideals.

Others written of by Mrs. Holt include Roland Hayes, the tenor; Joseph H. Douglass, violinist; Helen Hagan, pianist; Mrs. Florence Cole Talbert, coloratura soprano; Clarence Cameron White, violinist; and David I. Martin, head of the Martin-Smith School of Music here in New York.

Cleota J. Collins of Columbus, Ohio, the young lyric soprano, has closed her concert season and is now probably recuperating deep in the Ohio woods recuperating and gaining strength for next season's work. Her last scheduled concert was in Chicago on June 4. She has done some good work during the past season and deserves the period of rest which now ensues.

William Speights, tenor, of 1 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, appeared on May 27 at Pilgrim Hall, of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, located on Broadway a 56th street, Manhattan, in a program including a number of Negro songs in addition to several English and French compositions. Augustus Granville Dill was at the piano, and members of the Broadway Tabernacle assisted.

George L. Johnson, tenor, who appeared at St. James Presbyterian Church, Manhattan, in joint recital with T. Theodore Taylor, pianist, of Chicago, has returned to New York and resumed his duties with the Boys' Welfare Association. Following their New York recital Messrs. Johnson and Taylor engaged in a joint tour which embraced thirteen concerts, covering the period from April 12 to May 16, with an itinerary which carried them through New Jersey, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia. They appeared with considerable success at Montclair, Paterson and Newark, N. J.; Washington, D. C.; Henderson, Charlotte and Asheville, N. C.; Knoxville and Bristol, Tenn.; Charleston, Institute and Clarkesburg, W. Va. From the last named point, Mr. Taylor entrained for Chicago and Mr. Johnson returned to New York.

Hazel Harrison in Washington.

(From Readers News Agency)

Washington, D. C.—Miss Hazel Harrison, pianiste of Chicago, was heard in recital in the Rankin Memorial Chapel of Howard University Friday evening May 28. The recital revealed Miss Harrison as perhaps the leading pianiste of the race, according to competent critics. The program included the Chaconne by Bach-Busoni; Nocturne on 48, No. 2, by Chopin; Scherzo B Minor by Chopin; "Adelaide" by Beethoven-Liszt; and a number of compositions by Liszt including "At the Spring," "Will O' the Wisp," valse de concert on two motifs, Lucia and Parisina. All were played with abundant feeling and faultless technique. One or two lighter compositions would have lent variety to the program.

NASHVILLE TENN GLOBE
MAY 23 1920

ONE ARMED ARTIST WINS SUCCESS WITH BUST OF MADAM WALKER.

On Thursday afternoon of last week the Negro newspaper men were given a rich artistic treat at the Y. W. C. A. in West 27th street, where the bronze memorial tablet of the late Madame C. J. Walker was unveiled in advance of the public ceremony to afford the writers an opportunity to judge of its merits. The sculptor who molded the plaque is Mr. Lorenzo Harris, an artist of splendid ability, who has turned his hand to many things. We say "his hand" advisedly, for Mr. Harris has only one, having lost one arm some time ago. But genius rises above difficulties and for a long time Mr. Harris has been forging ahead on the high road to fame. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1889, the son of John B. Harris, a leading undertaker of that city, and, winning a scholarship, was trained at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, at which famous old institution he studied under Grafty and Chase.

Mr. Harris in his early school days went to Atlantic City and became interested in the picturesque craftsmen who modelled on the beach at Atlantic City.

He entered competition with the white men already there and after a spirited rivalry for several seasons he set such a pace for originality of treatment, composition and execution in his groups and designs that his white contemporaries, embittered by the continual praise for Harris, work from the white press and the comparison in Harris' favor by the boardwalk promenaders, that they managed a political coup with the then Mayor Riddle, a cracker, to give them a monopoly of the best locations for exhibits and freeze out Harris to the waste places. The Mayor was all-powerful in this matter, and frankly prejudiced, so Harris went to another resort that summer and last year developed this art to a higher standard than it has ever achieved anywhere in the world. Incidentally, his earnings increased 300 per cent over the Atlantic City returns.

So in summer in his studio he releases the multitudes and expresses the joys, sorrows and ideals of the masses on the golden sands of the playgrounds of American and piles up shekels to follow his more serious and lasting ambition during the rest of the year.

Mr. Harris has exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia; the Jamestown Exposition, Richmond; New York and Washington

exhibitions of Negro progress, designed covers and cartoons often for the Crisis, Crusader, Challenge and other weekly and monthly publications.

Besides the Walker memorial bust, he designed and created the memorial to William M. Cay, of the old Fifteenth New York Guard, who was killed in action in the World War, and other works of much racial interest and artistic worth.

The Walker memorial consists of a bronze tablet erected over a drinking fountain. The portrait is modelled against a chiselled background and is at once a lifetime piece of portraiture and a fine piece of art. The public unveiling of the tablet has been set for Sunday, May 23.—Negro

Incomplete

FOLK MELODIES SURVIVE AMONG CREOLES OF U. S.

Pittsburg Press
2/16/20

New York, Feb. 16.—With Russia and Scandinavia bleat cry for new folk songs, it is refreshing to know that our own United States is brimful of folk melodies, many of them adaptations, but each of them telling a story of some phase of life peculiar to the people of our own country. Of these American folk songs, possibly because they are less hackneyed, none are more interesting than those of the so-called Creole Negroes.

"Some of these songs are more than beautiful," says Edna Thomas, a New Orleans singer, who recently made her debut at one of the popular concert halls in this city. "Sung in the soft patois, which the blacks made up out of the French and Spanish of their Creole masters, and in the eerie cadences of the full-throated Negro voice, these songs carry a thrill that no other folk singing can equal. You don't have to read meanings into them. They are there for all who have ears to hear, for the soul history of the Negro, from his nomadic life in Africa to his freedom from slavery in Louisiana, he has put into these songs."

NAME MISAPPLIED.

Miss Thomas added that the word "Creole" in connection with these Negro songs is misapplied.

"There are no Creole Negroes, nor Creole Italians, nor Creole British, nor Creole any other kind of people but Creoles," she asserted. "To be a Creole you must have been born of gentlefolk in a certain part of Louisiana. The true home of the Creole is south of Lake Borgne, Lake Pontchartrain and Manchac, east of

Bayou Teche and north of the Salt Marshes. New Orleans is in this region. French people born outside of this area in Louisiana are not Creoles. They are pretty apt to be Acadians. When we're in a hurry, or not particularly careful with our speech, we call them 'Cajans, and let it go at that. A 'Cajan born in the region I've just outlined would still be a 'Cajan, not a Creole. There's no more reason for calling a Negro born in New Orleans a Creole than there is in calling an Englishman born in Alaska a 'Tlingit Indian."

NEGROES SING OWN SONGS.

"Always," she said, "the Negroes in and around New Orleans have sung their own songs, or at least made rythmical and more or less musical sounds which expressed their feelings and emotions. My grandfather used to tell me about the dances of the slaves on New Year's Day," she continued. "They had their own instruments—a drum made of a barrel with an ox-hide head on it and a riddle made of the jawbone of a mule. They had a first and second musician. When the time for the dance came the first musician mounted the barrel and began to beat on its head with his hands and his feet and to sing as loud as he could. The second musician took the drum sticks and beat on the wood of the barrel, while a third man, with another stick, rattled on the teeth of the jawbone. I suppose this last man might be called the first violinist. Five or six other men stood near, and all of them sang a wild sort of harmony."

"Meantime the dancing was on. Usually not more than three or four couples danced at the same time to the same music. One phase of the music would be repeated over and over for hours, always to the same air and always rythmically punctuated by the beating of the drum."

DANCES CURIOUS.

"The dances were curious. In one called the Caribine the danseur took the danseuse by the hand and just whirled her round and round like a dervish, sometimes for an hour without stopping, while she waved a red handana over her head."

"Another dance was called Pile Chaetan. I've seen the Negroes dance it myself. It is a little bit like the real Hawaiian hula, except that in this Negro dance the woman keeps not only her feet but her hands as well, still. At first the man does all the work. He kneels on the ground, he makes terrible faces, twisting his mouth and eyes into horrible but oddly rhythmic grimaces. He waves his arms and writhes body, legs and arms till he looks like a great snake. The woman, after about an hour of this, wakes up and begins to take notice. She shakes herself, takes a handkerchief, holds it over her head, lowers it, wipes the face of her partner, and after him the faces of all the musicians, always keeping time to the music. That's all there is to that dance."

Speaking of the Negro folk-songs, Miss Thomas said that she had learn-

ed them all when she was a little girl.

"Nearly all Creole children who have an old family servant as a nurse are tubbed to the tune of 'Monsieur Maziereau,' she said. "We were soaped while mammy crooned about Monsieur looking like a frog in the tub, and when it came to the 'douse, Calinda, boudon, boudon!' we were doused up and down in the water to get the soap off."

SONG MADE HISTORIC.

"That song perpetuates the history of the proprietor of an unlicensed dance hall which was run down in St. Louis st. in the days, or rather the nights, of slavery. This man, 'Monsieur Maziereau,'—the 'Monsieur' is the patois for monsieur—used to rent the hall to the Negro slaves, and all sorts of orgies, including voodoo dances, would be had. One night the place was raided. Monsieur, with 100 or so Negroes, all dressed up in the finery of their masters and mistresses, were arrested. The Negroes made up the song, complete as it is now, while they and Monsieur were being driven through the streets in the Black Maria. Monsieur, who was fat, looked to them like a 'frog in a tub,' instead of the fine gentleman, 'cigar a la bouche,' who had been the master of the dance hall."

"The Calinda dance song shows traces of the Antilles. It was a favorite dance of the Negroes between the time of the Louisiana Purchase and the Mexican war. Some of their dance songs are their own words, which they have fitted to white man's music. There's one they still sing to the tune of the waltz from 'Faust,' which shows how well they can adapt the music of other lands to their own moods. It also shows the influence of the old French opera house on Creole New Orleans, and through the Creoles, on their servants."

SONGS OF SLAVERY.

"Many of the songs tell of the sorrows of slavery, the separation of a mother from her children; of two sisters who have grown up together and who are sold to different masters. For all its fluffiness, there's a note of heartbreak in the little 'Moman dit non, Papa dit oui,' which Creole children are taught by their black mammies to sing. That song, in its entirety, is the story of a young osteroon who was to be married to a quadroon man with whom she was very much in love. About the time planned for her marriage she, with her parents, was about to be sold to another master who wanted her to marry a black man on his estate. She wanted to marry her sweetheart and stay with her old master. Her father wanted her to have her way, but her mother wanted her to forget the young quadroon, who, bound to a master who had lost all his money, could never do anything for her. The sweethearts were parted, and the girl became the wife of the black man who was owned by a rich master."

A NEW MASTERPIECE PROPOSED

Southwestern Christian Advocate 12/16/20

In all countries the man who tends the land is the country's glory and safeguard. Millet has painted the French peasant as "The Sower" and the "Gleaner." That artist will make a real contribution who paints for appreciative Americans the Negro cabin in a cornfield tended if not owned by the Negro farmer, or the entire Negro family in the field at cotton picking time or a Negro artisan among the whirling wheels of modern industry. Shaw's Monument on Boston Common proclaims the heroism of the Negro soldier in the Civil War. Another Boston statue shows Lincoln with his great arms stretched out in freedom giving power over a Negro Slave. Some southern city will portray some day in bronze the faithfulness of the Negro Slave to the Southerner's home and estate in the day of his master's absence as a Confederate soldier. I propose a statue to the Negro artisan, as a fitting though belated recognition of three hundred years' faithful and increasing services to American life, for long years limited to the South, now for the whole country.—Rodney W. Roundy, Associate Secretary of the Home Missions Council.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE
SEPTEMBER 30, 1920

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO AS EXPRESSED IN HIS MUSIC

The story of negro music is one full of challenge and is woven around adventure, daring, courage, faith, patience, hope, sorrow and optimism. It represents the expressed hope of a people who faced desperate odds, who braved the hardships of slavery, and who, at a period of their own life when all was dark and dreary, relied upon their own songs to work out their destiny and carve their way to the promised land. When the negro came to this country on a little Dutch vessel, in 1619, landing at Jamestown, Va., in a strange country, the only weapon he brought with him was his songs, and with these songs he faced the long stretch of slavery, covering a period of 250 years, with a courage unequalled in the story of races. With his songs he made known his sorrow, his hopes, his aspirations, his patience, and sang of the freedom to come. He came to a country to find his way among strange people and strange customs, but he knew by his songs he could express his character and soul and that it would not be long before the world would see this soul and accord to him a place among the races of men, says Cleveland G. Allen, in the New York "Tribune."

If the negro had not had the gift of song he would have lost his place in the struggle; he would have become extinct and ceased to be of sociological value. In my lectures on the story of this music I try to emphasize this music as best representing the major note in the negro's life and how upon it he must rely for further development in the economic, moral and spiritual realm. I feel that upon the young generation of negroes depends the responsibility of saving this music and emphasizing the fact that it is a priceless heritage that ought to be treasured. It was this fact that led me to make deep research with reference to the study of negro music, so as to properly interpret it, in order that the proper gauge of the negro's hope may be seen.

Prof. John Wesley Work, a negro educator and musician, for many years a member of the faculty of Fisk University, in his book on the folk songs of the Afro-American or the American negro, tells of his many years of research throughout the South, studying the songs of the negro. He tells how they are collected, how in the camp meetings they arouse the expressed religious fervor, and how the attitude toward this music has changed within the last twenty years. Noted negro musicians like Harry T. Burleigh (who for many years has been soloist of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church), Nathaniel Dett, Carl Diton, J. Rosamond Johnson, Mrs. Harriett Gibbs Marshall (the first colored woman to graduate from Oberlin Conservatory of Music), Clarence Cameron White, and the late Coleridge-Taylor, all recognize its value, and each of them has brought to it valuable contributions.

Another thing that has done much to save negro music, as offered in these songs, has been the attitude toward them of the negro leaders. These leaders have been quick to recognize the value of these songs and have kept before the younger generation of negroes their sacred duty in helping to save them. Dr. W. E. B. Dubois, one of the foremost of the negro thinkers, in his book, "The Souls of Black Folk," devoted a chapter to "Songs of Our Fathers," in which he speaks of the sociological value of this music. Dr. Robert R. Moton, the principal of Tuskegee Institute, while he was at Hampton Institute urged the importance of a knowledge of these plantation songs as a necessary part of the education of the students. Dr. Moton, in an article contributed some time ago to the "Southern Workman," tells of the impression made upon him when he first heard these songs and how it was at Hampton that

he grew to admire their strength and beauty. Will Marion Cooke, another negro musician, refers to Hampton as a good center for the development of this music. The late Booker T. Washington while at Tuskegee drilled into the students the respect they should have for their music.

Negro music expresses itself in negro folk songs, and negro folk songs are called such because they are peculiar to negro folk. If the numerous songs that were sung by the negro during slavery had been built up from songs of other peoples, they would not have been negro folk songs. That is the reason why "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Swanee River" are not negro folk songs, because they were written by a white man, Stephen C. Foster, although built around negro themes. This point is one that should be borne in mind, because it is the common impression that the songs of Foster are negro music. There are many notable characteristics of these songs, among some of them are their direct reference to the Scripture and their wonderful strength of reserve and resignation.

Concerning the first, one would stop to think why it is that a people during slavery, who could not read, had such a remarkable and accurate knowledge of the Bible. The reason for this was that the Bible was the only book that was read to the slaves, and while this was being done a remarkable knowledge of the book was acquired, upon which were based most of the melodies of the negro. This fact is strongly recognized in such songs as "I want to be ready to walk in Jerusalem just like John," "Go Down, Moses," "Roll, Jordan, Roll" and "My Lord Delivered Daniel." Concerning their strength of reserve and resignation out of the 500 or more of these songs that have been collected not one of them shows resentment or breathes revenge. This is particularly characteristic of the negro race. Speaking of this trait of negro music, Professor Work says:

"Another characteristic of the negro song is, as has been stated before, that it has no expression for bitterness, hatred or revenge. If these songs taught no other truth save that, they would be invaluable. That a race which had suffered and toiled as the negro has could positively love is strong evidence that it possesses a clear comprehension of the great in life and that it must have had experience in the fundamentals of Christianity. One shriek of hate would jar all of the hymns of heaven."

The character, therefore, of the negro is best expressed in music. But it is in the music as expressed in the negro folk songs that this character is best shown. Although these songs were sung for many generations on the plantations throughout the South, their charm, beauty and strength of character were not recognized until 1871, when Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., one of the first institutions for the higher education of the negro, sent out a consecrated group of young colored men and women properly to introduce these songs and leave it to the world to place its proper value upon them. It was an epochmaking tour, that of these Fisk Singers, because they were going on a tour the outcome of which they did not know. It was the first time that trained singers were going out to introduce to the public the music of their race, and they were willing to let the American public be the judge. So on Oct. 6, 1871, under the direction of Prof. George White, the Fisk Singers began their tour. Their first stop was in Oberlin, Ohio, where the Councils of Congregational Churches were in session. The leaders of the church were there from every section of the country, and if the singers could get an opportunity their fame would be carried over the country.

On the day that the singers arrived, states Professor Work, everything had gone wrong at the convention. Permission was asked for the singers to sing, but the request was waved aside, but while the convention was debating as to whether or not they should be heard

they had stolen around the gallery without any one seeing them. All of a sudden there floated over that large convention hall the soft strains of "Steal Away to Jesus." A hush fell over the audience as the strains of that song floated over the hall. There were pathos, harmony, sympathy in the song, because these were trained singers, and they made that vast audience, some of which represented New England culture, actually see the slaves stealing away to Jesus. The singers stopped, the convention cried for more, and from that moment to the present time no one has doubted the place that these songs have in American life. Prof. George White, a Northern white man who had gone down to teach in the South and is himself a musician, had faith in this music, and when he saw this music receiving such a reception at its initial bow his faith redoubled.

Fortunately for the Fisk Singers, Henry Ward Beecher, the noted preacher, then pastor in Brooklyn, was visiting that convention and after he had heard the jubilee singers he arose in the midst of the convention and invited them to come to his church in Brooklyn. The singers started for the North with fear and trembling, because on whatever the New York critics said would depend the future of the songs. But the singers came, and came with faith in their music. Their coming had been widely heralded, and a capacity audience greeted their first appearance in this section. Prof. White wanted to know what the New York newspapers had to say about the singers the next day, and when he looked for the comment, instead of ridicule there was praise, heralding the singers as a splendidly trained group of singers who were bringing to America its own original music. The were praised for their fine interpretation, their technic and their deportment as well. The colored singers had won, and the success of their tour was assured.

After touring throughout America the Fisk Singers traveled throughout England and Europe touching the heart of peasant and nobility with these American melodies. They sang before king and queen and brought to them in this music the story of the struggles of the American negro. While the singers were in England Dwight Moody was holding religious services in London, and he frequently used them to aid him in his services. Prof. Work vividly describes the tour of the singers in these words:

"From 1871 to 1878 that company enjoyed one continuous ovation. New England crowded her largest building and paid liberally to hear them sing. Mr. White began to send back to Prof. Spence hundreds of dollars."

Prof. Work tells how Queen Victoria wept before the songs of this band of singers from the South and the reception they received from Lord Shaftesbury and other eminent men and women of England. They traveled with equal success in Germany and France. For eight years these singers toured the world, touching the hearts and consciences of people as they never were touched before, until, when they returned to Fisk University, they laid at the doors of their alma mater \$150,000, which went toward the erection of Jubilee Hall, a building that stands on the campus of that university, dedicated to negro music. Jubilee Hall stands on the place where once a slave pen stood and has inspired generations of students who have passed through that institution. That a company of singers could raise such an amount of money augurs for the beauty and charm as well as the value of the music. The tour of the original singers was followed by other groups of young men and women and even today the Fisk Singers still travel the country, singing the songs of the American negro.

Fisk University stands as the foremost exponent of this music and was the first to introduce it to America. Other institutions—Hampton, Tuskegee, Atlanta University, Calhoun Institute and others throughout the South—are teaching the students the beauty and value of the music. Hampton Institute stands next to Fisk University in its preservation. Prof. Work gives as the reason for this that the State of Virginia is rich in folk lore appreciation and that

Why are we here? Why did we go down looking for things that we did not find? We have found them here, in the songs of the negro. The negro has made it so. Why are we here? Why did we go down looking for things that we did not find? We have found them here, in the songs of the negro. The negro has made it so. Why are we here? Why did we go down looking for things that we did not find? We have found them here, in the songs of the negro. The negro has made it so.

the colored people of the state take particular pride up to deprecation.

In saving this music. The Hampton Singers have done much to carry the power of this music to the world. Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, who for twenty-five years was commandant at Hampton Institute, did much to get before the students of that institute the correct attitude toward these songs. Even in the public schools of the South the pupils are taught to love these songs. This change as it affects the public schools has come about within the past decade; it was not so when I was attending the public schools in South Carolina. The whole attitude toward this music has changed, and the country no longer looks upon it as something to be despised, but, on the other hand, as something to be revered.

Prominent white musicians have joined in paying tribute to negro music, as expressed in these melodies, and some idea of how they are regarded may be seen from the reception they get from an American audience when they are offered by white musicians. Mme. Schumann-Heink often includes in her repertory several of the colored folk songs, which receive the same reception as the other numbers on the program. Walter Damrosch, one of the foremost authorities on music in America, in an article contributed to "The Southern Workman," says of negro music: "But if proof positive of a soul of the negro people should be demanded, it can be given, for they have brought over from Africa and developed in this country, even under the unfavorable conditions of slavery, a music so wonderful, so beautiful, and yet so strange, that, like the Gypsy music of Hungary, it is at once the admiration and despair of educated musicians of our race."

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA

THE OVERDONE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

May Peterson's remarks on the abuse of the Negro spiritual may not exactly endear the young soprano to her recital-giving colleagues, but they are refreshingly true. She finds the spiritual overdone and avers that Southern concert-goers have grown tired to death of them. "They say down there," declares Miss Peterson, "that some singers don't know the difference between a real spiritual and one of those colored Baptist Moody and Sankey gospel tunes. Sometimes I think they are right! Anyway, from the way many singers sing the spirituals I am sure they never heard the Negroes 'gettin' 'ligion' or they wouldn't sing them as they do. I feel that the public is almost fed up on the spirituals."

The spiritual has achieved its present vogue by virtue of the sheeplike propensities of singers. It is nothing new that where one of this tribe treads with success the whole silly horde rushes in to follow, irrespective of temperamental and artistic divergencies. One cannot reason out these facts with singers. They are, among musical gentry, the least blessed with human intelligence and prefer to profit by bitter experience rather than well-intended advice. In a case like the present they are able to see only that a certain artist has captured his audience with "Sing Low, Sweet Chariot," or "Deep River." They do not pause to reflect that this artist owes his success to an intimate, perhaps life-long acquaintance with Negroes and their music. And so we have the edifying spectacle of a hundred vocalists, from conservatory pupils to concertizing Italian opera singers, wreaking themselves on "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," "Standin' in the Need of Prayer" or a dozen other things of the type. Of the real intent and spirit of these songs they are as hopelessly ignorant as Sicilian peasants and the results, artistically, are tragic. Hence the public is presently bored and surfeited and the spiritual itself held

It is as hard in its way to sing a real Negro spiritual properly as to sing "Feldeinsamkeit" or "Von Ewiger Liebe." It is a task meet for the Oscar Seagles, the George Hamlins, the Frederick Gunsters, the George Harrises and others of their experience and training. But for the vocalist untaught in the ways of the Negro swamp and perdition lie in the direction of the black man's devotional music.

HAYES TRIUMPHS IN HIS LONDON RECITAL

The New York interest in the European and African tour now being made by Roland W. Hayes, the race's well-known tenor, is accentuated by news reports reaching the United States from London, England, where Mr. Hayes now is. His first appearance was made on May 31 at Aeolian Hall, London, before an audience of about four hundred. His advent into London music circles was made without a preliminary fanfare of trumpets and that an audience of that size should greet a practically unknown American Negro singer is very gratifying.

In a letter to Katherine Wright, a reporter of music affairs for the New York Tribune, Mr. Hayes gives expression to his gratification. Said he:

"When the matter of my being just arrived, and coming into a community wholly unknown, is considered, I think an audience of 400 persons is not so bad for a first appearance."

"I had never sung to a more appreciative and enthusiastic audience. It made me feel quite at home."

"I am not sure that I shall give another recital this season, but will probably wait until the fall. There is quite some talk of my being engaged to sing 'Hiawatha' with a choral society in Plymouth this season."

In the matter of comment on the Hayes' recital, the London music critics were outspoken in their praise of his singing, and incidentally paid a nice compliment to the work of Lawrence B. Brown, the young Negro pianist, who is traveling with Mr. Hayes as his accompanist. Comments are at hand from *The Daily Telegraph* and *The London Morning Post*, and they are so interesting that I am reprinting them in this column.

It is a pleasure to know that the art of Mr. Hayes is winning for him the recognition which he so richly deserves. It will be noted, incidentally, that especial reference is made to his singing of the Negro spirit-

uals, which "were offered with a very sophisticated, but none the less effective, pianoforte arrangement." The writer on *The Daily Telegraph* deprecates the fact that "our audiences persist in treating these lovely things as comic songs," and asks that Mr. Hayes add more of them to his program, observing, "for this is music we cannot make for ourselves."

Lawrence Brown, said by the London writer to resemble Coleridge-Taylor, was given a reception which I am sure was justified by Mr. Brown's work. The following are the London reviews:

(From *The Daily Telegraph*)

"There were two things connected with the recital of Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor from the United States, in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon that stood out with especial sharpness. Of these one was the particular neatness and finish of the accompanying by Lawrence Brown, who reminded one of Coleridge-Taylor, and the other the delight caused by Mr. Hayes with the group of Negro spirituals with which he brought his recital to an end. Long before he had sung 'Adelaide,' 'Le Reve,' from 'Manon'; Duparc's 'L'Invitation au Voyage' and a lot of conventional ballads with more or less success and in a voice that was often very pleasant to hear when it was not forced (especially was this the case in the 'Manon' extract). But he captivated all by his singing of a group of spirituals—songs that can never rightly be sung by any but Negroes to the manner born. True, those he sang were offered with a very sophisticated, but none the less effective, pianoforte arrangement, but they were extremely well done. It is still to be regretted that our audiences persist in treating these lovely things as comic songs. Perhaps Mr. Hayes will add more of them to his next program, for this is music we cannot make for ourselves."

(From *The London Morning Post*)

"An interested audience listened at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon to Roland Hayes, a colored singer, and quickly found him deserving of respectful attention. He has a tenor voice capable of sweet or ringing quality throughout a useful range, and he has been at pains to acquire all the elements of highly cultured vocalism. He delivered Puccini's 'Cielida mamma'—in Italian—and Beethoven's 'Adelaide' with extreme refinement, and set an example which many English singers would do well to copy by combining clear diction with unbroken phrasing. He needs, however, to guard against over-cultivation of style at the expense of naturalness and open production. His program included songs in French and Negro 'spirituals.' Accompaniments were played by Mr. Lawrence B. Brown."

POET DUNBAR

In the art column of the Washington Star of May 1, 1920, appeared the following: "At the Dunbar High School a bust in bronze of the poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, by May Howard Jackson, of this city, has lately been given permanent place. Mrs. Jackson was given a commission to execute this portrait by the students of the school and considers it one of her most successful achievements. Some have declared it a most excellent likeness, but, whether it actually resembles the poet or not, it undoubtedly possesses an unusually large measure of personality."

"The head, which is well modeled, represents one who was a thinker, one apparently given to introspection. The eyes look straight toward the observer, but one feels that the vision is inward, that the man was one who searched his own soul. The expression is peculiarly sad, almost tragic, as though the writer himself realized the sadness of his own to short career. Whether Mrs. Jackson has interpreted one of the great men of her own race truly or not is for those who knew him best to say."

"Mrs. Jackson studied for a time at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, but she has developed her work almost entirely through her own efforts and she has devoted herself almost entirely to interpreting her own race."

"She was represented in the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York and her work has won her well merited commendation."

DEATH OF NOTED BANDMASTER

By Associated Negro Press

Chicago, Ill., May 31.—William E. Berry, the noted bandmaster and known throughout the country as the leader of the famous 88th Central Postal Directory of this city, died at his residence on the South Side, last Friday. He was buried last Sunday with imposing military services.

Coleridge-Taylor in America

London, England, April 9.—H. Coleridge-Taylor, son of the celebrated African composer, whose death occurred in London several years ago, has with his sister, Gwendolyn, been appearing in Queen's Hall, interpretations of the father's music. The son apparently is a gifted conductor, for on the occasion of the concert of the Central London Choral and Orchestral Society, David J. Thomas, the conductor, turned his baton over to the young Negro to conduct his father's music. The daughter appears in recitations set to Coleridge-Taylor's music.